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THE
WESTMINSTER
REVIEW.

JANUARY AND APRIL,
1856.

"Truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep."

SHAKESPEARE.

Wahrheitsliebe zeigt sich darin, daß man überall das Gute zu finden und zu schätzen weiß.
GÖTTE.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. IX.

LONDON:
JOHN CHAPMAN,
8, KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND.
MDCCCLVI.



LONDON:
SAVILL AND EDWARDS, PRINTERS, CHANDOS STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

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THE
WESTMINSTER
AND
FOREIGN QUARTERLY
REVIEW.

JANUARY 1, 1856.

ART. I. — GERMAN WIT: HEINRICH HEINE.

1. *Heinrich Heine's Sämmtliche Werke.* Philadelphia: John Weik. 1855.
2. *Vermischte Schriften von Heinrich Heine.* Hamburg: Hoffman, und Campe. 1854.

“NOTHING,” says Goëthe, “is more significant of men’s character than what they find laughable.” The truth of this observation would perhaps have been more apparent if he had said *culture* instead of character. The last thing in which the cultivated man can have community with the vulgar is their jocularity; and we can hardly exhibit more strikingly the wide gulf which separates him from them, than by comparing the object which shakes the diaphragm of a coal-heaver with the highly complex pleasure derived from a real witticism. That any high order of wit is exceedingly complex, and demands a ripe and strong mental development, has one evidence in the fact that we do not find it in boys at all in proportion to their manifestation of other powers. Clever boys generally aspire to the heroic and poetic rather than the comic, and the crudest of all their efforts are their jokes. Many a witty man will remember how in his school days a practical joke, more or less Rabelaisian, was for him the *ne plus ultra* of the ludicrous. It seems to have been the same with the boyhood of the human race. The history and literature of the ancient Hebrews gives the idea of a people who went about their business and their pleasure as gravely as a society of beavers; the smile and the laugh

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are often mentioned metaphorically, but the smile is one of complacency, the laugh is one of scorn. Nor can we imagine that the facetious element was very strong in the Egyptians; no laughter lurks in the wondering eyes and the broad calm lips of their statues. Still less can the Assyrians have had any genius for the comic: the round eyes and simpering satisfaction of their ideal faces belong to a type which is not witty, but the cause of wit in others. The fun of these early races was, we fancy, of the after-dinner kind—loud-throated laughter over the wine-cup, taken too little account of in sober moments to enter as an element into their Art, and differing as much from the laughter of a Chamfort or a Sheridan as the gastronomic enjoyment of an ancient Briton, whose dinner had no other “removes” than from acorns to beech-mast and back again to acorns, differed from the subtle pleasures of the palate experienced by his turtle-eating descendant. In fact they had to live seriously through the stages which to subsequent races were to become comedy, as those amiable-looking pre-Adamite amphibia which Professor Owen has restored for us in effigy at Sydenham, took perfectly *au sérieux* the grotesque physiognomies of their kindred. Heavy experience in their case as in every other, was the base from which the salt of future wit was to be made.

Humour is of earlier growth than Wit, and it is in accordance with this earlier growth that it has more affinity with the poetic tendencies, while Wit is more nearly allied to the ratiocinative intellect. Humour draws its materials from situations and characteristics; Wit seizes on unexpected and complex relations. Humour is chiefly representative and descriptive; it is diffuse, and flows along without any other law than its own fantastic will; or it flits about like a will-o'-the-wisp, amazing us by its whimsical transitions. Wit is brief and sudden, and sharply defined as a crystal; it does not make pictures, it is not fantastic; but it detects an unsuspected analogy or suggests a startling or confounding inference. Every one who has had the opportunity of making the comparison will remember that the effect produced on him by some witticisms is closely akin to the effect produced on him by subtle reasoning which lays open a fallacy or absurdity, and there are persons whose delight in such reasoning always manifests itself in laughter. This affinity of Wit with ratiocination is the more obvious in proportion as the species of wit is higher and deals less with words and with superficialities than with the essential qualities of things. Some of Johnson's most admirable witticisms consist in the suggestion of an analogy which immediately exposes the absurdity of an action or proposition; and it is only their ingenuity, condensation, and instantaneousness which lift them from reasoning into Wit—they are

reasoning raised to a higher power. On the other hand, Humour, in its higher forms, and in proportion as it associates itself with the sympathetic emotions, continually passes into poetry: nearly all great modern humorists may be called prose poets.

Some confusion as to the nature of Humour has been created by the fact, that those who have written most eloquently on it have dwelt almost exclusively on its higher forms, and have defined humour in general as the *sympathetic* presentation of incongruous elements in human nature and life; a definition which only applies to its later development. A great deal of humour may co-exist with a great deal of barbarism, as we see in the Middle Ages; but the strongest flavour of the humour in such cases will come, not from sympathy, but more probably from triumphant egoism or intolerance; at best it will be the love of the ludicrous exhibiting itself in illustrations of successful cunning and of the *lex talionis*, as in *Reineke Fuchs*, or shaking off in a holiday mood the yoke of a too exacting faith, as in the old Mysteries. Again, it is impossible to deny a high degree of humour to many practical jokes, but no sympathetic nature can enjoy them. Strange as the genealogy may seem, the original parentage of that wonderful and delicious mixture of fun, fancy, philosophy, and feeling which constitutes modern humour, was probably the cruel mockery of a savage at the writhings of a suffering enemy—such is the tendency of things towards the good and beautiful on this earth! Probably the reason why high culture demands more complete harmony with its moral sympathies in humour than in wit, is that humour is in its nature more prolix—that it has not the direct and irresistible force of wit. Wit is an electric shock, which takes us by violence, quite independently of our predominant mental disposition; but humour approaches us more deliberately and leaves us masters of ourselves. Hence it is, that while coarse and cruel humour has almost disappeared from contemporary literature, coarse and cruel wit abounds: even refined men cannot help laughing at a coarse *bon mot* or a lacerating personality, if the “shock” of the witticism is a powerful one; while mere fun will have no power over them if it jar on their moral taste. Hence, too, it is, that while wit is perennial, humour is liable to become superannuated.

As is usual with definitions and classifications, however, this distinction between wit and humour does not exactly represent the actual fact. Like all other species, Wit and Humour over-lap and blend with each other. There are *bon mots*, like many of Charles Lamb's, which are a sort of facetious hybrids, we hardly know whether to call them witty or humorous; there are rather lengthy descriptions or narratives, which, like Voltaire's “*Micromégas*,” would be humorous if they were not so sparkling and antithetic,

so pregnant with suggestion and satire, that we are obliged to call them witty. We rarely find wit untempered by humour, or humour without a spice of wit; and sometimes we find them both united in the highest degree in the same mind, as in Shakspeare and Molière. A happy conjunction this, for wit is apt to be cold, and thin-lipped, and Mephistophelean in men who have no relish for humour, whose lungs do never crow like Chanticleer at fun and drollery; and broad-faced, rollicking humour needs the refining influence of wit. Indeed, it may be said that there is no really fine writing in which wit has not an implicit, if not an explicit action. The wit may never rise to the surface, it may never flame out into a witticism; but it helps to give brightness and transparency, it warns off from flights and exaggerations which verge on the ridiculous—in every *genre* of writing it preserves a man from sinking into the *genre ennuyeux*. And it is eminently needed for this office in humorous writing; for as humour has no limits imposed on it by its material, no law but its own exuberance, it is apt to become preposterous and wearisome unless checked by wit, which is the enemy of all monotony, of all lengthiness, of all exaggeration.

Perhaps the nearest approach Nature has given us to a complete analysis, in which wit is as thoroughly exhausted of humour as possible, and humour as bare as possible of wit, is in the typical Frenchman and the typical German. Voltaire, the intensest example of pure wit, fails in most of his fictions from his lack of humour. *Micromégas* is a perfect tale, because, as it deals chiefly with philosophic ideas and does not touch the marrow of human feeling and life, the writer's wit and wisdom were all-sufficient for his purpose. Not so with *Candide*. Here Voltaire had to give pictures of life as well as to convey philosophic truth and satire, and here we feel the want of humour. The sense of the ludicrous is continually defeated by disgust, and the scenes, instead of presenting us with an amusing or agreeable picture, are only the frame for a witticism. On the other hand, German humour generally shows no sense of measure, no instinctive tact; it is either floundering and clumsy as the antics of a leviathan, or laborious and interminable as a Lapland day, in which one loses all hope that the stars and quiet will ever come. For this reason, Jean Paul, the greatest of German humorists, is unendurable to many readers, and frequently tiresome to all. Here, as elsewhere, the German shows the absence of that delicate perception, that sensibility to gradation, which is the essence of tact and taste, and the necessary concomitant of wit. All his subtlety is reserved for the region of metaphysics. For *Identität* in the abstract, no one can have an acuter vision, but in the concrete he is satisfied with a very loose approximation. He has the finest nose for

Empirismus in philosophical doctrine, but the presence of more or less tobacco-smoke in the air he breathes is imperceptible to him. To the typical German—*Vetter Michel*—it is indifferent whether his door-lock will catch, whether his tea-cup be more or less than an inch thick; whether or not his book have every other leaf unstitched; whether his neighbour's conversation be more or less of a shout; whether he pronounce *b* or *p*, *t* or *d*; whether or not his adored one's teeth be few and far between. He has the same sort of insensibility to gradations in time. A German comedy is like a German sentence: you see no reason in its structure why it should ever come to an end, and you accept the conclusion as an arrangement of Providence rather than of the author. We have heard Germans use the word *Langeweile*, the equivalent for ennui, and we have secretly wondered *what* it can be that produces ennui in a German. Not the longest of long tragedies, for we have known him to pronounce that *höchst fesselnd* (so enchaining!); not the heaviest of heavy books, for he delights in that as *gründlich* (deep, Sir, deep!); not the slowest of journeys in a *Post-wagen*, for the slower the horses, the more cigars he can smoke before he reaches his journey's end. German ennui must be something as superlative as Barclay's treble X, which, we suppose, implies an extremely unknown quantity of stupefaction.

It is easy to see that this national deficiency in nicety of perception must have its effect on the national appreciation and exhibition of Humour. You find in Germany ardent admirers of Shakspeare, who tell you that what they think most admirable in him is his *Wortspiel*, his verbal quibbles; and one of these, a man of no slight culture and refinement, once cited to a friend of ours Proteus's joke in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona"—"Nod, I? why that's Noddy," as a transcendent specimen of Shakspearian wit. German facetiousness is seldom comic to foreigners, and an Englishman with a swelled cheek might take up *Kladderadatsch*, the German Punch, without any danger of agitating his facial muscles. Indeed, it is a remarkable fact that, among the five great races concerned in modern civilization, the German race is the only one which, up to the present century, had contributed nothing classic to the common stock of European wit and humour; for *Reineke Fuchs* cannot be regarded as a peculiarly Teutonic product. Italy was the birth-place of Pantomime and the immortal Pulcinello; Spain had produced Cervantes; France had produced Rabelais and Molière, and classic wits innumerable; England had yielded Shakspeare and a host of humorists. But Germany had borne no great comic dramatist, no great satirist, and she has not yet repaired the omission; she had not even produced any humorist of a high order. Among her great

writers, Lessing is the one who is the most specifically witty. We feel the implicit influence of wit—the “flavour of mind”—throughout his writings ; and it is often concentrated into pungent satire, as every reader of the *Hamburgische Dramaturgie* remembers. Still, Lessing's name has not become European through his wit, and his charming comedy, “*Minna von Barnhelm*,” has won no place on a foreign stage. Of course, we do not pretend to an exhaustive acquaintance with German literature ; we not only admit—we are sure, that it includes much comic writing of which we know nothing. We simply state the fact, that no German production of that kind, before the present century, ranked as European ; a fact which does not, indeed, determine the *amount* of the national facetiousness, but which is quite decisive as to its *quality*. Whatever may be the stock of fun which Germany yields for home consumption, she has provided little for the palate of other lands.—All honour to her for the still greater things she has done for us ! She has fought the hardest fight for freedom of thought, has produced the grandest inventions, has made magnificent contributions to science, has given us some of the divinest poetry, and quite the divinest music, in the world. No one reveres and treasures the products of the German mind more than we do. To say that that mind is not fertile in wit, is only like saying that excellent wheat land is not rich pasture ; to say that we do not enjoy German facetiousness, is no more than to say, that though the horse is the finest of quadrupeds, we do not like him to lay his hoof playfully on our shoulder. Still, as we have noticed that the pointless puns and stupid jocularities of the boy may ultimately be developed into the epigrammatic brilliancy and polished playfulness of the man ; as we believe that racy wit and chastened delicate humour are inevitably the results of invigorated and refined mental activity ; we can also believe that Germany will, one day, yield a crop of wits and humorists.

Perhaps there is already an earnest of that future crop in the existence of HEINRICH HEINE, a German born with the present century, who, to Teutonic imagination, sensibility, and humour, adds an amount of *esprit* that would make him brilliant among the most brilliant of Frenchmen. True, this unique German wit is half a Hebrew ; but he and his ancestors spent their youth in German air, and were reared on *Wurst* and *Sauerkraut*, so that he is as much a German as a pheasant is an English bird, or a potato an Irish vegetable. But whatever else he may be, Heine is one of the most remarkable men of this age : no echo, but a real voice, and therefore, like all genuine things in this world, worth studying ; a surpassing lyric poet, who has uttered our feelings for us in delicious song ; a humorist, who touches leaden folly with the magic wand of his fancy, and transmutes it into the fine gold

of art—who sheds his sunnysmile on human tears, and makes them a beauteous rainbow on the cloudy background of life; a wit, who holds in his mighty hand the most scorching lightnings of satire; an artist in prose literature, who has shown even more completely than Goethe the possibilities of German prose; and—in spite of all charges against him, true as well as false—a lover of freedom, who has spoken wise and brave words on behalf of his fellow-men. He is, moreover, a suffering man, who, with all the highly-wrought sensibility of genius, has to endure terrible physical ills; and as such he calls forth more than an intellectual interest. It is true, alas! that there is a heavy weight in the other scale—that Heine's magnificent powers have often served only to give electric force to the expression of debased feeling, so that his works are no Phidian statue of gold, and ivory, and gems, but have not a little brass, and iron, and miry clay mingled with the precious metal. The audacity of his occasional coarseness and personality is unparalleled in contemporary literature, and has hardly been exceeded by the licence of former days. Hence, before his volumes are put within the reach of immature minds, there is need of a friendly penknife to exercise a strict censorship. Yet, when all coarseness, all scurrility, all Mephistophelean contempt for the reverent-feelings of other men, is removed, there will be a plenteous remainder of exquisite poetry, of wit, humour, and just thought. It is apparently too often a congenial task to write severe words about the transgressions committed by men of genius, especially when the censor has the advantage of being himself a man of *no* genius, so that those transgressions seem to him quite gratuitous; *he*, forsooth, never lacerated any one by his wit, or gave irresistible piquancy to a coarse allusion, and his indignation is not mitigated by any knowledge of the temptation that lies in transcendent power. We are also apt to measure what a gifted man has done by our arbitrary conception of what he might have done, rather than by a comparison of his actual doings with our own or those of other ordinary men. We make ourselves over-zealous agents of heaven, and demand that our brother should bring usurious interest for his five Talents, forgetting that it is less easy to manage five Talents than two. Whatever benefit there may be in denouncing the evil, it is after all more edifying, and certainly more cheering, to appreciate the good. Hence, in endeavouring to give our readers some account of Heine and his works, we shall not dwell lengthily on his failings; we shall not hold the candle up to dusty, vermin-haunted corners, but let the light fall as much as possible on the nobler and more attractive details. Our sketch of Heine's life, which has been drawn from various sources, will be free from everything like intrusive gossip, and will derive its

colouring chiefly from the autobiographical hints and descriptions scattered through his own writings. Those of our readers who happen to know nothing of Heine, will in this way be making their acquaintance with the writer while they are learning the outline of his career.

We have said that Heine was born with the present century; but this statement is not precise, for we learn that, according to his certificate of baptism, he was born December 12, 1799. However, as he himself says, the important point is, that he was born, and born on the banks of the Rhine, at Düsseldorf, where his father was a merchant. In his "Reisebilder" he gives us some recollections, in his wild poetic way, of the dear old town where he spent his childhood, and of his schoolboy troubles there. We shall quote from these in butterfly fashion, sipping a little nectar here and there, without regard to any strict order :—

"I first saw the light on the banks of that lovely stream, where Folly grows on the green hills, and in autumn is plucked, pressed, poured into casks, and sent into foreign lands. Believe me, I yesterday heard some one utter folly which, in anno 1811, lay in a bunch of grapes I then saw growing on the Johannisberg. . . . Mon Dieu! if I had only such faith in me that I could remove mountains, the Johannisberg would be the very mountain I should send for wherever I might be; but as my faith is not so strong, imagination must help me, and it transports me at once to the lovely Rhine. . . . I am again a child, and playing with other children on the Schlossplatz, at Düsseldorf on the Rhine. Yes, madam, there was I born; and I note this expressly, in case, after my death, seven cities—Schilda, Krähwinkel, Polkwitz, Bockum, Dülken, Göttingen, and Schöppens-tadt—should contend for the honour of being my birth-place. Düsseldorf is a town on the Rhine; sixteen thousand men live there, and many hundred thousand men besides lie buried there. . . . Among them, many of whom my mother says, that it would be better if they were still living; for example, my grandfather and my uncle, the old Herr von Geldern and the young Herr von Geldern, both such celebrated doctors, who saved so many men from death, and yet must die themselves. And the pious Ursula, who carried me in her arms when I was a child, also lies buried there, and a rosebush grows on her grave; she loved the scent of roses so well in life, and her heart was pure rose-incense and goodness. The knowing old Canon, too, lies buried there. Heavens, what an object he looked when I last saw him! *He was made up of nothing but mind and plasters*, and nevertheless studied day and night, as if he were alarmed lest the worms should find an idea too little in his head. And the little William lies there, and for this I am to blame. We were school-fellows in the Franciscan monastery, and were playing on that side of it where the Düssel flows between stone walls, and I said—'William, fetch out the kitten that has just fallen in'—and merrily he went down on to the plank which lay across the brook, snatched

the kitten out of the water, but fell in himself, and was dragged out dripping and dead. *The kitten lived to a good old age.* . . . Princes in that day were not the tormented race as they are now; the crown grew firmly on their heads, and at night they drew a nightcap over it, and slept peacefully, and peacefully slept the people at their feet; and when the people waked in the morning, they said—'Good morning, father!'—and the princes answered—'Good morning, dear children!' But it was suddenly quite otherwise; for when we awoke one morning at Düsseldorf, and were ready to say—'Good morning, father!'—lo! the father was gone away; and in the whole town there was nothing but dumb sorrow, everywhere a sort of funeral disposition; and people glided along silently to the market, and read the long placard placed on the door of the Town Hall. It was dismal weather; yet the lean tailor, Kilian, stood in his nankeen jacket which he usually wore only in the house, and his blue worsted stockings hung down so that his naked legs peeped out mournfully, and his thin lips trembled while he muttered the announcement to himself. And an old soldier read rather louder, and at many a word a crystal tear trickled down to his brave old moustache. I stood near him and wept in company, and asked him—'*Why we wept?*' He answered—'The Elector has abdicated.' And then he read again, and at the words, 'for the long-manifested fidelity of my subjects,' and 'hereby set you free from your allegiance,' he wept more than ever. It is strangely touching to see an old man like that, with faded uniform and scarred face, weep so bitterly all of a sudden. While we were reading, the electoral arms were taken down from the Town Hall; everything had such a desolate air, that it was as if an eclipse of the sun were expected. . . . I went home and wept, and wailed out—'The Elector has abdicated!' In vain my mother took a world of trouble to explain the thing to me. I knew what I knew; I was not to be persuaded, but went crying to bed, and in the night dreamed that the world was at an end."

The next morning, however, the sun rises as usual, and Joachim Murat is proclaimed Grand Duke, whereupon there is a holiday at the public school, and Heinrich (or Harry, for that was his baptismal name, which he afterwards had the good taste to change), perched on the bronze horse of the Electoral statue, sees quite a different scene from yesterday's:—

"The next day the world was again all in order, and we had school as before, and things were got by heart as before—the Roman emperors, chronology, the nouns in *im*, the *verba irregularia*, Greek, Hebrew, geography, mental arithmetic!—heavens! my head is still dizzy with it—all must be learned by heart! And a great deal of this came in very conveniently for me in after life. For if I had not known the Roman kings by heart, it would subsequently have been quite indifferent to me whether Niebuhr had proved or had not proved that they never really existed. . . . But oh! the trouble I had at school with the endless dates. And with arithmetic it was still

worse. What I understood best was subtraction, for that has a very practical rule: 'Four can't be taken from three, therefore I must borrow one.' But I advise every one in such a case to borrow a few extra pence, for no one can tell what may happen. . . . As for Latin, you have no idea, Madam, what a complicated affair it is. The Romans would never have found time to conquer the world if they had first had to learn Latin. Luckily for them, they already knew in their cradles what nouns have their accusative in *im*. I, on the contrary, had to learn them by heart in the sweat of my brow; nevertheless, it is fortunate for me that I know them . . . and the fact that I have them at my finger-ends if I should ever happen to want them suddenly, affords me much inward repose and consolation in many troubled hours of life. . . . Of Greek I will not say a word, I should get too much irritated. The monks in the middle ages were not so far wrong when they maintained that Greek was an invention of the devil. God knows the suffering I endured over it. . . . With Hebrew it went somewhat better, for I had always a great liking for the Jews, though to this very hour they crucify my good name; but I could never get on so far in Hebrew as my watch, which had much familiar intercourse with pawnbrokers, and in this way contracted many Jewish habits—for example, it wouldn't go on Saturdays."

Heine's parents were apparently not wealthy, but his education was cared for by his uncle, Solomon Heine, a great banker in Hamburg, so that he had no early pecuniary disadvantages to struggle with. He seems to have been very happy in his mother, who was not of Hebrew, but of Teutonic blood; he often mentions her with reverence and affection, and in the "*Buch der Lieder*" there are two exquisite sonnets addressed to her, which tell how his proud spirit was always subdued by the charm of her presence, and how her love was the home of his heart after restless weary wanderings:—

“Wie mächtig auch mein stolzer Muth sich blähe,
In deiner selig süßen, trauten Nähe
Ergreift mich oft ein demuthvolle Zagen.

* * *

Und immer irrte ich nach Liebe, immer
Nach Liebe, doch die Liebe fand ich nimmer,
Und kehrte um nach Hause, krank und trübe.
Doch da bist du entgegen mir gekommen,
Und ach! was da in deinem Aug' geschwommen,
Das war die süße, langgesuchte Liebe.”

He was at first destined for a mercantile life, but Nature declared too strongly against this plan. "God knows," he has lately said in conversation with his brother, "I would willingly have become a banker, but I could never bring myself to that pass. I very early discerned that bankers would one day be the rulers of the world." So commerce was at length given up for

law, the study of which he began in 1819 at the University of Bonn. He had already published some poems in the corner of a newspaper, and among them was one on Napoleon, the object of his youthful enthusiasm. This poem, he says in a letter to St. René Taillandier, was written when he was only sixteen. It is still to be found in the "Buch der Lieder" under the title "Die Grenadiere," and it proves that even in its earliest efforts his genius showed a strongly specific character.

It will be easily imagined that the germs of poetry sprouted too vigorously in Heine's brain for jurisprudence to find much room there. Lectures on history and literature, we are told, were more diligently attended than lectures on law. He had taken care, too, to furnish his trunk with abundant editions of the poets, and the poet he especially studied at that time was Byron. At a later period we find his taste taking another direction, for he writes, "Of all authors, Byron is precisely the one who excites in me the most intolerable emotion; whereas Scott, in every one of his works, gladdens my heart, soothes and invigorates me." Another indication of his bent in these Bonn days, was a newspaper essay, in which he attacked the Romantic school; and here also he went through that chicken-pox of authorship—the production of a tragedy. Heine's tragedy—"Almansor"—is, as might be expected, better than the majority of these youthful mistakes. The tragic collision lies in the conflict between natural affection and the deadly hatred of religion and of race—in the sacrifice of youthful lovers to the strife between Moor and Spaniard, Moslem and Christian. Some of the situations are striking, and there are passages of considerable poetic merit; but the characters are little more than shadowy vehicles for the poetry, and there is a want of clearness and probability in the structure. It was published two years later, in company with another tragedy, in one act, called "William Ratcliffe," in which there is rather a feeble use of the Scotch second-sight after the manner of the Fate in the Greek tragedy. We smile to find Heine saying of his tragedies, in a letter to a friend soon after their publication: "I know they will be terribly cut up, but I will confess to you in confidence that they are very good, better than my collection of poems, which are not worth a shot." Elsewhere he tells us, that when, after one of Paganini's concerts, he was passionately complimenting the great master on his violin-playing, Paganini interrupted him thus: "But how were you pleased with my *bow*?"

In 1820 Heine left Bonn for Göttingen. He there pursued his omission of law studies; and at the end of three months he was rusticated for a breach of the laws against duelling. While there, he had attempted a negotiation with Brockhaus for the printing of a volume of poems, and had endured that first ordeal of lovers

and poets—a refusal. It was not until a year after, that he found a Berlin publisher for his first volume of poems, subsequently transformed, with additions, into the “*Buch der Lieder*.” He remained between two and three years at Berlin, and the society he found there seems to have made these years an important epoch in his culture. He was one of the youngest members of a circle which assembled at the house of the poetess Elise von Hohenhausen, the translator of Byron—a circle which included Chamisso, Varnhagen, and Rahel (Varnhagen’s wife). For Rahel, Heine had a profound admiration and regard; he afterwards dedicated to her the poems included under the title “*Heimkehr*,” and he frequently refers to her or quotes her in a way that indicates how he valued her influence. According to his friend, F. von Hohenhausen, the opinions concerning Heine’s talent were very various among his Berlin friends, and it was only a small minority that had any presentiment of his future fame. In this minority was Elise von Hohenhausen, who proclaimed Heine as the Byron of Germany; but her opinion was met with much head-shaking and opposition. We can imagine how precious was such a recognition as hers to the young poet, then only two or three and twenty, and with by no means an impressive personality for superficial eyes. Perhaps even the deep-sighted were far from detecting in that small, blond, pale young man, with quiet, gentle manners, the latent powers of ridicule and sarcasm—the terrible talons that were one day to be thrust out from the velvet paw of the young leopard.

It was apparently during this residence in Berlin that Heine united himself with the Lutheran Church. He would willingly, like many of his friends, he tells us, have remained free from all ecclesiastical ties if the authorities there had not forbidden residence in Prussia, and especially in Berlin, to every one who did not belong to one of the positive religions recognised by the State.

“As Henri IV. once laughingly said, ‘*Paris vaut bien une messe*,’ so I might with reason say, ‘*Berlin vaut bien une prêche*,’ and I could afterwards, as before, accommodate myself to the very enlightened Christianity, filtrated from all superstition, which could then be had in the churches of Berlin, and which was even free from the divinity of Christ, like turtle-soup without turtle.”

At the same period, too, Heine became acquainted with Hegel. In his lately published “*Geständnisse*” (Confessions), he throws on Hegel’s influence over him the blue light of demoniacal wit, and confounds us by the most bewildering double-edged sarcasms; but that influence seems to have been at least more wholesome than the one which produced the mocking retractions of the “*Geständnisse*.” Through all his self-satire, we dis-

cern that in those days he had something like real earnestness and enthusiasm, which are certainly not apparent in his present theistic confession of faith.

"On the whole, I never felt a strong enthusiasm for this philosophy, and conviction on the subject was out of the question. I never was an abstract thinker, and I accepted the synthesis of the Hegelian doctrine without demanding any proof, since its consequences flattered my vanity. I was young and proud, and it pleased my vainglory when I learned from Hegel that the true God was not, as my grandmother believed, the God who lives in heaven, but myself here upon earth. This foolish pride had not in the least a pernicious influence on my feelings, on the contrary, it heightened these to the pitch of heroism. I was at that time so lavish in generosity and self-sacrifice, that I must assuredly have eclipsed the most brilliant deeds of those good *bourgeois* of virtue who acted merely from a sense of duty, and simply obeyed the laws of morality."

His sketch of Hegel is irresistibly amusing; but we must warn the reader that Heine's anecdotes are often mere devices of style by which he conveys his satire or opinions. The reader will see that he does not neglect an opportunity of giving a sarcastic lash or two, in passing, to Meyerbeer, for whose music he has a great contempt. The sarcasm conveyed in the substitution of *reputation for music* and *journalists for musicians*, might perhaps escape any one unfamiliar with the sly and unexpected turns of Heine's ridicule.

"To speak frankly, I seldom understood him, and only arrived at the meaning of his words by subsequent reflection. I believe he wished not to be understood; and hence his practice of sprinkling his discourse with modifying parentheses; hence, perhaps, his preference for persons of whom he knew that they did not understand him, and to whom he all the more willingly granted the honour of his familiar acquaintance. Thus every one in Berlin wondered at the intimate companionship of the profound Hegel with the late Heinrich Beer, a brother of Giacomo Meyerbeer, who is universally known by his reputation, and who has been celebrated by the cleverest journalists. This Beer, namely Heinrich, was a thoroughly stupid fellow, and indeed was afterwards actually declared imbecile by his family, and placed under guardianship, because instead of making a name for himself in art or in science by means of his great fortune, he squandered his money on childish trifles; and, for example, one day bought six thousand thalers' worth of walking sticks. This poor man, who had no wish to pass either for a great tragic dramatist, or for a great star-gazer, or for a laurel-crowned musical genius, a rival of Mozart and Rossini, and preferred giving his money for walking-sticks — this degenerate Beer enjoyed Hegel's most confidential society; he was the philosopher's bosom friend, his Pylades, and accompanied him everywhere like his shadow. The equally witty and gifted Felix Mendelssohn once sought to explain this phenomenon, by maintaining that Hegel did not under-

stand Heinrich Beer. I now believe, however, that the real ground of that intimacy consisted in this—Hegel was convinced that no word of what he said was understood by Heinrich Beer; and he could therefore, in his presence, give himself up to all the intellectual outpourings of the moment. In general, Hegel's conversation was a sort of monologue, sighed forth by starts in a noiseless voice; the odd roughness of his expressions often struck me, and many of them have remained in my memory. One beautiful starlight evening we stood together at the window, and I, a young man of one-and-twenty, having just had a good dinner and finished my coffee, spoke with enthusiasm of the stars, and called them the habitations of the departed. But the master muttered to himself, 'The stars! hum! hum! The stars are only a brilliant leprosy on the face of the heavens.' 'For God's sake,' I cried, 'is there, then, no happy place above, where virtue is rewarded after death?' But he, staring at me with his pale eyes, said, cuttingly, 'So you want a bonus for having taken care of your sick mother, and refrained from poisoning your worthy brother?' At these words he looked anxiously round, but appeared immediately set at rest when he observed that it was only Heinrich Beer, who had approached to invite him to a game at whist."

In 1823, Heine returned to Göttingen to complete his career as a law-student, and this time he gave evidence of advanced mental maturity, not only by producing many of the charming poems subsequently included in the "*Reisebilder*," but also by prosecuting his professional studies diligently enough to leave Göttingen, in 1825, as *Doctor juris*. Hereupon he settled at Hamburg as an advocate, but his profession seems to have been the least pressing of his occupations. In those days, a small blond young man, with the brim of his hat drawn over his nose, his coat flying open, and his hands stuck in his trouser-pockets, might be seen stumbling along the streets of Hamburg, staring from side to side, and appearing to have small regard to the figure he made in the eyes of the good citizens. Occasionally an inhabitant, more literary than usual, would point out this young man to his companion as *Heinrich Heine*; but in general, the young poet had not to endure the inconveniences of being a lion. His poems were devoured, but he was not asked to devour flattery in return. Whether because the fair Hamburgers acted in the spirit of Johnson's advice to Hannah More—to "consider what her flattery was worth before she choked him with it"—or for some other reason, Heine, according to the testimony of August Lewald, to whom we owe these particulars of his Hamburg life, was left free from the persecution of tea-parties. Not, however, from another persecution of genius—nervous headaches, which some persons, we are told, regarded as an improbable fiction, intended as a pretext for raising a delicate white hand to his forehead. It is probable that the sceptical persons alluded

to were themselves untroubled with nervous headache, and that their hands were *not* delicate. Slight details these, but worth telling about a man of genius, because they help us to keep in mind that he is, after all, our brother, having to endure the petty everyday ills of life as we have; with this difference, that his heightened sensibility converts what are mere insect stings for us into scorpion stings for him.

It was, perhaps, in these Hamburg days that Heine paid the visit to Goethe, of which he gives us this charming little picture:—

“When I visited him in Weimar, and stood before him, I involuntarily glanced at his side to see whether the eagle was not there with the lightning in his beak. I was nearly speaking Greek to him; but, as I observed that he understood German, I stated to him in German, that the plums on the road between Jena and Weimar were very good. I had for so many long winter nights thought over what lofty and profound things I would say to Goethe, if ever I saw him. And when I saw him at last, I said to him, that the Saxon plums were very good! And Goethe smiled.”

During the next few years, Heine produced the most popular of all his works—those which have won him his place as the greatest of living German poets and humorists. Between 1826 and 1829, appeared the four volumes of the “*Reisebilder*” (Pictures of Travel), and the “*Buch der Lieder*” (Book of Songs)—a volume of lyrics, of which it is hard to say whether their greatest charm is the lightness and finish of their style, their vivid and original imaginativeness, or their simple, pure sensibility. In his “*Reisebilder*,” Heine carries us with him to the Harz, to the isle of Norderney, to his native town Düsseldorf, to Italy, and to England, sketching scenery and character, now with the wildest, most fantastic humour, now with the finest idyllic sensibility,—letting his thoughts wander from poetry to politics, from criticism to dreamy reverie, and blending fun, imagination, reflection, and satire in a sort of exquisite, ever-varying shimmer, like the hues of the opal.

Heine’s journey to England did not at all heighten his regard for the English. He calls our language the “hiss of egoism” (*Zischlaute des Egoismus*); and his ridicule of English awkwardness is as merciless as—English ridicule of German awkwardness. His antipathy towards us seems to have grown in intensity, like many of his other antipathies; and in his “*Vermischte Schriften*” he is more bitter than ever. Let us quote one of his philippics; since bitters are understood to be wholesome.

“It is certainly a frightful injustice to pronounce sentence of condemnation on an entire people. But with regard to the English, momentary disgust might betray me into this injustice; and on

looking at the mass, I easily forget the many brave and noble men who distinguished themselves by intellect and love of freedom. But these, especially the British poets, were always all the more glaringly in contrast with the rest of the nation; they were isolated martyrs to their national relations; and, besides, great geniuses do not belong to the particular land of their birth: they scarcely belong to this earth, the Golgotha of their sufferings. The mass—the English blockheads, God forgive me!—are hateful to me in my inmost soul; and I often regard them not at all as my fellow-men, but as miserable automata—machines, whose motive power is egoism. In these moods, it seems to me as if I heard the whizzing wheel-work by which they think, feel, reckon, digest, and pray: their praying, their mechanical Anglican church-going, with the gilt Prayer-book under their arms, their stupid, tiresome Sunday, their awkward piety, is most of all odious to me. I am firmly convinced that a blaspheming Frenchman is a more pleasing sight for the Divinity than a praying Englishman.”

On his return from England, Heine was employed at Munich in editing the *Allgemeinen Politischen Annalen*, but in 1830 he was again in the north, and the news of the July Revolution surprised him on the island of Heligoland. He has given us a graphic picture of his democratic enthusiasm in those days in some letters, apparently written from Heligoland, which he has inserted in his book on Börne. We quote some passages, not only for their biographic interest as showing a phase of Heine's mental history, but because they are a specimen of his power in that kind of dithyrambic writing which, in less masterly hands, easily becomes ridiculous:—

“The thick packet of newspapers arrived from the Continent with these warm, glowing-hot tidings. They were sunbeams wrapped up in packing-paper, and they inflamed my soul till it burst into the wildest conflagration. . . . It is all like a dream to me; especially the name, Lafayette, sounds to me like a legend out of my earliest childhood. Does he really sit again on horseback, commanding the National Guard? I almost fear it may not be true, for it is in print. I will myself go to Paris, to be convinced of it with my bodily eyes. . . . It must be splendid, when he rides through the streets, the citizen of two worlds, the god-like old man, with his silver locks streaming down his sacred shoulder. . . . He greets, with his dear old eyes, the grand-children of those who once fought with him for freedom and equality. . . . It is now sixty years since he returned from America with the Declaration of Human Rights, the decalogue of the world's new creed, which was revealed to him amid the thunders and lightnings of cannon. . . . And the tri-coloured flag waves again on the towers of Paris, and its streets resound with the Marseillaise! It is all over with my yearning for repose. I now know again what I will do, what I ought to do, what I must do. . . . I am the son of the Revolution, and seize again the hallowed weapons on which my mother pronounced

her magic benediction. . . . Flowers! flowers! I will crown my head for the death-fight. And the lyre too, reach me the lyre, that I may sing a battle-song. . . . Words like flaming stars, that shoot down from the heavens, and burn up the palaces, and illuminate the huts. . . . Words like bright javelins, that whirl up to the seventh heaven and strike the pious hypocrites who have skulked into the Holy of Holies. . . . I am all joy and song, all sword and flame! Perhaps, too, all delirium. . . . One of those sunbeams wrapped in brown paper has flown to my brain, and set my thoughts aglow. In vain I dip my head into the sea. No water extinguishes this Greek fire. . . . Even the poor Heligolanders shout for joy, although they have only a sort of dim instinct of what has occurred. The fisherman who yesterday took me over to the little sand island, which is the bathing-place here, said to me smilingly, 'The poor people have won!' Yes; instinctively the people comprehend such events, perhaps better than we, with all our means of knowledge. Thus Frau von Varnhagen once told me that when the issue of the Battle of Leipzig was not yet known, the maid-servant suddenly rushed into the room with the sorrowful cry, 'The nobles have won!' This morning another packet of newspapers is come. I devour them like manna. Child that I am, affecting details touch me yet more than the momentous whole. Oh, if I could but see the dog Medor. . . . The dog Medor brought his master his gun and cartridge-box, and when his master fell, and was buried with his fellow-heroes in the Court of the Louvre, there stayed the poor dog like a monument of faithfulness, sitting motionless on the grave, day and night, eating but little of the food that was offered him—burying the greater part of it in the earth, perhaps as nourishment for his buried master!"

The enthusiasm which was kept thus at boiling heat by imagination, cooled down rapidly when brought into contact with reality. In the same book he indicates, in his caustic way, the commencement of that change in his political *temperature*—for it cannot be called a change in opinion—which has drawn down on him immense vituperation from some of the patriotic party, but which seems to have resulted simply from the essential antagonism between keen wit and fanaticism.

"On the very first days of my arrival in Paris, I observed that things wore, in reality, quite different colours from those which had been shed on them, when in perspective, by the light of my enthusiasm. The silver locks which I saw fluttering so majestically on the shoulders of Lafayette, the hero of two worlds, were metamorphosed into a brown perruque, which made a pitiable covering for a narrow skull. And even the dog Medor, which I visited in the Court of the Louvre, and which, encamped under tri-coloured flags and trophies, very quietly allowed himself to be fed—he was not at all the right dog, but quite an ordinary brute, who assumed to himself merits not his own, as often happens with the French; and, like many others, he made a

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profit out of the glory of the Revolution. . . . He was pampered and patronized, perhaps promoted to the highest posts, while the true Medor, some days after the battle, modestly slunk out of sight, like the true people who created the Revolution."

That it was not merely interest in French politics which sent Heine to Paris in 1831, but also a perception that German air was not friendly to sympathizers in July revolutions, is humorously intimated in the "Geständnisse."

"I had done much and suffered much, and when the sun of the July Revolution arose in France, I had become very weary, and needed some recreation. Also, my native air was every day more unhealthy for me, and it was time I should seriously think of a change of climate. I had visions: the clouds terrified me, and made all sorts of ugly faces at me. It often seemed to me as if the sun were a Prussian cockade; at night I dreamed of a hideous black eagle, which gnawed my liver; and I was very melancholy. Add to this, I had become acquainted with an old Berlin Justizrath, who had spent many years in the fortress of Spandau, and he related to me how unpleasant it is when one is obliged to wear irons in winter. For myself I thought it very unchristian that the irons were not warmed a trifle. If the irons were warmed a little for us they would not make so unpleasant an impression, and even chilly natures might then bear them very well; it would be only proper consideration, too, if the fetters were perfumed with essence of roses and laurels, as is the case in this country (France). I asked my Justizrath whether he often got oysters to eat at Spandau? He said, No; Spandau was too far from the sea. Moreover, he said meat was very scarce there, and there was no kind of *volaille* except flies, which fell into one's soup. . . . Now, as I really needed some recreation, and, as Spandau is too far from the sea for oysters to be got there, and the Spandau fly-soup did not seem very appetizing to me, as, besides all this, the Prussian chains are very cold in winter, and could not be conducive to my health, I resolved to visit Paris."

Since this time Paris has been Heine's home, and his best prose works have been written either to inform the Germans on French affairs or to inform the French on German philosophy and literature. He became a correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and his correspondence, which extends, with an interruption of several years, from 1831 to 1844, forms the volume entitled "Französische Zustände" (French Affairs), and the second and third volume of his "Vermischte Schriften." It is a witty and often wise commentary on public men and public events: Louis Philippe, Casimir Périer, Thiers, Guizot, Rothschild, the Catholic party, the Socialist party, have their turn of satire and appreciation, for Heine deals out both with an impartiality which made his less favourable critics—Börne, for example—charge him with the rather incompatible sins of reckless caprice and venality.

Literature and art alternate with politics: we have now a sketch of George Sand, or a description of one of Horace Vernet's pictures,—now a criticism of Victor Hugo, or of Liszt,—now an irresistible caricature of Spontini, or Kalkbrenner,—and occasionally the predominant satire is relieved by a fine saying or a genial word of admiration. And all is done with that airy lightness, yet precision of touch, which distinguishes Heine beyond any living writer. The charge of venality was loudly made against Heine in Germany: first, it was said that he was paid to write; then, that he was paid to abstain from writing; and the accusations were supposed to have an irrefragable basis in the fact that he accepted a stipend from the French government. He has never attempted to conceal the reception of that stipend, and we think his statement (in the "*Vermischte Schriften*") of the circumstances under which it was offered and received, is a sufficient vindication of himself and M. Guizot from any dishonour in the matter.

It may be readily imagined that Heine, with so large a share of the Gallic element as he has in his composition, was soon at his ease in Parisian society, and the years here were bright with intellectual activity and social enjoyment. "His wit," wrote August Lewald, "is a perpetual gushing fountain; he throws off the most delicious descriptions with amazing facility, and sketches the most comic characters in conversation." Such a man could not be neglected in Paris, and Heine was sought on all sides—as a guest in distinguished salons, as a possible proselyte in the circle of the Saint Simonians. His literary productiveness seems to have been furthered by this congenial life, which, however, was soon to some extent embittered by the sense of exile; for since 1835 both his works and his person have been the object of denunciation by the German governments. Between 1833 and 1845 appeared the four volumes of the "*Salon*," "*Die Romantische Schule*" (both written, in the first instance, in French), the book on Börne, "*Atta Troll*," a romantic poem, "*Deutschland*," an exquisitely humorous poem, describing his last visit to Germany, and containing some grand passages of serious writing; and the "*Neue Gedichte*," a collection of lyrical poems. Among the most interesting of his prose works are the second volume of the "*Salon*," which contains a survey of religion and philosophy in Germany, and the "*Romantische Schule*," a delightful introduction to that phase of German literature known as the Romantic school. The book on Börne, which appeared in 1840, two or three years after the death of that writer, excited great indignation in Germany, as a wreaking of vengeance on the dead, an insult to the memory of a man who had worked and suffered in the cause of freedom—a cause which was Heine's own. Börne, we may

observe parenthetically for the information of those who are not familiar with recent German literature, was a remarkable political writer of the ultra-liberal party in Germany, who resided in Paris at the same time with Heine: a man of stern, uncompromising partisanship and bitter humour. Without justifying Heine's production of this book, we see excuses for him which should temper the condemnation passed on it. There was a radical opposition of nature between him and Börne; to use his own distinction, Heine is a Hellenic—sensuous, realistic, exquisitely alive to the beautiful; while Börne was a Nazarene—ascetic, spiritualistic, despising the pure artist as destitute of earnestness. Heine has too keen a perception of practical absurdities and damaging exaggerations ever to become a thoroughgoing partisan; and with a love of freedom, a faith in the ultimate triumph of democratic principles, of which we see no just reason to doubt the genuineness and consistency, he has been unable to satisfy more zealous and one-sided liberals by giving his adhesion to their views and measures, or by adopting a denunciatory tone against those in the opposite ranks. Börne could not forgive what he regarded as Heine's epicurean indifference and artistic dalliance, and he at length gave vent to his antipathy in savage attacks on him through the press, accusing him of utterly lacking character and principle, and even of writing under the influence of venal motives. To these attacks Heine remained absolutely mute—from contempt according to his own account; but the retort, which he resolutely refrained from making during Börne's life, comes in this volume published after his death with the concentrated force of long-gathering thunder. The utterly inexcusable part of the book is the caricature of Börne's friend, Madame Wohl, and the scurrilous insinuations concerning Börne's domestic life. It is said, we know not with how much truth, that Heine had to answer for these in a duel with Madame Wohl's husband, and that, after receiving a serious wound, he promised to withdraw the offensive matter from a future edition. That edition, however, has not been called for. Whatever else we may think of the book, it is impossible to deny its transcendent talent—the dramatic vigour with which Börne is made present to us, the critical acumen with which he is characterized, and the wonderful play of wit, pathos, and thought which runs through the whole. But we will let Heine speak for himself, and first we will give part of his graphic description of the way in which Börne's mind and manners grated on his taste:—

“To the disgust which, in intercourse with Börne, I was in danger of feeling towards those who surrounded him, was added the annoyance I felt from his perpetual talk about politics. Nothing but political

argument, and again political argument, even at table, where he managed to hunt me out. At dinner, when I so gladly forget all the vexations of the world, he spoiled the best dishes for me by his patriotic gall, which he poured as a bitter sauce over everything. Calf's feet, *à la maître d'hôtel*, then my innocent *bonne bouche*, he completely spoiled for me by Job's tidings from Germany, which he scraped together out of the most unreliable newspapers. And then his accursed remarks, which spoiled one's appetite! . . . This was a sort of table-talk which did not greatly exhilarate me, and I avenged myself by affecting an excessive, almost impassioned indifference for the objects of Börne's enthusiasm. For example, Börne was indignant that immediately on my arrival in Paris, I had nothing better to do than to write for German papers a long account of the Exhibition of Pictures. I omit all discussion as to whether that interest in Art which induced me to undertake this work was so utterly irreconcilable with the revolutionary interests of the day: but Börne saw in it a proof of my indifference towards the sacred cause of humanity, and I could in my turn spoil the taste of his patriotic *sauerkraut* for him by talking all dinner-time of nothing but pictures, of Robert's 'Reapers,' Horace Vernet's 'Judith,' and Scheffer's 'Faust.' . . . That I never thought it worth while to discuss my political principles with him it is needless to say; and once when he declared that he had found a contradiction in my writings, I satisfied myself with the ironical answer, 'You are mistaken, *mon cher*; such contradictions never occur in my works, for always before I begin to write, I read over the statement of my political principles in my previous writings, that I may not contradict myself, and that no one may be able to reproach me with apostacy from my liberal principles.'"

And here is his own account of the spirit in which the book was written:—

"I was never Börne's friend, nor was I ever his enemy. The displeasure which he could often excite in me was never very important, and he atoned for it sufficiently by the cold silence which I opposed to all his accusations and raillery. While he lived I wrote not a line against him, I never thought about him, I ignored him completely; and that enraged him beyond measure. If I now speak of him, I do so neither out of enthusiasm nor out of uneasiness; I am conscious of the coolest impartiality. I write here neither an apology nor a critique, and as in painting the man I go on my own observation, the image I present of him ought perhaps to be regarded as a real portrait. And such a monument is due to him—to the great wrestler who, in the arena of our political games, wrestled so courageously, and earned, if not the laurel, certainly the crown of oak leaves. I give an image with his true features, without idealization—the more like him the more honourable for his memory. He was neither a genius nor a hero; he was no Olympian god. He was a man, a denizen of this earth; he was a good writer and a great patriot. . . . Beautiful delicious peace, which I feel at this moment in the depths of my soul! Thou rewardest me sufficiently for everything I have done and for

everything I have despised. . . I shall defend myself neither from the reproach of indifference nor from the suspicion of venality. I have for years, during the life of the insinuator, held such self-justification unworthy of me; now even decency demands silence. That would be a frightful spectacle!—polemics between Death and Exile! Dost thou stretch out to me a beseeching hand from the grave? Without rancour I reach mine towards thee. . . See how noble it is and pure! It was never soiled by pressing the hands of the mob, any more than by the impure gold of the people's enemy. In reality thou hast never injured me. . . . In all thy insinuations there is not a *louis-d'or's* worth of truth."

In one of these years Heine was married, and, in deference to the sentiments of his wife, married according to the rites of the Catholic Church. On this fact busy rumour afterwards founded the story of his conversion to Catholicism, and could of course name the day and the spot on which he abjured Protestantism. In his "*Geständnisse*" Heine publishes a denial of this rumour; less, he says, for the sake of depriving the Catholics of the solace they may derive from their belief in a new convert, than in order to cut off from another party the more spiteful satisfaction of bewailing his instability:—

"That statement of time and place was entirely correct. I was actually on the specified day in the specified church, which was, moreover, a Jesuit church, namely St. Sulpice; and I then went through a religious act. But this act was no odious abjuration, but a very innocent conjugation; that is to say, my marriage, already performed according to the civil law, there received the ecclesiastical consecration, because my wife, whose family are staunch Catholics, would not have thought her marriage sacred enough without such a ceremony. And I would on no account cause this beloved being any uneasiness or disturbance in her religious views."

For sixteen years—from 1831 to 1847—Heine lived that rapid concentrated life which is known only in Paris; but then, alas! stole on the "days of darkness," and they were to be many. In 1847 he felt the approach of the terrible spinal disease which has for seven years chained him to his bed in acute suffering. The last time he went out of doors, he tells us, was in May, 1848:—

"With difficulty I dragged myself to the Louvre, and I almost sank down as I entered the magnificent hall where the ever-blessed goddess of beauty, our beloved Lady of Milo, stands on her pedestal. At her feet I lay long, and wept so bitterly that a stone must have pitied me. The goddess looked compassionately on me, but at the same time disconsolately, as if she would say: Dost thou not see, then, that I have no arms, and thus cannot help thee?"

Since 1848, then, this poet, whom the lovely objects of Nature have always "haunted like a passion," has not descended from

the second story of a Parisian house; this man of hungry intellect has been shut out from all direct observation of life, all contact with society, except such as is derived from visitors to his sick-room. The terrible nervous disease has affected his eyes; the sight of one is utterly gone, and he can only raise the lid of the other by lifting it with his finger. Opium alone is the beneficent genius that stills his pain. We hardly know whether to call it an alleviation or an intensification of the torture that Heine retains his mental vigour, his poetic imagination, and his incisive wit; for if this intellectual activity fills up a blank, it widens the sphere of suffering. His brother described him in 1851 as still, in moments when the hand of pain was not too heavy on him, the same Heinrich Heine, poet and satirist by turns. In such moments, he would narrate the strangest things in the gravest manner. But when he came to an end, he would roguishly lift up the lid of his right eye with his finger to see the impression he had produced; and if his audience had been listening with a serious face, he would break into Homeric laughter. We have other proof than personal testimony that Heine's disease allows his genius to retain much of its energy, in the "*Romanzero*," a volume of poems published in 1851, and written chiefly during the first three years of his illness; and in the first volume of the "*Vermischte Schriften*," also the product of recent years. Very plaintive is the poet's own description of his condition, in the epilogue to the "*Romanzero*:"—

"Do I really exist? My body is so shrunken that I am hardly anything but a voice; and my bed reminds me of the singing grave of the magician Merlin, which lies in the forest of Brozeliand, in Brittany, under tall oaks whose tops soar like green flames towards heaven. Alas! I envy thee those trees and the fresh breeze that moves their branches, brother Merlin, for no green leaf rustles about my mattress-grave in Paris, where early and late I hear nothing but the rolling of vehicles, hammering, quarrelling, and piano-strumming. A grave without repose, death without the privileges of the dead, who have no debts to pay, and need write neither letters nor books—that is a piteous condition. Long ago the measure has been taken for my coffin and for my necrology, but I die so slowly, that the process is tedious for me as well as my friends. But patience; everything has an end. You will one day find the booth closed where the puppet-show of my humour has so often delighted you."

As early as 1850, it was rumoured that since Heine's illness a change had taken place in his religious views; and as rumour seldom stops short of extremes, it was soon said that he had become a thorough pietist, Catholics and Protestants by turns claiming him as a convert. Such a change in so uncompromising an iconoclast, in a man who had been so zealous in his negations

as Heine, naturally excited considerable sensation in the camp he was supposed to have quitted, as well as in that he was supposed to have joined. In the second volume of the "Salon," and in the "Romantische Schule," written in 1834 and '35, the doctrine of Pantheism is dwelt on with a fervour and unmixed seriousness which show that Pantheism was then an animating faith to Heine, and he attacks what he considers the false spiritualism and asceticism of Christianity as the enemy of true beauty in Art, and of social well being. Now, however, it was said that Heine had recanted all his heresies; but from the fact that visitors to his sick-room brought away very various impressions as to his actual religious views, it seemed probable that his love of mystification had found a tempting opportunity for exercise on this subject, and that, as one of his friends said, he was not inclined to pour out unmixed wine to those who asked for a sample out of mere curiosity. At length, in the epilogue to the "Romanzero," dated 1851, there appeared, amidst much mystifying banter, a declaration that he had embraced Theism and the belief in a future life, and what chiefly lent an air of seriousness and reliability to this affirmation, was the fact that he took care to accompany it with certain negations:—

"As concerns myself, I can boast of no particular progress in politics; I adhered (after 1848) to the same democratic principles which had the homage of my youth, and for which I have ever since glowed with increasing fervour. In theology, on the contrary, I must accuse myself of retrogression, since, as I have already confessed, I returned to the old superstition—to a personal God. This fact is, once for all, not to be stifled, as many enlightened and well-meaning friends would fain have had it. But I must expressly contradict the report that my retrograde movement has carried me as far as to the threshold of a Church, and that I have even been received into her lap. No: my religious convictions and views have remained free from any tincture of ecclesiasticism; no chiming of bells has allured me, no altar-candles have dazzled me. I have dallied with no dogmas, and have not utterly renounced my reason."

This sounds like a serious statement. But what shall we say to a convert who plays with his newly-acquired belief in a future life, as Heine does in the very next page? He says to his reader:—

"Console thyself; we shall meet again in a better world, where I also mean to write thee better books. I take for granted that my health will there be improved, and that Swedenborg has not deceived me. He relates, namely, with great confidence, that we shall peacefully carry on our old occupations in the other world, just as we have done in this; that we shall there preserve our individuality unaltered, and that death will produce no particular change in our organic development. Swedenborg is a thoroughly honourable fellow, and quite

worthy of credit in what he tells us about the other world, where he saw with his own eyes the persons who had played a great part on our earth. Most of them, he says, remained unchanged, and busied themselves with the same things as formerly; they remained stationary, were old-fashioned, *rococo*—which now and then produced a ludicrous effect. For example, our dear Dr. Martin Luther kept fast by his doctrine of Grace, about which he had for three hundred years daily written down the same mouldy arguments—just in the same way as the late Baron Ekstein, who during twenty years printed in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* one and the same article, perpetually chewing over again the old cud of jesuitical doctrine. But, as we have said, all persons who once figured here below were not found by Swedenborg in such a state of fossil immutability: many had considerably developed their character, both for good and evil, in the other world; and this gave rise to some singular results. Some who had been heroes and saints on earth had *there* sunk into scamps and good-for-nothings; and there were examples, too, of a contrary transformation. For instance, the fumes of self-conceit mounted to Saint Anthony's head when he learned what immense veneration and adoration had been paid to him by all Christendom; and he who here below withstood the most terrible temptations, was now quite an impertinent rascal and dissolute gallows-bird, who vied with his pig in rolling himself in the mud. The chaste Susanna, from having been excessively vain of her virtue, which she thought indomitable, came to a shameful fall, and she who once so gloriously resisted the two old men, was a victim to the seductions of the young Absalom, the son of David. On the contrary, Lot's daughters had in the lapse of time become very virtuous, and passed in the other world for models of propriety: the old man, alas! had stuck to the wine-flask."

In his "Geständnisse," the retraction of former opinions and profession of Theism are renewed, but in a strain of irony that repels our sympathy and baffles our psychology. Yet what strange, deep pathos is mingled with the audacity of the following passage!—

"What avails it me, that enthusiastic youths and maidens crown my marble bust with laurel, when the withered hands of an aged nurse are pressing Spanish flies behind my ears? What avails it me, that all the roses of Shiraz glow and waft incense for me? Alas! Shiraz is two thousand miles from the Rue d'Amsterdam, where, in the wearisome loneliness of my sick room, I get no scent except it be, perhaps, the perfume of warmed towels. Alas! God's satire weighs heavily on me. The great Author of the universe, the Aristophanes of Heaven, was bent on demonstrating, with crushing force, to me, the little, earthly, German Aristophanes, how my wittiest sarcasms are only pitiful attempts at jesting in comparison with His, and how miserably I am beneath Him in humour, in colossal mockery."

For our own part, we regard the paradoxical irreverence with which Heine professes his theoretical reverence as pathological,

as the diseased exhibition of a predominant tendency urged into anomalous action by the pressure of pain and mental privation—as the delirium of wit starved of its proper nourishment. It is not for us to condemn, who have never had the same burthen laid on us ; it is not for pigmies at their ease to criticize the writhings of the Titan chained to the rock.

On one other point we must touch before quitting Heine's personal history. There is a standing accusation against him in some quarters of wanting political principle, of wishing to denationalize himself, and of indulging in insults against his native country. Whatever ground may exist for these accusations, that ground is not, so far as we see, to be found in his writings. He may not have much faith in German revolutions and revolutionists ; experience, in his case as in that of others, may have thrown his millennial anticipations into more distant perspective ; but we see no evidence that he has ever swerved from his attachment to the principles of freedom, or written anything which to a philosophic mind is incompatible with true patriotism. He has expressly denied the report that he wished to become naturalized in France ; and his yearning towards his native land and the accents of his native language is expressed with a pathos the more reliable from the fact that he is sparing in such effusions. We do not see why Heine's satire of the blunders and foibles of his fellow-countrymen should be denounced as the crime of *lèse-patrie*, any more than the political caricatures of any other satirist. The real offences of Heine are his occasional coarseness and his unscrupulous personalities, which are reprehensible, not because they are directed against his fellow-countrymen, but because they are *personalities*. That these offences have their precedents in men whose memory the world delights to honour does not remove their turpitude, but it is a fact which should modify our condemnation in a particular case ; unless, indeed, we are to deliver our judgments on a principle of compensation—making up for our indulgence in one direction by our severity in another. On this ground of coarseness and personality, a true bill may be found against Heine ; *not*, we think, on the ground that he has laughed at what is laughable in his compatriots. Here is a specimen of the satire under which we suppose German patriots wince :—

“ Rhenish Bavaria was to be the starting-point of the German revolution. Zweibrücken was the Bethlehem in which the infant Saviour—Freedom—lay in the cradle, and gave whimpering promise of redeeming the world. Near his cradle bellowed many an ox, who afterwards, when his horns were reckoned on, showed himself a very harmless brute. It was confidently believed that the German revolution would begin in Zweibrücken, and everything was there ripe for

an outbreak. But, as has been hinted, the tender-heartedness of some persons frustrated that illegal undertaking. For example, among the Bipontine conspirators there was a tremendous braggart, who was always loudest in his rage, who boiled over with the hatred of tyranny, and this man was fixed on to strike the first blow, by cutting down a sentinel who kept an important post. . . . 'What!' cried the man, when this order was given him—'What!—me! Can you expect so horrible, so bloodthirsty an act of me? I—I, kill an innocent sentinel? I, who am father of a family! And this sentinel is perhaps also father of a family. One father of a family kill another father of a family? Yes! Kill—murder!'

In political matters, Heine, like all men whose intellect and taste predominate too far over their impulses to allow of their becoming partisans, is offensive alike to the aristocrat and the democrat. By the one he is denounced as a man who holds incendiary principles, by the other as a half-hearted "trimmer." He has no sympathy, as he says, with "that vague, barren pathos, that useless effervescence of enthusiasm, which plunges, with the spirit of a martyr, into an ocean of generalities, and which always reminds me of the American sailor, who had so fervent an enthusiasm for General Jackson, that he at last sprang from the top of a mast into the sea, crying, "*I die for General Jackson!*"

"But thou liest, Brutus, thou liest, Cassius, and thou, too, liest, Asinius, in maintaining that my ridicule attacks those ideas which are the precious acquisition of Humanity, and for which I myself have so striven and suffered. No! for the very reason that those ideas constantly hover before the poet in glorious splendour and majesty, he is the more irresistibly overcome by laughter when he sees how rudely, awkwardly, and clumsily those ideas are seized and mirrored in the contracted minds of contemporaries. . . . There are mirrors which have so rough a surface that even an Apollo reflected in them becomes a caricature, and excites our laughter. *But we laugh then only at the caricature, not at the god.*"

For the rest, why should we demand of Heine that he should be a hero, a patriot, a solemn prophet, any more than we should demand of a gazelle that it should draw well in harness? Nature has not made him of her sterner stuff—not of iron and adamant, but of pollen of flowers, the juice of the grape, and Puck's mischievous brain, plenteously mixing also the dews of kindly affection and the gold-dust of noble thoughts. It is, after all, a *tribute* which his enemies pay him when they utter their bitterest dictum, namely, that he is "*nur Dichter*"—only a poet. Let us accept this point of view for the present, and, leaving all consideration of him as a man, look at him simply as a poet and literary artist.

Heine is essentially a lyric poet. The finest products of his genius are

"Short swallow flights of song that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away ;"

and they are so emphatically songs that, in reading them, we feel as if each must have a twin melody born in the same moment and by the same inspiration. Heine is too impressible and mercurial for any sustained production ; even in his short lyrics his tears sometimes pass into laughter and his laughter into tears ; and his longer poems, "*Atta Troll*" and "*Deutschland*," are full of Ariosto-like transitions. His song has a wide compass of notes : he can take us to the shores of the Northern Sea and thrill us by the sombre sublimity of his pictures and dreamy fancies ; he can draw forth our tears by the voice he gives to our own sorrows, or to the sorrows of "*Poor Peter* ;" he can throw a cold shudder over us by a mysterious legend, a ghost story, or a still more ghastly rendering of hard reality ; he can charm us by a quiet idyl, shake us with laughter at his overflowing fun, or give us a piquant sensation of surprise by the ingenuity of his transitions from the lofty to the ludicrous. This last power is not, indeed, essentially poetical ; but only a poet can use it with the same success as Heine, for only a poet can poise our emotion and expectation at such a height as to give effect to the sudden fall. Heine's greatest power as a poet lies in his simple pathos, in the ever varied but always natural expression he has given to the tender emotions. We may perhaps indicate this phase of his genius by referring to Wordsworth's beautiful little poem, "*She dwelt among the untrodden ways* ;" the conclusion—

"She dwelt alone, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and, oh !
The difference to me"—

is entirely in Heine's manner ; and so is Tennyson's poem of a dozen lines, called "*Circumstance*." Both these poems have Heine's pregnant simplicity. But, lest this comparison should mislead, we must say that there is no general resemblance between either Wordsworth, or Tennyson, and Heine. Their greatest qualities lie quite away from the light, delicate lucidity, the easy, rippling music, of Heine's style. The distinctive charm of his lyrics may best be seen by comparing them with Goethe's. Both have the same masterly, finished simplicity and rhythmic grace ; but there is more thought mingled with Goethe's feeling—his lyrical genius is a vessel that draws more water than Heine's, and, though it seems to glide along with equal ease, we have a

sense of greater weight and force accompanying the grace of its movement. But, for this very reason, Heine touches our hearts more strongly; his songs are all music and feeling—they are like birds that not only enchant us with their delicious notes, but nestle against us with their soft breasts, and make us feel the agitated beating of their hearts. He indicates a whole sad history in a single quatrain: there is not an image in it, not a thought; but it is beautiful, simple, and perfect as a “big round tear”—it is pure feeling breathed in pure music:—

“Anfangs wollt’ ich fast verzagen
Und ich glaubt’ ich trug es nie,
Und ich hab’ es doch getragen,—
Aber fragt mich nur nicht, wie.”*

He excels equally in the more imaginative expression of feeling: he represents it by a brief image, like a finely-cut cameo; he expands it into a mysterious dream, or dramatizes it in a little story, half ballad, half idyl; and in all these forms his art is so perfect, that we never have a sense of artificiality or of unsuccessful effort; but all seems to have developed itself by the same beautiful necessity that brings forth vine-leaves and grapes and the natural curls of childhood. Of Heine’s humorous poetry, “Deutschland” is the most charming specimen—charming, especially, because its wit and humour grow out of a rich loam of thought. “Atta Troll” is more original, more various, more fantastic; but it is too great a strain on the imagination to be a general favourite. We have said, that feeling is the element in which Heine’s poetic genius habitually floats; but he can occasionally soar to a higher region, and impart deep significance to picturesque symbolism; he can flash a sublime thought over the past and into the future; he can pour forth a lofty strain of hope or indignation. Few could forget, after once hearing them, the stanzas at the close of “Deutschland,” in which he warns the King of Prussia not to incur the irredeemable hell which the injured poet can create for him—the *singing flames* of a Dante’s *terza rima*!

“Kennst du die Hölle des Dante nicht,
Die schrecklichen Terzetten?
Wen da der Dichter hineingesperrt
Den kann kein Gott mehr retten.
Kein Gott, kein Heiland, erlöst ihn je
Aus diesen singenden flammen!
Nimm dich in Acht, das wir dich nicht
Zu solcher Hölle verdammen.”†

* At first I was almost in despair, and I thought I could never bear it, and yet I have borne it—only do not ask me *how*?

† It is not fair to the English reader to indulge in German quotations, but

As a prosaist, Heine is, in one point of view, even more distinguished than as a poet. The German language easily lends itself to all the purposes of poetry ; like the ladies of the Middle Ages, it is gracious and compliant to the Troubadours. But as these same ladies were often crusty and repulsive to their unmusical mates, so the German language generally appears awkward and unmanageable in the hands of prose writers. Indeed, the number of really fine German prosaists before Heine, would hardly have exceeded the numerating powers of a New Hollander, who can count three and no more. Persons the most familiar with German prose testify that there is an extra fatigue in reading it, just as we feel an extra fatigue from our walk when it takes us over ploughed clay. But in Heine's hands German prose, usually so heavy, so clumsy, so dull, becomes, like clay in the hands of the chemist, compact, metallic, brilliant ; it is German in an *allotropic* condition. No dreary, labyrinthine sentences in which you find "no end in wandering mazes lost ;" no chains of adjectives in linked harshness long drawn out ; no digressions thrown in as parentheses ; but crystalline definiteness and clearness, fine and varied rhythm, and all that delicate precision, all those felicities of word and cadence, which belong to the highest order of prose. And Heine has proved—what Madame de Staël seems to have doubted—that it is possible to be witty in German ; indeed, in reading him, you might imagine that German was pre-eminently the language of wit, so flexible, so subtle, so piquant does it become under his management. He is far more an artist in prose than Goethe. He has not the breadth and repose, and the calm development which belong to Goethe's style, for they are foreign to his mental character ; but he excels Goethe in susceptibility to the manifold qualities of prose, and in mastery over its effects. Heine is full of variety, of light and shadow : he alternates between epigrammatic pith, imaginative grace, sly allusion, and daring piquancy ; and athwart all these there runs a vein of sadness, tenderness, and grandeur which reveals the poet. He continually throws out those finely-chiselled sayings which stamp themselves on the memory, and become familiar by quotation. For example : "The People have time enough, they are immortal ; kings only are mortal."—"Wherever a great soul utters its thoughts, there is Golgotha."—"Nature wanted to see how she looked, and she created Goethe."—"Only the man who has known bodily suffering is truly a *man* ; his limbs have their

in our opinion poetical translations are usually worse than valueless. For those who think differently, however, we may mention that Mr. Stores Smith has published a modest little book, containing "Selections from the Poetry of Heinrich Heine," and that a meritorious (American) translation of Heine's complete works, by Charles Leland, is now appearing in shilling numbers.

Passion-history, they are spiritualized." He calls Rubens "this Flemish Titan, the wings of whose genius were so strong that he soared as high as the sun, in spite of the hundred weight of Dutch cheeses that hung on his legs." Speaking of Börne's dislike to the calm creations of the true artist, he says, "He was like a child which, insensible to the glowing significance of a Greek statue, only touches the marble and complains of cold."

The most poetic and specifically humorous of Heine's prose writings are the "*Reisebilder*." The comparison with Sterne is inevitable here; but Heine does not suffer from it, for if he falls below Sterne in raciness of humour, he is far above him in poetic sensibility and in reach and variety of thought. Heine's humour is never persistent, it never flows on long in easy gaiety and drollery; where it is not swelled by the tide of poetic feeling, it is continually dashing down the precipice of a witticism. It is not broad and unctuous; it is ærial and sprite-like, a momentary resting-place between his poetry and his wit. In the "*Reisebilder*" he runs through the whole gamut of his powers, and gives us every hue of thought, from the wildly droll and fantastic to the sombre and the terrible. Here is a passage almost Dantesque in conception:—

"Alas! one ought in truth to write against no one in this world. Each of us is sick enough in this great lazaretto, and many a polemical writing reminds me involuntarily of a revolting quarrel, in a little hospital at Cracow, of which I chanced to be a witness, and where it was horrible to hear how the patients mockingly reproached each other with their infirmities: how one who was wasted by consumption jeered at another who was bloated by dropsy; how one laughed at another's cancer in the nose, and this one again at his neighbour's locked-jaw or squint, until at last the delirious fever-patient sprang out of bed and tore away the coverings from the wounded bodies of his companions, and nothing was to be seen but hideous misery and mutilation."

And how fine is the transition in the very next chapter, where, after quoting the Homeric description of the feasting gods, he says:—

"Then suddenly approached, panting, a pale Jew, with drops of blood on his brow, with a crown of thorns on his head, and a great cross laid on his shoulders; and he threw the cross on the high table of the gods, so that the golden cups tottered, and the gods became dumb and pale, and grew ever paler, till they at last melted away into vapour."

The richest specimens of Heine's wit are perhaps to be found in the works which have appeared since the "*Reisebilder*." The years, if they have intensified his satirical bitterness, have also given his wit a finer edge and polish. His sarcasms are so

subtly prepared and so slyly allusive, that they may often escape readers whose sense of wit is not very acute; but for those who delight in the subtle and delicate flavours of style, there can hardly be any wit more irresistible than Heine's. We may measure its force by the degree in which it has subdued the German language to its purposes, and made that language brilliant in spite of a long hereditary transmission of dulness. As one of the most harmless examples of his satire, take this on a man who has certainly had his share of adulation:—

“Assuredly it is far from my purpose to depreciate M. Victor Cousin. The titles of this celebrated philosopher even lay me under an obligation to praise him. He belongs to that living pantheon of France, which we call the peerage, and his intelligent legs rest on the velvet benches of the Luxembourg. I must indeed sternly repress all private feelings which might seduce me into an excessive enthusiasm. Otherwise I might be suspected of servility; for M. Cousin is very influential in the State by means of his position and his tongue. This consideration might even move me to speak of his faults as frankly as of his virtues. Will he himself disapprove of this? Assuredly not. I know that we cannot do higher honour to great minds than when we throw as strong a light on their demerits as on their merits. When we sing the praises of a Hercules, we must also mention that he once laid aside the lion's skin and sat down to the distaff: what then? he remains notwithstanding a Hercules! So when we relate similar circumstances concerning M. Cousin, we must nevertheless add, with discriminating eulogy: *M. Cousin, if he has sometimes sat twaddling at the distaff, has never laid aside the lion's skin.* . . . It is true that, having been suspected of demagoguery, he spent some time in a German prison, just as Lafayette and Richard Cœur de Lion. But that M. Cousin there in his leisure hours studied Kant's ‘Critique of Pure Reason’ is to be doubted on three grounds. First, this book is written in German. Secondly, in order to read this book, a man must understand German. Thirdly, M. Cousin does not understand German.

. . . I fear I am passing unawares from the sweet waters of praise into the bitter ocean of blame. Yes, on one account I cannot refrain from bitterly blaming M. Cousin; namely, that he who loves truth far more than he loves Plato and Tenneman, is unjust to himself when he wants to persuade us that he has borrowed something from the philosophy of Schelling and Hegel. Against this self-accusation, I must take M. Cousin under my protection. On my word and conscience! this honourable man has not stolen a jot from Schelling and Hegel, and if he brought home anything of theirs, it was merely their friendship. That does honour to his heart. But there are many instances of such false self-accusation in psychology. I knew a man who declared that he had stolen silver spoons at the king's table; and yet we all knew that the poor devil had never been presented at court, and accused himself of stealing these spoons to make us believe that he had been a guest at the palace. No! In German philosophy M. Cousin has always kept the sixth commandment; here he has never

pocketed a single idea, not so much as a salt-spoon of an idea. All witnesses agree in attesting that in this respect M. Cousin is honour itself. . . . I prophesy to you that the renown of M. Cousin, like the French Revolution, will go round the world! I hear some one wickedly add: Undeniably the renown of M. Cousin is going round the world, and *it has already taken its departure from France.*"

The following "symbolical myth" about Louis Philippe is very characteristic of Heine's manner:—

"I remember very well that immediately on my arrival (in Paris) I hastened to the Palais Royal to see Louis Philippe. The friend who conducted me told me that the king now appeared on the terrace only at stated hours, but that formerly he was to be seen at any time for five francs. 'For five francs!' I cried, with amazement; 'does he then show himself for money?' 'No; but he is shown for money, and it happens in this way:—There is a society of *claqueurs*, *marchands de contremarques*, and such riff-raff, who offered every foreigner to show him the king for five francs: if he would give ten francs, he might see the king raise his eyes to heaven, and lay his hand protestingly on his heart; if he would give twenty francs, the king would sing the Marseillaise. If the foreigner gave five francs, they raised a loud cheering under the king's windows, and his Majesty appeared on the terrace, bowed and retired. If ten francs, they shouted still louder, and gesticulated as if they had been possessed, when the King appeared, who then, as a sign of silent emotion, raised his eyes to heaven, and laid his hand on his heart. English visitors, however, would sometimes spend as much as twenty francs, and then the enthusiasm mounted to the highest pitch: no sooner did the King appear on the terrace, than the Marseillaise was struck up and roared out frightfully, until Louis Philippe, perhaps only for the sake of putting an end to the singing, bowed, laid his hand on his heart, and joined in the Marseillaise. Whether, as is asserted, he beat time with his foot, I cannot say.'"

One more quotation, and it must be our last:—

"O the women! We must forgive them much, for they love much—and many. Their hate is properly only love turned inside out. Sometimes they attribute some delinquency to us, because they think they can in this way gratify another man. When they write, they have always one eye on the paper and the other on a man; and this is true of all authoresses, except the Countess Hahn-Hahn, who has only one eye."



ART II.—THE LIMITED LIABILITY ACT OF 1855.

An Act for Limiting the Liability of Certain Joint-Stock Companies. 18 and 19 Vict. c. 133.

IT must be admitted by the warmest admirers of that collective wisdom which presides over the destinies of this nation, that its forte does not lie in law reform. The past history and actual state of our entire legal system show what sad bunglers are Queen, Lords, and Commons, in adapting the laws to the wants of the community. The statute-book proves that the people whose boldness of conception and vigour of execution, as sailors and engineers, as merchants and manufacturers, have never been surpassed, can bring nothing better than a timid distrust of general principles and a dread of change to the work of legislation. Obsolete statutes are suffered to beset our path, and vicious decisions to impede our actions, until the restraint becomes intolerable, and the popular complaint general. We are left to stick in the mire of mediæval absurdities, and to flounder in the mud of mischievous technicalities, until we roar out long and lustily for help. And when the helping hand is at last outstretched, how slowly, how reluctantly, how tremblingly is it held forth? How often does it let go its hold, and send us flying stern-foremost into the mess from which it pretended to extricate us? How long was Chancery reform the hope and the despair, the day-dream and the delusion of our earliest and best law-reformers? And by what gentle dribblets was the dose of improvement eked out, even after Parliament had learned to disbelieve in the perfection of Lord Eldon's court? How strangely was the demand for the reform of the common-law tribunals met twenty years ago, by the re-introduction into their proceedings of the forgotten subtleties of the Plantagenet era? Even in these better days, when the worship of old institutions on account of their age is fairly exploded, how much remains to be done in law reform, and what abortive efforts to do it, mark every Session, and reproach every Government and party? For how many years more is the world to be edified with the yearly spectacle of Ecclesiastical Courts Bills, and Registration of Deeds Bills, introduced with much splash and flourish,—read a second time with great solemnity,—sent up-stairs for polish and finish with wonderful unanimity,—then meeting with an unexpected hitch or sudden difficulty,—then hung up for a time, and finally dropped “at the advanced period of the Session”? How much

longer is it destined to wait before the Law of Divorce is placed on a rational and decent footing; before the chaos of modern Bankruptcy and Insolvency Laws is reduced to simplicity and order; before the Criminal Law is codified, and the Statute-book is consolidated?

These good gifts may come, perhaps, in the fulness of time; but the prospect is at present distant. Lords and Commons have been far too intent, for the last two years, in watching the royal game of war, to give heed to the petty wants of commerce, or the trumpery wrongs of litigants; and it is not to be expected that the ministry whose energies are devoted to the conduct of the mighty contest, should elaborate important plans of improvement for which they can neither bespeak the attention of Parliament, nor secure the support of the public. Those who believe in the omnipotence of Governments, and the still more numerous class which holds that the chief end for which Governments exist is to bear upon their shoulders the sins of commission and omission of the nation, will of course impute to the weakness or insincerity of the Cabinet of the day the annual postponement or mutilation of useful measures; but the fault lies elsewhere. The lukewarmness of supporters contributes to those results as much as the hostility of opponents; but the indifference and silence of the country contributes to them still more than either. For progress is possible with us so long only as it is popular. If the statesman cannot long linger behind, he cannot, on the other hand, go far a-head of the people. He cannot long resist demands which the public voice makes, it is true; but he is, at the same time, unable to effect any important change, until it is understood and approved by the country. If, therefore, many of the laws and institutions of the empire are left, year after year, in all their antiquated absurdity and mischief, or timidly altered just enough to add complication and inconsistency to their other qualities, the fault rests with an unenlightened people far more than with cabinets or senators; with a nation which tolerates, for instance, the waste of weeks in the discussion of the socialist schemes of the Irish Tenant League, while it patiently acquiesces in the perpetuation of such nuisances as the London Corporation and Doctors' Commons, rather than with men who are powerless, unless their hands are strengthened by the support of the public. Had it not acquiesced in the Legislature's abandonment of all concern for internal improvement, as it has done since the outbreak of hostilities, the Houses of Parliament would soon have returned to a due sense of their real duties. With the aid of pressure from without, good and thorough reforms would not be long delayed. Without it, we may make up our minds to see some questions adjourned and others shelved, while some

few may be treated in the nibbling, or "bit by bit" fashion which so commonly characterizes the aspirations of English jurists, and the efforts of English lawgivers.

Of this last-mentioned method of treatment, no better illustration could be readily found than the Act of Parliament which is the subject of this Article, and which has led us into this train of reflection. The evil with which it deals is now generally admitted by economists, lawyers, and politicians of all schools and parties. The impolicy and injustice of a law under which it was practically impossible for men to embark a sixpence in a partnership, without incurring the risk of losing their last shilling and last acre, was felt and acknowledged by the sturdiest Protectionists. Even those who found or imagined reasons of State for restricting the freedom of commerce between Englishmen and foreigners, were unable to find any for prohibiting the former from dealing with each other upon such terms as they mutually agreed upon. It is true, a few large capitalists, whose real or fancied interests biassed their judgment, contended for the maintenance of a system hostile to the freedom of enterprise. It is true, also, that the majority of the Mercantile Commission, to whom the investigation of the question was entrusted, declared, like the old Barons at Merton, their unwillingness that the law of England should be changed. But these views found little echo in the community at large; and it is happily no longer necessary to combat them.* Indeed, the evil had been obscurely felt long before it had become the subject of much general discussion. It was felt to be a bar to the execution of great commercial works, when canal and other joint-stock companies were formed last century. It was admitted to be injurious when royal charters were granted, and private acts were passed, limiting the individual liability of each partner in those and similar companies. The evil became more crying as the wealth of the country increased, and sought investment in multiplying gigantic undertakings. So frequently had Parliament been called upon, twenty years ago, in the name of the public good, to alter the law of the land in this respect for the benefit of different aggregations of speculators, that in 1837 it entrusted the power of granting these legal indulgences to the Board of Trade, to be distributed more cheaply and more profusely than the forms of the Legislature permitted. But the Board was more fearful of change than hopeful of improvement; and as it made its privileges as expensive and even more difficult to obtain than those which Parliament granted, the mischief of the law became more and more sensible, and less and less tolerable.

* The principal objections to Partnership with Limited Liability were reviewed in the "Westminster Review" for October, 1853.

Mr. J. S. Mill's work on "Political Economy," and Mr. Slaney's two Committees of the House of Commons, in 1850 and 1851, at last brought distinctly and pointedly before the public mind, the expediency of removing by a general measure the defect which had been productive of so much inconvenience. The subject was fully and patiently canvassed by a host of writers and speakers, in commercial circles, in the regions of the law, and in the higher realms of politics and political economy; and, beyond all dispute, the general, nay, the almost unanimous, verdict of the country has been for a change of the law.

The best proof that such was the decision of public opinion, lies in the fact, that a resolution in accordance with it was passed in the Commons in 1854, without a division, notwithstanding the adverse report of the Mercantile-law Commission, and that the Government, notwithstanding the onerous duties thrown upon it by the war, and Parliament, notwithstanding the engrossing interest of the Sebastopol inquiry, found themselves compelled to turn their attention to the mischief during the past Session. But how have they remedied the evil which they agreed in denouncing? To judge of this, it is necessary not only to bear attentively in mind what the evil was, but also to understand what was its origin and source. The evil itself, as we all know, was the impossibility, in practice, of embarking a part of one's property in an ordinary partnership without risking the whole. Neck or nothing was the inexorable decree of the common law. Those who went in for a penny, were *ipso facto* in for a pound. No half measures were tolerated. Men were compelled to "go the whole hog," if they were for "going" at all. This state of things, however, did not arise from any arbitrary rule of law positively prohibiting the individual liability of partners. On the contrary, men were always at liberty to associate together for lawful purposes, upon whatever terms and conditions they pleased, and they might therefore make it one of the rules of their association, that no member should be bound to meet its engagements beyond a certain amount. But any such stipulation, however binding on themselves, was wholly inoperative to control the rights of strangers dealing with the firm. Those rights were co-extensive with the legal presumption that every partner was the general agent of the firm and of his co-partners, and had authority from them to pledge their individual credit and private property to any extent. If, in violation of the rule of the society, and in excess of his delegated powers, a partner entered into a contract on behalf of the firm, without stipulating that his co-partners should not be personally liable for its performance beyond the limit which they had privately agreed upon, his act was never

theless binding on them, and they were responsible to their last shilling and last acre.

This rule is consistent enough with natural justice, so far as it is based upon the principle that men should be bound to perform not only the engagements which they authorize, but also those which they represent themselves as authorizing. Now, as the law presumed that partners had unlimited power to pledge each other's fortunes and credit, all persons who openly carried on any business together as partners, in effect represented their colleagues to the world as possessing those extensive powers, and were rightly bound to perform contracts entered into with the firm by strangers under the influence of that implied representation. It would, indeed, have been hard if the rights of the latter, who trusted to that representation, had been abridged by private arrangements with which they were unacquainted, and the partners had been allowed to shelter themselves, under their secret instructions to their agents, from engagements which they sanctioned by their conduct.

But does this doctrine apply with equal justice to the partner who does not openly avow his connexion with his colleagues? Such a person, it is clear, does not make any representations, express or implied, as to the extent of their powers, since he actually conceals from the world that he has conferred any authority whatever upon them; and those who deal with the ostensible members have, therefore, no pretext for asserting that they were induced by his conduct into the belief that his whole fortune was pledged to the engagements of his colleagues. They dealt with the shop, and beyond the shop, and the property really belonging to it, they had no right to look for payment. Since, therefore, the secret partner did not represent the power of his fellows as different from what they really were, it was not consistent with natural justice that he should be bound by their acts beyond the limit of the authority which he actually conferred on them. But here the rule of law departed from that of natural justice, and held the dormant partner, although he had neither authorized nor represented that he had authorized the contract, bound to its performance to his last shilling and last acre. That which is unjust is impolitic also; and in this unjust application to a dormant partner of a rule which was justly applicable to the ostensible partners only, lay one of the defects of the law of partnership which made trade with limited liability impracticable.

It is not only to sleeping partners, however, that the law was unjust. If the stranger with whom the engagement was made, was ignorant of the private stipulations under which the partnership business was conducted, the unlimited liability of the partner is just enough. But is it just or reasonable, that if the stranger

was well aware of the limits within which the power of the members over the property of their fellows, and their responsibility, were circumscribed, and yet chose to deal with any of them in disregard of that knowledge, he should still claim to hold them responsible without limit? According to the plainest rules of justice, the other members ought not, in such a case, to be liable beyond the amount to which they actually stood bound by the terms of their partnership; for it could not be truly said that their openly trading together had led the stranger to any inferences whatever as to their liability, since he had actual information of the extent to which they were liable. To hold them responsible beyond that extent, would be to recognise the right of a stranger to conspire with the member of a firm to defraud its other members. If, then, every person who dealt with a partnership was to receive due notice of the extent of each member's individual responsibility, there would be no obstacle in the way of carrying on trade upon the principle of limited liability. But how was this notice to be brought home to every person with whom a partner entered into a mercantile transaction? This was a difficulty which individual exertion could not overcome, and which the law had not attempted to remove. Here lay the second defect in the law of partnership which made trade with limited liability impracticable.

To establish fully the freedom of commercial association, it was necessary to remedy these two defects; and assuredly the task presented no very formidable difficulty. Parliament, however, addressed itself to the removal of one of them only. The first remains untouched, and ordinary dormant or secret partners may still be ruined by engagements which they neither authorize nor lead others to believe that they authorized. It is with the second that the legislature has dealt; and it cannot be denied that it provided a very simple and very sufficient expedient for removing that presumption of unlimited liability which used to attach to the ostensible partners of a firm. By making the addition of the word "limited" to the title of the association, and its adoption over the doors and in all the documents of the establishment, tantamount to a notice to all the world that the individual members are not liable beyond the amount agreed upon at the formation of the partnership, the Act, had it stopped here, would have given all the relief which active partners could require, and at the same time would have done no injustice to those who had transactions with them. Certainly, it could be no great hardship on those dealing with a firm, whose very title, proclaimed on its doorposts and papers, was suggestive of restricted responsibility, that they should be bound to take notice, at their peril, that the individual partners were not liable beyond the limits

which they had prescribed to themselves. And if, with such notice staring them in the face, they chose to deal with it on the presumption of any other terms, they could have none but themselves to blame. Unfortunately, however, Parliament shrank from applying the simple and just principle which they had adopted, to all cases in which it was justly applicable; and the provisions by which its operation was narrowed and restricted, show how strong is the struggle which good sense has often to maintain with prejudice, especially when good sense is timid and prejudice confident. The preamble itself betrays a distrust of the general principle upon which the Act is based, for the expediency of limiting individual liability which it recognises is confined to "members of joint-stock companies," and the Act confers the privilege on those associations only. According to the law of England, therefore, fifty men may now trade with limited liability, if they will only divide their capital into what are popularly known as "shares," but the same liberty is denied to them if their stock is not so divided. If a man has ten shares in a concern, he may limit his liability to the amount of those shares; but if he is entitled to one-tenth of the property and profits of an establishment whose capital is an undivided unit, he must continue liable for its debts to his last shilling and acre. If he will only describe his interest in the association in goodly integral numbers, he may avail himself of the means which Parliament has devised of giving the world notice of his limited responsibility; but if he will persist in representing the joint capital as consisting of just as many vulgar fractions as it has owners, and no more, he must submit to the penalty of unlimited liability.

But it is not enough that the capital should be divided into shares. Those shares must be of the nominal value of at least 10*l.* each. A company whose joint stock consists of 50,000*l.* may trade with limited liability if that joint stock be divided into not more than 5000 shares; but if they exceed that limit, its members must still be liable to the whole extent of their fortunes. Men may safely embark 10*l.* in a concern if they will call it one share; but if they call it two, they risk their entire fortunes. It is quite fair, according to this parliamentary logic, that a gentleman or a tradesman should have a right to turn his ten pound note to advantage; but it would be preposterous to permit a poor devil of a mechanic or operative to risk his few hoarded shillings without incurring the chance of being sold up to his uttermost farthing. It is right that the Electric Telegraph Company should conduct its business with limited liability; but wrong that the Submarine Telegraph Company should possess the same privilege; since the shares of the former society are substantial twenty-five-pounders, while those of the latter are mere

one-pound popguns. For the same excellent reason the same right may be granted to the Australian Agricultural, and refused to the Peel River Land Company; may be allowed to the Santiago de Cuba and Brazilian Imperial Cocoes and Cuiaba Mining Companies, and withheld from the gentlemen who would venture a trifle in winning the treasures of the Colonial Gold Mine or the Great Nugget Vein.

It is not, however, to all associations whose capital is divided into shares, and whose shares are of the nominal value of at least 10*l.*, that the Act applies. The number of the shareholders must be regarded as well as the amount of the shares; and limited liability is prohibited to all joint stock companies which cannot muster a goodly array of contributors. It is not to half a dozen, or a dozen, or even two dozen men that the Legislature could think of conceding the liberty of trading with limited liability. No association can avail itself of the Act unless its deed of settlement be executed by at least twenty-five members, holding not less than three-fourths of the shares. According to the Act, there would seem to be an incongruity or an inconvenience in suffering twenty men to deal with the public on the same terms as twenty-five may. The member of a company consisting of the requisite number, and furnished with the splendid capital of 250*l.* sterling, may legitimately restrict his liability to the amount of his share; but he who would embark a hundred times that amount in an undertaking, with a score of friends, all prepared to contribute equally with himself, is not allowed to protect himself against the common-law presumption of unlimited responsibility, simply because his colleagues are a few short of the magical number of twenty-five.

The operation of the Act is further limited by requiring that twenty per cent. of the subscribed capital shall be paid up, whether it be needed or not, and by the incorporation of the provisions of the Joint-Stock Registration Act of 1844, which requires compliance with a number of petty conditions antecedently to the grant of a certificate of complete registration. The mere deed of settlement must contain no less than thirty-eight distinct provisions. It must, for instance, state the name and business of the company, its place or places of business, the amount of its capital, the nominal value of its shares, the term of its duration, and the names, occupations, and residences of the directors and shareholders, with the number of shares held by each. It must also appoint at least three directors and one auditor. It must comprise a series of minute directions for the holding of meetings, ordinary and extraordinary, for giving shareholders' votes, for respecting the rights of infants, lunatics, and absentees; for regulating the appointment of directors,

officers, and servants; for keeping books, registers, records, &c. In a word, the Act extends only to those who are willing to conduct their affairs by the light of parliamentary wisdom, and to construct for their own government a huge code of laws upon all the little points which the Legislature has indicated. The vexatiousness of such a system can hardly be over-stated; but its vexatiousness is not its worst characteristic. It is attended with enormous expense. What with fees of office and the necessary cost of preparing the deed of settlement, the abstract, the returns, the notices, and the thousand and one other trumpery details required by the Act, no company can obtain complete registration for less than 150*l.*, at the most moderate computation.

It thus appears that the Act of last Session does not apply to all partnerships, but only to those whose capital is divided, not into aliquot parts, as is the case in ordinary partnerships, but into "shares;" nor to all partnerships whose joint stock is divided into shares, but only to those whose shares are nominally worth 10*l.* at least; nor to all whose shares are of the requisite amount, but to only such of them as are formed by twenty-five members at least, and as appoint at least three directors and one auditor for the management of their affairs and the overhauling of their accounts, and as are willing to comply with the provisions of the Joint-Stock Companies Registration Act, and are able to afford at least 150*l.* for its privileges. All other associations remain excluded from the Act, and their members are still condemned to unlimited liability.

It is true, however, that the spirit which conceived these vexatious restrictions had not the wisdom to ensure them all an efficacious operation; and consequently that the advantages offered by the new law are, probably, more generally available than the Legislature intended. Many days had not elapsed after the passing of the Act, when it was discovered that, although no registration was possible until the deed of settlement had been executed by twenty-five persons, yet that the privileges acquired by registration were not, in express terms, withdrawn as soon as the number of shareholders dwindled below that amount. Hence it appeared easy for a smaller number to extort from the neglect, what they could not obtain, it would seem, from the justice of Parliament. If five persons, for instance, were desirous of commencing trade with a joint capital of 250*l.*, each bringing 50*l.* into the concern, they had only to divide their capital into shares of 10*l.*, and arm a score of dummies, an hour before registration, each with a single share, which could be returned to its real owner at any time after the deed had been executed. They might thus acquire the right to registration, and as soon as they were registered, the five real partners, each entitled to five shares in

the joint stock, instead of a fifth of the common capital, might trade with limited liability. In this way, an ill-advised restriction might be easily reduced to an innocent ceremony. Whether, however, advantage will be taken of the facility thus unexpectedly left open, is very doubtful; for, in the eyes of most men, the device will be of questionable validity, since they will be disposed to regard it more like an evasion of the Act than a compliance with its provisions.

Whether or not, however, it should thus be stretched beyond its apparently intended limits, it is obvious that its provisions still restrict, within an unnecessarily narrow compass, the practical application of a general principle of commercial law and political economy long since adopted by almost every country in Europe and America, and at last recognised by the most intelligent and educated class of our own community. The restrictions appear to have been chiefly intended, either for the protection of men against themselves, or for the protection of the public against them. But the former task, it is now generally admitted, does not fall within the legitimate duties of the Legislature; and for the latter purpose most of them are wholly unnecessary. All that the public can justly require of those who trade with limited responsibility, is due notice of that limitation and of its extent. To exact that those who enter into such partnerships should consist of certain numbers, that their capital should be divided into shares of a certain amount, that they should appoint a certain number of directors, make minute rules for holding and adjourning their meetings, &c. &c., is merely to encroach upon the natural and innoxious right of individuals without the slightest useful result to the community. Private persons are vexed, and the world is not protected, by such pitiable intermeddling.

The law is, assuredly, not destined to remain long in its present condition. The Act of last Session, *valeat quantum*, was a step in the right direction; but the shackles of the common law still oppress heavily many classes of persons. The wealthy man finds that he cannot invest a portion of his money in an ordinary partnership, either as an active or a dormant partner, without risking the loss of the whole of it; and he is, therefore, reluctantly driven from enterprises which promise success and which he would willingly support. For the same reason, the retiring partner refuses to leave a part of his capital in the hands of his successor, although the investment is, for many reasons, that which he would most desire, if he were free to limit his liability to the amount invested. It follows that the inventor who has not money enough to work his invention, is unable to procure the requisite means from a rich partner; and the young

tradesman is unable to keep open his shop, which, with its goodwill and connexion, has been made over to him by his old colleague. Thus, the man of money, the man of talent, and the man of business are all injured by a law which prevents them from turning to profitable account their respective gifts—gifts which, united, would be productive, but separate, remain barren. The latter have no other resource than that which the usurer offers; the former is excluded from numberless investments, which would be commercially profitable as well as morally commendable. The poor man asks for a partner to bear a fair share of the loss as well as to receive a fair share of the profits; the law allows him only a creditor, who may swallow all the profits, under the name of interest, without bearing a stiver of the loss. He wants a friend, who will make common cause with him, and take a direct pecuniary interest in his success; the law drives him into the hands of money-lenders and bill-discounters. In a word, the penalties of unlimited liability are so terrible, that the wealthy are constantly shrinking from enterprises which might enrich their promoters and benefit the country, and which, for want of their assistance, fall to the ground unattempted. They appear, consequently, in the eyes of the needy, either as selfishly indifferent or as inordinately rapacious, and the two classes remain, to a great extent, unconnected in interest and but too often estranged in feeling. How many men are there not in this busy and enterprising community whose career testifies to the disastrous operation of the law of limited liability? How many merchants and tradesmen, of every grade and calling, are there not, in this great town alone, who have been compelled, at a critical moment, to put up their shutters and go into the *Gazette*, who might have been saved, if the wealthy relative, friend, or customer, perhaps, who was ready and willing to risk a part of his means in helping another and benefiting himself, had not been deterred by the prospect of total ruin with which the law threatened him?

The common answer to such complaints is, that the capital which is thus so often needed and so seldom obtained, can be borrowed at interest, either fixed or fluctuating with the profits. But the experience of every day proves that the latter expedient, steering, as it does, so closely to actual partnership, is little understood or generally distrusted by the public; while high rates of fixed interest, besides being repulsive to all to whom the name of usury is odious, often fail to tempt persons who would readily yield to the prospect of sharing in the profits of an undertaking, in the conduct of which they would have a voice. Many a man who would willingly venture a sum of money in assisting a friend upon the terms of sharing in the profits of the adventure, would scorn to lend it to him at a rate of interest calculated upon

the risk encountered. Notwithstanding, the abolition of the usury law, loans of money at a higher than the old legal rate are still viewed with disfavour and suspicion among us. Men who do not hesitate to sell goods at a profit of thirty per cent., are horrified at the idea of lending their money at half that rate of interest. Traces of this feeling may still be found on the judicial bench, where usurious contracts have been described, in very recent times, as engagements to which none but enormous rogues and enormous fools are parties. This opinion, though often unjust, rests mainly upon the impression which is sometimes well founded, that the borrower at high rates is so oppressed by his necessities that he is placed at the mercy of the lender, and that the latter avails himself unconscionably of his advantage. Because the debtor is sometimes a dupe, and the creditor sometimes a heartless spoiler, the public mind always and immediately infers folly and roguery from high rates of interest, and those who brave the latter imputation are not generally the most respectable members of the community. To remove the difficulty which at present prevents rich men from promoting, by a portion of their wealth, the success of those whose genius they admire, whose judgment they esteem, or whose probity they respect, it would suffice to enact that dormant partners should not be liable beyond the amount of the capital which they brought into the business, nor active partners beyond the sums which they subscribed, and of which they gave notice by registration and the other means already mentioned. Both classes are justly liable to the extent of their actual interest, because to that extent they pledge their credit, and *qui sentit commodum, sentire debet et onus*. Neither ought to be liable beyond that amount, because the one makes no representation at variance with the truth, and the other removes, by an actual declaration of the truth, the legal presumption which would otherwise mislead. In other words, neither class ought to be liable beyond their shares, because they neither authorize their active partners, nor represent them as authorized, to pledge their credit beyond that extent.

The worst feature, however, of the recent Act, is its complete exclusion of the lower classes of society from the advantages which it bestows on the rest of the community. In the first place, the expenses of registration are so enormous, that, although the law concedes the right of trading with limited liability to companies with a capital as small as £500., it is obviously impossible that any should be formed without much larger means. It has probably occurred in many instances since the passing of the Act, that bodies of men who were prepared to start useful, and perhaps profitable associations, with limited liability, have abandoned their enterprise in consequence of the exorbitant charges

of registration. In one case, which is within our knowledge, a project for the establishment of a news-room in the City of London fell to the ground wholly and solely on this account. But this is not the only obstacle which must prevent the lower classes from availing themselves of the Act. While it apparently extends the principle of limited liability to very humble classes of associations, it denies it to persons of humble means, by fixing the minimum nominal value of the shares at 10*l*. This operates unjustly not only on important classes of enterprise, such as mining companies, but effectually prevents mechanics and operatives from forming trading societies, which would otherwise spring up in the large seats of our manufacturing and commercial industry. Whether such investments would be found as profitable as the Savings Banks, may be doubted by some people. But this is not the question. Were loss the certain consequence of taking a share in a joint-stock company, it would be no good reason for preventing a poor, any more than a rich man, from taking any; and a law which directly or indirectly draws a distinction between rich and poor in this respect, is as galling as it is unjust. If railways may be made and steamers built by limited liability companies of ten-pound shareholders, why, in the name of common sense and common justice, should not humble tailors and shoemakers be allowed to club together their shillings, and traffic in coats and shoes, in similar associations?

They are surrounded on every side by the most magnificent monuments of the joint-stock principle; for the railways and canals which cover the whole face of the kingdom are its creations. They know that those great works have enriched thousands upon thousands in the middle and upper ranks of life, besides developing the resources and the industry of the country to an unparalleled extent; and they naturally ask why they should not be allowed to try, on their own smaller scale, that system which has wrought such wonders for their more fortunate fellow-citizens. If they owe their present disability to the paternal solicitude of the State for their welfare, it must be said that that solicitude is as ill-timed as it is ill-conceived. The instinct of association is strong in the Anglo-Saxon race, and where permitted free play, has hitherto been productive of immense good—increasing wealth and stimulating enterprise. That it would produce such results if the teeming multitudes who struggle to earn their daily bread in our over-crowded towns were allowed to obey it, is not improbable. That they ought to have the same liberty to try the experiment as the middle classes have obtained, cannot be questioned by any save those who would have one law for the rich and another for the poor. And if there were no other reason for removing a restriction which operates

to exclude one portion of the community from privileges which are within the reach of the rest, the sense of injustice which it creates would be a sufficient ground for its immediate repeal.

But there are other reasons for getting rid of this, and of every other restriction which prevents the lower orders from turning to account their humble savings in partnerships and joint-stock companies. One of the most pertinacious opponents of limited liability once declared, that he regarded commercial undertakings as the very worst investments for the capital of the working-classes.* Now, we venture to consider them among the very best. It is notorious that multitudes in the humbler classes of life are not tempted by the sleepy safety of the three per cents. to save a single sovereign in a year, notwithstanding the high favour in which that investment is regarded by the same high authority. They need, therefore, some other inducement for laying up the fruits of their labour. The French peasant finds it in the prospect of being one day the possessor of a few roods of land; and with that end, however distant, in view, he silently accumulates five-franc pieces in the heel of his old stocking. With us, our preposterous law of real property places the acquisition of land quite beyond the reach of our working-classes; and those who scorn the savings' banks, and yet do not care to squander all their earnings in beer and tobacco, find no better employment for their money than such as betting-lists, public-house lotteries, and petty usury afford. Now, if for the demoralizing excitement of gambling, the wholesome excitement of trade were substituted, a number and variety of investments would be offered to the lower orders which would soon create those habits of thriftiness which are so much wanting among them. The artisan, the journeyman, the domestic servant, who now throw away in bad bets or worse debts the shillings and half-crowns which they manage to save out of their honest wages, or to make by the profitable disposal of doubtful perquisites, would probably employ them in working-tailors' associations, or hucksters' shops, or other similar objects of well-meant but unwise dread; and if large pecuniary returns did not reward the investment, it would not, at all events, be followed by ruin of character. That the humbler orders of society would occasionally be robbed and swindled by their directors and agents, is by no means improbable. They would, no doubt, be sometimes taken in as well as richer people. Bubbles as foul as the Talacre Coal Mine would now and then be blown among them. It is even possible that they would be as slow in learning wisdom from experience as the unlucky shareholders of the Eastern Counties Railway; that they

* Mr. Bellenden Ker.

would be, time after time, cheated and robbed by their trustees, their agents, and their servants, and yet would continue to employ them after their roguery had been detected. There would be nothing new in such a spectacle. Every form of fraud has already been exhausted upon those classes of society, who nevertheless arrogate to themselves the right of sitting in judgment on the fitness or unfitness of this or that investment for the poor, and the latter would, in all probability, have to run the gauntlet through similar villanies. But any argument based on such evils against joint-stock companies, applies as well to companies with 10*l.* as to those with 10*s.* shares, and can be urged by none but those who condemn the joint-stock principle altogether.

Many who oppose the concession of facilities for these purposes, generally rest their opposition on a refusal to recognise any distinction between commercial speculations and the hazards of the betting ring and roulette table. Every adventure in trade which does not promise morally certain profits, is, in their eyes, sheer gambling. Money, then, must, in their opinion, be as ill-spent in sinking a shaft or starting an invention, as it would be if it were staked on the fleetness of a horse or the science of a prize-fighter. The good sense of the community, however, appreciates fully the distinction which is thus rejected. Commercial speculation and gambling resemble each other only in the uncertainty which hangs over the result. But it is not because the result is uncertain that gambling is condemned, and justly condemned, as demoralizing. If it were, the occupation of the knowing 'un on the turf with his safe book, would often be much more respectable than of a struggling tradesman in a decaying neighbourhood, or an enterprising merchant in an over-crowded market. If uncertainty of success were the vicious element in human pursuits, what moral publisher would print an author's first work,—what righteous attorney would give an untried barrister his first brief? Gambling is injurious, not because it may destroy men's fortunes, but because it must destroy their habits of honest industry, even where it does not blunt their moral perceptions. It is injurious to the State also; for the gambler is an useless as well as a bad citizen. Not only is his character injured by the nature of his pursuits, but he adds nothing by his success to the common wealth of the country. What he gains, another loses; what he loses, makes another rich, by the precise amount of his loss, and nothing more. In all these respects mercantile enterprises are of a totally distinct character. Though success cannot attend them all, they all afford a field for the honourable exercise of talent and industry. A huckster's shop, a South American Mining Company, a Lucifer-Match Association, a Shoemakers' Society, may all ultimately prove equally miserable failures

and dead losses to all concerned, but can it be justly said that probity, energy, judgment, and assiduity would not promote their success, and, consequently, that they do not tend to develop those qualities in the persons engaged in conducting them? If they fail, the shareholders suffer a pecuniary loss; but their money has not been wholly wasted, since it supported honest labour, and their moral character has been uninjured. If they succeed, every shareholder is all the richer, and nobody the poorer; for the wealth which they acquire has been created by them, and not merely transferred from their neighbours to themselves.

The removal of all existing restrictions on the liberty of commercial association, however, would not merely extend and foster among the lower classes habits of prudent saving, and wean them from the depraving taste for betting and gambling. It would lead, by various ways, to their improvement and elevation. It would tend to bring them gradually in contact with those who rank above them in the social scale, because advantages of birth and wealth have given them the opportunities of higher mental cultivation. From associating with those who may on this account be justly called their betters, they would insensibly profit by their example, and rise in their own esteem in proportion as they did so. Such an approximation to each other, of the different ranks in which our community is divided, would, of itself be one of the greatest improvements of which our social state is susceptible; for it would extinguish the heart-burnings, the jealousies, the suspicions, the hatreds which now exist between different classes. These lamentable feelings spring chiefly from mutual ignorance, and threaten to be perpetual unless their source be dried up. To-day the Manchester spinners, last year the Wigan colliers, a year or two earlier the London engineers, were in arms against their employers, and labour and capital vowed mutual destruction. Would such disastrous contests occur if commercial association were free? The facility which would be acquired for the profitable application of small sums, would on the one hand check any rapacity on the part of the capitalists; and as thousands who are now mere workers for wages, would, like the spinning-girls of Lowell, and the sailors of American whaling-ships, have shares in the establishments in which they worked, or in other companies, demands for exorbitant wages would be rare, because they would be known to be unreasonable. Here, after all, would be the great and crowning advantage which the removal of existing restrictions would confer. It would give the humblest hewer of wood and drawer of water the opportunity of advancement. Instead of continuing, as now he must, unless he be gifted with

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rare talent, energy, and prudence, a workman to the end of his days, he would soon pass into the rank of a capitalist. With a few odd pounds in a company, he would increase in knowledge and improve in character. He would learn the rights of capital as well as those of labour, for which alone he now cares, and which he so imperfectly understands. What is more, he would unlearn those mischievous doctrines which now teach him that capital and labour are natural enemies, instead of mutually dependent allies; that wages rise and fall as the rights of the workmen or the machinations of the employer prevail, and not according to the supply and demand in the labour market. The desire, or rather the means of bettering his condition, would make him prudent, sober, and self-denying; instead of being, as he is now but too often, turbulent, drunken, and reckless. In a word, the peace of the country would be promoted, its wealth and power would be increased, and the national character would be elevated by a change which gave to every man what every man has a right to demand, the free and unshackled use of his own energies in pursuits which do not injure his neighbour.

Many will think that such expectations are more sanguine than reasonable. Be it so. From them, at all events, the following fact will receive more attention. It is palpable enough, in all conscience, to the most practical turn of mind: While the law of unlimited liability drives capital from trade at home, the liberty of forming associations with limited liability, which is conceded by almost every civilized state in Europe and America, attracts it abroad. "I am within the mark," says Mr. Baker, a solicitor of great experience,* "in saying, that during the last two years, at least twenty companies have been formed in France solely for the same purposes,"—that is, "to get the benefit of the French law of limited liability." "They are, in truth, English companies, both as to capital and directors, and all this expenditure is just so much money taken from this country and paid to France as a consideration for the use of her laws. . . . I have two (companies) in my own office at the present moment for working patents in England, which will be made French companies if the English law remains unaltered." To the same effect is the testimony of another gentleman of the same profession, who has long directed his attention to the subject.† At present, enterprises in which French and English capital is united are said to be in especial favour, and English money is about to start at Havre, Nantes, Marseilles and Bordeaux lines of steam-packets,

* First Report of Mercantile Law Commission, App., p. 239.

† Observations of a Solicitor on the Right of the Public to form Limited Liability Partnerships. By Edwin Wilkins Field. pp. 26, 64. London. 1854.

which may prove formidable competitors to our own chartered companies, for the trade of America. The fact that English capital thus flows away from our shores and creates rivals against us abroad, is, indeed, notorious. The evil is great and growing, and it will increase every day as facilities of locomotion and correspondence increase, and international intercourse becomes common and frequent. But it can be easily cured. Grant the same liberty of commercial association as is granted by other countries, and Englishmen will establish their companies on their own soil and not abroad. Do not sell at an exorbitant price the privilege of limited liability, and we shall not go to France and pay her a comparatively small "consideration for the use of her laws." Let Parliament act boldly up to the principle which it has now sanctioned. Let it consent to deal with free partnership as Sir Robert Peel dealt with free-trade, not by devising restrictions, and conditions, and limitations, and saving clauses, but by scattering them all to the winds. Until this be done, we shall continue to present to the world the extraordinary spectacle of a great commercial community which voluntarily trades in shackles—of a people which boasts of its enlightenment and energy, but has not the will or the resolution to disencumber itself from the thralldom of a stupid legal decision—of a nation which, while proud of the individual liberty enjoyed by its citizens, maintains nevertheless a law in comparison with which the codes of France, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Hungary, Spain, Portugal, and even Russia are freedom itself.



ART. III.—HISTORY OF THE HOUSE OF SAVOY.

1. *History of Piedmont.* By Antonio Gallenga. 3 vols. 8vo. London. 1855.
2. *Memorie sull' Italia del 1814 al 1850*, di Giuseppe Montanelli. Vol. 2do. 1855. Torino.

SINCE the great convulsion of 1848, Piedmont, or more properly, the kingdom of Sardinia, has assumed a place in European politics, which, till then, it had never occupied. Of all the nations which at that epoch started up into a feverish struggle for deliverance from the chains of despotism, the Piedmontese alone have succeeded in preserving the institutions which, in the terror of the moment, had been wrested from the

the ruling powers; and this fact alone makes the study of this people especially interesting to England at this moment, when the war in which we are engaged is every day assuming more the character of a war of opinion;—a war, in short, such as Athens was once engaged in, and succumbed—(Heaven avert the omen from England;)—because when the great hero of the age sank under persecution and disease, no statesman remained honest and disinterested enough to carry out the plans of Pericles, and place that country at the head of a league of free states. Will England dare to assume such a position? That was the question which was asked in 1848 from a *soi-disant* liberal Whig ministry, and a sad negative was the answer; it was therefore with no ordinary anxiety that when rumours were afloat of the intention of Russia and Austria to crush the new liberties of Piedmont, the friends of liberal institutions waited for the opinion of the English Parliament, expected to be drawn forth by a question from Lord Palmerston, not then in office, but still influential. The minister of Sardinia took his place in the gallery that night; and it must have been with feelings of no small satisfaction that he heard the declaration of the now Premier, that “neither the policy nor the feelings of England would allow that the free states of Europe should be over-ridden by the despotic powers.” The simultaneous and long-continued cheer which that declaration elicited from both sides of the House, up to that moment hushed in almost breathless silence, showed that he but spoke the sentiment of the nation generally; and the present alliance, now that the speaker of those words is the First Minister of the Crown, is perhaps one of the consequences of that manly declaration of the views of England. But be that as it may, the opinion that neither the policy nor the feeling of this country would permit free states to be over-ridden by despotic power, has been justified by subsequent events: the subjects of Sardinia are beside us in the field, sharing our dangers and our glory in the great struggle with the Power which had once threatened their freedom, and Piedmont has thus grown into a subject of deep interest to the British public.

The patience and good sense with which both ruler and people have worked out the most difficult problems of constitutional government,—the good faith on both sides,—the absence of unwise pretensions on the part of the people, and the steady adherence to his engagements on the part of the sovereign, give a singular and honourable importance to this small state; for it is for the good of the world that such an example should be held up to view, and that amidst the madness of democracy, and the tergiversation of rulers, it should be seen that political integrity will have its reward; and that the true road to comfort and

prosperity is to be found by following the same rules of morality which can alone lead to such results in private life. We have dreamed of state-craft long enough ;—let Sardinia prove that a rational people and an upright king, can compass all the great ends of free government without any craft at all.

“ Since 1848,” observes Signor Gallenga, in the work which stands at the head of our article, “ the Piedmontese have gone hand in hand with their rulers. Loyalty on their part called forth honesty on that of the latter. It was that harmony, that mutual good faith and trust which spared the country the horrors of a senseless re-action ; the disgrace of a foreign occupation. The statute of 1848, the two generous, however ill-fated, wars of Lombardy, and the death of Charles Albert, established a covenant between the people and their sovereign. So long as the latter abides by it, the former deem it equally binding on themselves. . . . The Prince has kept faith with the people: The present ruler has won from his subjects the title of ‘ *Re Galantuomo* :’ his subjects are one with him, and

‘ *La vittoria e il regno
E pel felice che ai concordi impera.*’ ”

It is pleasant to be able fully to acquiesce in this just praise of prince and people ; for it opens a hope for Italy which never dawned till now : it shows that the bloody dreams of the one party, and the senseless terrors of the other, may both yield to the steady advance of well understood principles of policy, and that the best victories of liberty may be achieved otherwise than on the field of battle. It is not while men’s minds are heated with passion that they judge the most sanely on the complicated questions of internal government ; and the enlightened patriot will not fail to try all the resources of peace before he commits the lives and comfort of thousands and the future fate of his country to the doubtful arbitrement of arms.

The history of the House of Savoy is remarkable : no other reigning house in Europe can boast of an uninterrupted descent in the same family for so many generations, and even the satirical observation made by its enemies, that “ it had taken the Princes of Savoy and Piedmont eight centuries to scrape together a kingdom which may be traversed in four days’ march,” can hardly be reckoned a reproach ; since it required no ordinary talent to steer so small a bark safely through the storms which convulsed Europe for so long a period, during which the dominions of this House were much in the condition of a ship in the Polar seas between enormous icebergs ; obliged now to make fast to one, now to another, and to cast loose just time enough to avoid being overwhelmed. The imputation of bad faith, which has attached to the Dukes of Savoy and Piedmont, was to a certain extent deserved during that tempestuous period ; but it was

almost inevitable in their geographical position, amid such unscrupulous neighbours; when European diplomacy was but another name for falsehood and rapacity, and the selfishness of allies almost justified the calculating spirit which led not unfrequently to their abandonment when interest dictated such a measure.

Such, however, was not the character of the Princes of the House of Savoy when it first emerged from obscurity, and when they were surrounded by states scarcely more powerful than their own; for several centuries the growth of their dominions was the consequence either of peaceful matrimonial alliances or gifts from the Emperors of Germany, grateful for loyal and important services: and we must rather pity than condemn those sovereigns who, at a later period, found themselves almost forced by their position into the crooked policy of playing off one great power against another, as the very condition of existence.

But, although the Princes of the House of Savoy were so largely mixed up with the politics of Europe during several centuries, it is somewhat to the disgrace of our literature that no historian has been found in this country to depict the varied fortunes of this very remarkable family, so rich in men of talent; or of the brave and industrious people over which it reigned.* Signor Gallenga has undertaken to fill up this hiatus; and he has done it with much industry and care. His position has enabled him to attain the needful information, and he has used it well, never allowing himself to become the mere partisan; though perhaps, in recording late events, it would have better suited the historian's dignity to have passed over what *might* have been, and merely to have recounted what *was*. But considering the part he has sustained in the woes of his country, his tone is singularly moderate. He writes in English, and with considerable mastery of the language, though here and there almost ludicrous phrases occur; as when he speaks of the Sardinian monarchy as "*sitting astride the Alps*." He is likewise apt to omit the neuter relative, which always give an awkwardness to the construction; but the main fault of his work consists in a confused arrangement, which makes it very difficult for the reader to follow him. This results in great measure from the attempt to give the history of Savoy and Piedmont separately, in consequence of which both are in a certain degree incomplete; and the lack of general dates along the margin throws an obstacle in the way of collocating the two so irritating that we feel inclined to throw aside the work in

* The meagre account of Savoy and Piedmont, given by the authors of the "Universal History," hardly deserves notice. It is both inaccurate and badly written.

utter despair. In a second edition, which, from the interest of the subject, we doubt not it will reach, we should greatly advise Signor Gallenga either to adopt the plan of Gibbon and Sismondi, by giving a chronological table of events, with a reference to the page where each fact is found, or to pursue the more common method of giving a cursive date in the margin. In the *resumé* which we propose to give of his work, we shall endeavour to remedy the faults in arrangement, and present our readers with a succinct account of the Sardinian States generally.

The actual founder of the present reigning family is nearly as difficult to discover as the sources of the Nile; and probably all that can be said with any certainty on the subject is, that during the general disorganization of Europe which followed on the dissolution of the Western Roman Empire, the Counts of Savoy and of Turin, whose races were afterwards united by marriage, made themselves independent, as other warlike barons had done; and by offering protection to the small landholders around them, secured vassals enough to defend their territory against the aggression of other chieftains. About the tenth century, Europe was split into hundreds of small *properties* rather than principalities, which, though nominally fiefs, were so little under the control of their suzerain, that their obedience could seldom be depended on unless he could bring a sufficient force into the field to overawe them; and thus, when the kingdom of Burgundy fell into weak hands, the ancestor of the House of Savoy found it possible and convenient to render himself so far independent as to make him more a useful ally than an obedient vassal; but so small and unimportant was the territory which he occupied, that even his name, and yet more his descent, remain a matter of question. His second son, Hubert, or Humbert, must therefore stand at the head of the genealogical tree; and he is chiefly heard of in the history of the eleventh century as the loyal defender of the widow of his sovereign, Rudolph III. of Burgundy. Humbert adhered steadily to the royal cause during the turmoils of that reign; and, at the decease of the king, taking the queen under his protection, conveyed her safely across the Alps to his own town of Aosta, and afterwards to Zurich; where he placed her under the safeguard of Conrad the Salic, to whom the king had bequeathed his dominions. Humbert, steady in his allegiance to the Burgundian crown, supported the cause of the Emperor to whom it devolved; and the first steps in greatness of the House of Savoy were the rewards of gallantry and good faith. He seems to have had the lieutenancy of Burgundy granted to him; and we find him exercising a lordly authority over Savoy, the county of Nyon and Chablais, which extended over the Lower Valais, and probably the Upper Valais also:

he was also Count of Maurienne, and possessed some estates in the territory of the Counts of Geneva. In 1018 we find him the supreme lord of Aosta, and finally his son Oddo married Adelaide, the daughter and heiress of Odelric Manfred, Count of Turin. Seldom has a dynasty risen into notice more honourably; for its first aggrandisement was a grateful repayment of loyal and disinterested services; and its further progress resulted from the peaceful ties of marriage, not from the blood and treasure of the people.

The inhabitants of a mountainous region rarely undergo much change of race; and the Piedmontese of the present day differ so far from the rest of Italy in language and character, that we have good grounds for believing that they are, with a very small admixture of foreign blood, the Taurini of the Roman historians; that ancient Ligurian tribe which aided the Gauls in their attack on the Great Republic, and were with them defeated, and in some measure dispirited; but who again made head against Hannibal, when he forced his way over the Alps, and suffered another defeat from him. The name probably was derived from *Tor*, still known as the Keltic term for a mountain height; and it is still preserved in the appellation of the capital city Torino, mangled by us into Turin. In later times, under Augustus, the Taurini became Roman citizens, and shared the Roman civilization and the Roman laws. When the Empire was overthrown, they entered upon the same career as the rest of Europe: a Norman adventurer, named Ruggero, appears to have crossed the Alps and won rank and wealth, partly as the Normans were wont to do, and partly by marriage; and at the time that Humbert, the loyal and the faithful, was becoming great through imperial confidence and gratitude, Odelric Manfred, the cousin of the last King of Italy, and great grandson of Ruggero, held the county of Turin and Auriate by inheritance, besides nominating the Bishop of Asti. Adelaide, his heiress, a woman of great energy and decision, after the death of her husband, administered the affairs of Piedmont and Savoy jointly with her son. It was at this period that Henry IV. of Germany was engaged in his quarrel with Gregory VII.; the Emperor, pressed by rebellion at home, found the passes of the Alps closed against him by the German princes; but Adelaide and Amadeus of Savoy met the Emperor at Vevay, opened a safe passage through their territory, and received as the price of this service a considerable tract of Burgundian lands.

It would be wearisome to trace the course of the petty contests which took place during the mediæval period, when Europe was everywhere a prey to the dissensions consequent on the struggle to found fresh states on the ruins of the ancient empires. The

Roman had fallen first; that of Charlemagne had enjoyed but a short existence; and had sunk, like Rome, from the sins of its domestic institutions: but the warriors of that time were no politicians: they only thought of carving their fortunes by the sword; and the towns which were driven by their oppression into assuming arms in self-defence, soon learned to follow their example, and tyrannized in their turn: and to complicate matters still further, the Emperors of Germany never forgot that the kingdom of Lombardy had been won by their great predecessor; and seldom a reign passed that did not see a cloud of Germans descending from the Alps on those rich plains, which they would not give up, yet could not hold. "From these struggles," however, observes Signor Gallenga, "the House of Savoy either prudently kept aloof, or even more craftily, only engaged in them when it saw that they presented safe chances of its own aggrandizement. But when the result of these contests was to lay Italy prostrate, and to make it an easy prey to foreign aggressors, then the Princes of Savoy came in for their own share of the spoils. That share they seized with all the tenacity of men of the hills; they fastened upon it, impressed it with their own character, and made it morally as well as materially their own."

To effect all this with small means required able rulers, and it must be allowed that few states have ever enjoyed such a succession of prudent men at their head. From the time that the Countess Adelaide and her son granted the passage of the Alps to the Emperor Henry IV., whether the valuable consideration with which it was repaid was won from his gratitude or his necessity, hardly a century passed which did not see some small addition to the territory of Savoy and Piedmont, either by gift, by purchase, or, more rarely, by arms. When Frederic Barbarossa was hard pressed by the Lombard League, Humbert III. afforded him the means of escape, though not without the promise of ample payment for his assistance. It is true that when he afterwards afforded him lukewarm aid in a contest with the then Pope, Henry VI. put him under the ban of the Empire, and despoiled him of his dominions; but no sooner did Thomas of Savoy succeed to his father than he had the skill, not only to win back what had been lost, but to add considerably to his domains. In 1207 he obtained from the Emperor Philip, whom he had aided, the grant of Moudon in the Pays de Vaud, and of the towns of Chiesi and Tortona in Lombardy, though, as these towns had at this time rendered themselves independent, the gift was not of immediate value. More important was the voluntary dedication of Pinerolo, which, won by his known liberal principles of government, transferred its allegiance to him in 1212. He again took arms in favour of Otho IV., and reduced Montferrat

and Saluzzo to his obedience. The reward of his services was given by Frederic II., who made him Imperial Vicar over all Lombardy. By this time feudalism had become the fashion; and Amadeus IV., of Savoy, gave up his Italian dominions to his brother, Thomas II., to be held as a fief. The known talent of his House induced the Emperor Frederic II. to seek to attach this Prince to his party, and he was constituted the Imperial Vicar in Lombardy, and received a grant of Turin and Moncalieri, with other castles in the hills, important to commerce, of the Castle of Lanzo, and finally Ivrea and the Canavese. The principality of Carignano appears to have been acquired by purchase about the same time. The imperial gifts were often but empty honours, for almost all the cities of Italy at this period claimed a sort of stormy freedom which made them impatient of any settled rule; and this Thomas of Savoy found to his cost; for the citizens of Turin, on a sudden disgust, seized and imprisoned him. His relations in France and England at last procured his release by obtaining from the sovereigns of those countries the confiscation of the goods belonging to the merchants of Turin until such time as the Count should be set free. He survived his liberation only two years, and died in 1259.

The internal dissensions of Italy, which had already desolated many parts of that fine country, continued unabated during the whole of this century: every city had its militia with which it made war on its neighbour towns, while the nobles of the country watched from their castles the course of events; and, as occasion offered, profited by, or sometimes suffered from, these burgher feuds. Perhaps we might form some notion of the state of Italy at that time, by supposing Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, and Birmingham, all at war with one another, and tyrannizing over the smaller places near, to induce them to join their respective factions.

Piedmont, as we have seen, had become a fief of Savoy rather than an integral part of its territory, and thus for nearly a century the two countries were all but separated. During this time the Princes of Savoy proper were engaged in the Crusades with all the enthusiasm of the period, and brought from thence many sounding titles; though, as was the case with most of the leaders of those splendid mistakes, little else, to make amends for the blood and treasure wasted on a vain enterprise. They were more successful in foreign courts, especially in England, where the partiality of Henry III., and his bountiful gifts to many members of that House, excited the jealousy of the English nobility. The Savoy palace in the Strand was actually built by that monarch for his foreign favourites; but, with their wonted discretion, they forbore to irritate the people by inhabiting it; and it remained a

royal palace till it was occupied by John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. Its remains were pulled down to make room for Waterloo Bridge.

Amadeus V. of Savoy accompanied the Emperor Henry VII. into Italy in 1310, was appointed, like his ancestors, Imperial Vicar, and received once more the gift of Asti, Ivrea, and the Canavese. Asti still refused to submit: but Ivrea was at last secured. The Emperor was anxious to effect the pacification of Italy; but too many angry passions had been awakened among both towns and princes, and at his death the intestine war, which had so long ravaged the country, broke out with fresh force. The horrors of war were augmented by the mercenary troops who, under the title of "Free Companies," sold their services to the highest bidder, and brought with them another scourge, the plague, which had probably been imported from the East in some of the vessels which brought back the Crusaders. Amadeus VI. had been famed as a gallant knight; and now, with the feeling of a honourable warrior, he determined on freeing Piedmont from these bandits. He led an army of his hardy Savoyards across the Alps, and succeeded in driving out the plunderers, and in reducing Saluzzo, whose ruler had refused him the customary homage as suzerain: but he had hardly retired to his capital when he found that he must do the same work over again: Saluzzo defied him; and the young Philip of Piedmont, who had been excluded by his father's will from the succession, took arms, and engaged the foreign mercenaries in his service. The country was converted into "a smoking wilderness," and Amadeus VI. again crossed the Alps to deliver it from so horrible a scourge. By secret negotiations he detached the English bands from his cousin's forces; and then offered to settle the difference by a combat of fifty against fifty. The offer was accepted, but the combat did not take place, for Philip was abandoned by the remainder of his troops, and obliged to submit himself to the judgment of his suzerain. A cloud hangs over the rest of this transaction; and probably the lax law of those times was held to justify a short way of getting clear of a difficult case. The young Prince lost his life, whether by assassination or suicide is not known, and the Count of Savoy took Piedmont under his protection during the minority of the younger brother. Amadeus now advanced against Hawkwood, the English leader, but was foiled by that hardy and experienced commander: but the ravages of the pestilence effected what he could not, and put a stop for the time to hostilities.

Nevertheless, the noblest triumphs of the Counts of Savoy were not won in the field. For their time, they were just and wise sovereigns; and when a district found itself oppressed beyond the power of further endurance, it was no unusual thing

to have recourse to the protection of the only prince who seemed to care for his people. Thus Biella and its surrounding district, which formed part of the bishopric of Vercelli, finding the rule of the prelate too tyrannical, imprisoned him in his own castle, and applied to Amadeus for protection. In August, 1379, they voluntarily surrendered themselves to him and his successors as their liege lords. Nice and its surrounding country soon followed the example of Biella; and in September, 1388, Amadeus VII., who had succeeded his father in 1383, took possession of his new province.

In 1418, Piedmont reverted to its suzerain, Amadeus VIII. of Savoy, in consequence of the failure of the branch of the family which had held it so long; not, however, before Louis, its last prince, had aided his cousin of Savoy to reduce the Marquis of Saluzzo, who had transferred his allegiance to France, and thus laid the foundation of many subsequent wars with that country. Amadeus preferred peace to war; but those who wished for his neutrality were required to purchase it. Thus Filippo Maria Visconti of Milan presented him with Vercelli; and when the Marquis of Montferrat was hard pressed by the enmity of Milan, Amadeus exacted from him that he should hold his country of him as a fief, as the price of his good offices. In 1416, Savoy was erected into a duchy by the Emperor Sigismund; and Amadeus, anxious to justify the confidence shown him by the people of Piedmont, when they returned under his sway, published, in 1430, his code, entitled *Statuta Subaudiæ*, in which he embodied all the best laws and regulations of his predecessors; who, even in the midst of their military expeditions, had not neglected the needs of their subjects, but had striven to give their government something like a peaceful organization. Nay, Amadeus VI. has the credit of having brought justice within the reach of the lowest ranks of his people, by the institution of the *Avocat des pauvres*, who was bound to conduct the causes of the poor gratis. Amadeus VIII., however, entertained larger views, and seems to have seen that the time was come for the development of a different system from that under which Italy had groaned for so long a time. The repeated grants of the Emperors in favour of the House of Savoy had done away with the "immediacy" of the feudal aristocracy, by which they claimed exemption from all jurisdiction but that of the Empire. The Counts of Savoy were supreme, and free from all subjection to the Imperial Chamber: and no subject could now defy the laws of the country. The cities on their part too, weary of their turbulent freedom, were glad to submit to a more settled government, and one by one came into the hands of the prince. All of them had charters, which, by the terms of their ultimate sub-

mission, were to be preserved to them; but a just and liberal government gave them no reason to recur to their peculiar rights, and they soon grew to be mere antiquated forms. The amalgamation of the separate townships into one country, rather than a number of petty republics, was farther promoted by occasional assemblies of the States-general, which, though far from being what we now understand by a representative government, did exercise a considerable control, and were probably a fair representation of all who at that time were possessed of sufficient intelligence to have a voice in public affairs. It is a question as to when the "States" of Savoy and Piedmont first began to exercise their special functions. The old chroniclers of Savoy talk of the consent of the nobles and people of Savoy and Burgundy to the statutes of Peter II., who came to the government in 1263, and the "States" are said to have been consulted on more than one occasion by his successors; but the forms of such consultation are unknown. With regard to Piedmont, the accounts are clearer:—

"On the 24th of May, 1286," say the chroniclers, "the chatelains, nobles, and ambassadors of the towns of Piedmont, Val di Susa, of Turin, Moncalieri, Carignano, &c., twelve deputies for the nobility, and twenty-nine legates for the towns, all of whom are known by name, met in the meadows of Giaveno, on the banks of the Sangone, between Susa and Pinerolo: and it was intimated to them, that Louis of Savoy, Baron of Vaud, Guie of Burgundy, widow of Thomas III., for herself and her sons, had surrendered their rights to Amadeus V.; and to the latter, therefore, the assembled notables owed their fealty and homage."—*Hist. of Piedmont*, vol. ii. p. 171.

This, indeed, was not a deliberative assembly, but an assemblage of this kind might at any moment become such; and of course would at a period of popular discontent. In Montferrat, a century later, they had already assumed a tone of authority; and when summoned at Moncalvo to do homage to their young sovereign, then a minor, they stated that his predecessor had been guilty of the most flagitious excesses, and they threatened to withdraw their allegiance if the like occurred again. Nevertheless, no notice is taken of the "States" at the promulgation of the statutes of Amadeus VIII., in which he merely affirms that he "had heard the opinion of his council." On many occasions, however, they seem to have exercised a power analogous to that of our House of Commons, by voting subsidies when the needs of the prince required such aids; but Amadeus VIII. was for the most part too prosperous to need their assistance, and as they had no settled time of meeting, they seem scarcely to have had any existence during his reign.

The system of government which he established is thus summed up Signor Gallenga :—

“He set up lawyers to frame and administer the laws: the office of chancellor, president, and members of councils, and to a certain extent those of bailiff and chatelain, were awarded in consideration of legal attainments. Law lords sat by the side of peers by descent, and the gown became as sure a road to distinction as the sword. He appointed judges to each of the seven Transalpine Provinces; and in Piedmont one to every town of note. He held yearly a ‘Supreme General Audience’ or Court of Appeals; a kind of Champ de Mai in the open air, for the reversion of judgments issued by local courts, or even by the councils themselves. The effect of all these measures may be judged from the fact, that in the time of Amadeus VIII., *justice de Savoie* was a proverbial expression for prompt and fair justice.”

It is sad to turn from this really enlightened system of government to that part of the code which relates to religion: there the barbarism and the bigotry of the age is apparent; and the laws of Amadeus VIII. laid the foundation of the cruel persecution of the Vaudois, which, for a long time, was a disgrace to the House of Savoy. But Amadeus, with all his clear-sightedness in temporal affairs, had entertained a strange ambition to be a saint also; and finally aspired to the papacy, which he actually attained by the decree of the Council of Basle—a singular instance of the highest ecclesiastical dignity being conferred on a man not in holy orders. Amadeus, however, soon resigned the tiara, on finding that a schism in the church was likely to ensue had he retained it; he therefore withdrew his claim, and received in its stead the dignity of cardinal, with a variety of honourable privileges granted to no one else, as well as certain concessions with regard to ecclesiastical appointments, which placed the church of Savoy on a footing of independence very remarkable in that age.

Amadeus abdicated in favour of his son, on his own election to the papacy, in 1440; but the young prince was far from possessing his father's vigour of will and action; and not only during his reign, but onward for a whole century, the House of Savoy gradually declined from the high place which it had taken under that great prince. It would take too much space to trace the events of the warfare between the Swiss, then rising into greatness by their victories over Charles of Burgundy, and the feeble Dukes of Savoy. Cities and territory were lost and won without any great results: but soon a more formidable foe appeared, and Italy became, as it has been nearly ever since, the battle-field of Europe, on which France, Spain, and Austria—the Gaul, the Carthaginian, and the Hun, as in former

times—overran in turns its blood-stained fields. The origin of the contest may be traced to the following circumstances:—Louis XII. of France claimed the possession of Milan in right of his grandmother, Valentina Visconti: he was allowed by Philibert II., Duke of Savoy and Piedmont, to pass through his dominions, and enter Milan as a conqueror, in October, 1499. In the meantime, Ferdinand of Arragon, by his marriage with Isabella of Castile, had become ruler of nearly all Spain; and his support was naturally looked for by the reigning family of Naples—itself sprang from the royal blood of Arragon—which had so obstinately contested the throne with Charles of Anjou, and his papal supporters. But Louis XII., already so far successful in Italy, wished now to advance the claims of France to the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies; and he, too, sought to engage Ferdinand on his side. The King of Arragon, never very scrupulous, was won by the offered bribe, and set his signature to a treaty, by which it was agreed that France and Spain should share the disputed kingdom between them. But the unholy compact was soon broken. Frenchman and Spaniard quarrelled over the spoil; the French troops were defeated with great loss, and Ferdinand ultimately remained in possession. Louis XII., disappointed at Naples, but not convinced that partition treaties are blunders as well as crimes, entered into a similar one with Maximilian of Germany, in 1504, by which he agreed to share with Austria the territory of the Venetian Republic. It would be useless to follow up the various fortunes of this unprincipled war; suffice it, that in 1512, the French were again driven out of Italy; again they crossed the Alps, and were again defeated in the bloody field of Novara. Meanwhile Louis XII. died, and Francis I. succeeded to his throne and to his ambition. Every one knows how the pretensions of this monarch to Milan, and probably his secret view of becoming master of the whole peninsula, led to his defeat at Pavia, and his imprisonment in Spain, while Charles V. victoriously overrun all Italy. He was crowned as King of Lombardy, February 22, and as Emperor, March 24, 1530; and Charles III. of Savoy, who had before lent his aid to Francis, hastened with the other Italian princes to do homage to the conqueror. Astute but timid, he had done his best so to time his conduct as to give offence to neither; but while he was receiving Asti and its dependencies from the Emperor as a friendly gift, Francis was recruiting his forces, and he soon revenged himself on his faithless ally, by putting forward a claim to Savoy and Piedmont, in right of his mother, Louise of Savoy.

“De Poyet, President of the Parliament of Paris, was sent to Turin charged with these demands, and was referred to the Council of Piedmont. He argued the point with the President of the Council,

John Francis di Porporato, who refuted his reasons with great clearness and firmness; whereupon the Frenchman waxed wroth, as men will often do who feel the insufficiency of their arguments, and he took therefore a loftier tone, and concluded: 'No more words! Such is the king's pleasure and goodwill.' Porporato had still dignity enough to reply, 'that he was aware of no such law in his statute books.'"—*Hist. of Piedmont*, vol. ii. p. 318.

Had Charles III. been even an abler and more resolute man than he was, he had not means at his disposal sufficient to cope with the monarch of France, backed by the Swiss Cantons, which were likewise engaged against him. Charles retired before the storm, and Piedmont was overrun by the French troops. The Emperor Charles V. was not a man likely to suffer his rival's success with patience; the imperial forces attacked the French, and the miserable people saw their country ruined by contending armies. The Pope, Paul III., at last mediated a truce of ten years, from June, 1538; but in this truce Savoy and Piedmont were not considered, and they were portioned out between French and Imperialists, as the fortune of war had left them when the truce was agreed upon. Even the cessation of hostilities was but of short duration. In 1544, the war blazed out again with fresh fury; and Piedmont, harassed in turn by ferocious warriors, suffered all the horrors of military occupation. It was not until August, 1553, that the misery of the inhabitants awakened the compassion even of the French commander, and an agreement was signed by both parties, promising to spare non-combatants, and to cease from ravaging the country unnecessarily.

During this time, Charles III. was endeavouring to recover his dominions, first by joining the Imperialists, and then by solemn protests made before the Diets of Ratisbon and Spire, against the spoliation he had suffered from the French and Swiss. But these powers were not likely to pay much attention to a German Diet; and the unfortunate Charles soon found that his cause was hopeless. Weary and broken-hearted, he expired at Vercelli, in December, 1553. But one son survived him; but in him adversity had wrought its perfect work, and moulded a hero. The Emperor compassionating, perhaps, the portionless youth,—perhaps with the keen prescience of a great mind seeing the future man in the boy,—gave him the chance of attaining military skill by employing him in his army; and well did the young Emanuel Philibert profit by the opportunity; for after various brilliant exploits, he rose at the early age of twenty-nine to be general-in-chief of the forces which won the battle of St. Quentin, so disastrous to the French arms. The peace of Château Cambresis followed two years after, in 1559; and Philip II. of Spain, who

had now succeeded his father, grateful to the young soldier to whom he owed so much, stipulated for the restoration of the dominions of the House of Savoy as one of the conditions of peace. The French king bestowed the hand of his sister on the restored Duke, and in February, 1563, Emanuel Philibert and his Duchess re-entered in state the capital of his paternal dominions. But how different from the Piedmont of a century back!—a ruined country, a dispirited and impoverished people, accustomed only to the law of the strongest, rendered the task of re-organizing the government almost hopeless. But the man was equal to the occasion; aware of the necessity of peace to his suffering people, he bore, with a patience and discretion rarely found in sovereigns, all the lesser wrongs to himself consequent on his restoration, in order to secure to his country that inestimable blessing, at the same time that he put it in a condition to resist any future aggression, by training its population to arms. Feudalism and serfdom were already on the wane; he at once abolished the last remnant of them by one of his first edicts, and required the personal service of all in the militia organized for the defence of the country. Every male, from his eighteenth to his fiftieth year, was liable to military service in case of invasion, and underwent the necessary drill on Sundays and holidays. The expense of the equipment of these men was paid by their respective communes. The nobility formed the cavalry. The population of Piedmont at that time was calculated at 900,000, and that of Savoy at about half a million, but all were impoverished. Even the nobles were poor, the maximum of revenue among them not amounting to more than two thousand crowns; and the plans of Emanuel Philibert required money not easily to be raised in that all but ruined country. Hence many of his measures were unpopular at the time; yet such was his prudence, that he avoided any open opposition at home, and kept on good terms with foreign powers, whilst he was labouring at the restoration of his people. Once he called together the States-General; but the various interests which were there represented hardly allowed them to debate in peace the measures which, by benefiting the whole, would end by benefiting every individual part; and Emanuel Philibert, accustomed to the strictness of military discipline, and confident in his own talent, could ill brook the selfishness and impracticability of an assembly of this kind, not yet trained to its duties. He dismissed it, and resolved to reign uncontrolled. A dictator was needed to reconstruct the nation; and he made the very natural mistake of forgetting that his successors might not have his prudence, and that measures which required so firm a hand and so resolute a will to carry them out, would be best entrusted hereafter to the people whose benefit they were intended to pro-

mote ; since, if they were salutary, a few years would show their tendency and remove all distaste ; if they were not so, it would be well that they should be rescinded.

The same habits of military command which made him determine to be absolute in political affairs, extended themselves to the religion of the country. His experience of the disastrous consequences of religious differences in Germany and France made him dread lest his own country should be afflicted in like manner ; and in that age men had yet to learn that sects are but exasperated by opposition, and that, when left tranquil, they will by degrees die out. Emanuel Philibert was resolved that in this as in all other things he would be paramount ; he followed the Roman faith himself, his subjects must do the same, and thus live in peace together. At the same time he resisted firmly any encroachments on the part of Rome on the privileges accorded to his ancestors ; " he put a limit to the inheritances, acquisitions, and even to the actual possessions of monastic orders and other religious communities ; he tempered the severity of ecclesiastical tribunals," and even in spite of his own despotic tendencies, the Protestants of Vaud still refer to an edict in their favour, given by him on his first accession to their dominions. Under the vigorous rule of this prince, the agriculture of the country was improved by the aid of foreign labourers, whom he invited to settle in the desolate lands of Piedmont. He established silk factories, developed the mineral wealth of many parts, revised the laws, and put the university and schools on a better footing ; but his toils of mind and body wore out a constitution originally delicate. He died, too soon for his country, at the comparatively early age of fifty-two years.

Emanuel Philibert was bred in camps, and had imbibed somewhat of the lax morality of the military life at that period ; but, with this exception, few princes have so nobly fulfilled their vocation ; and he lives in the grateful recollection of his country, like our Elizabeth, as the restorer and founder of its greatness, notwithstanding the blemishes of a rude age and a wild training. Signor Gallenga describes him *con amore*, and we quote the passage as one of the best in his work, though even here he does not handle English with ease :—

" He was," says he, " one of those grand heroic figures [which] history loves to dwell upon ; a man to whom history is all the more willing to do justice as he disdained to bribe it ; and when Paulo Giovio offered him the tribute of his venal praises, the Duke answered, with sublime dignity, that he valued more the still small voice within, than all the clamour of the world's applause. . . . With his figure contemporary records have made us sufficiently familiar—his stature somewhat below the middle size, the broad shoulders, the

naturally delicate frame, inured to great hardships by early military training; the cold grey eye, the arched brow, the slightly protruding nether lip, the fair curly hair, the short thick beard, not streaked with silver in mature age, the small round head, the 'Ironhead'—all is known to us, even to the nether limbs somewhat bent outwardly—'all' *Ersolina*, as the Italians have it, a blemish which he turned to good account, since 'no man ever had a more firm or elegant seat in the saddle.' We are equally acquainted with his habits—regular, punctual; his strict and sparing distribution of time; the account he kept of it in a diary; the five hours he allowed himself for sleep; the few minutes at table, his hard fare, exclusively made up of strong meats and stronger Spanish wines; his way of transacting business, always standing; for ever pacing up and down his garden, always bareheaded, even in the sun, mist, or rain; always with his sword, not hanging by his side, after the common fashion, but tight under his arm, ready for immediate use; his sword without which he never left his apartment. Then his manners, grave but courteous; 'graceful beyond the common order of mankind;' his quick laconic answers, his sudden flashes of anger, always under the control of a long-tried temper; his hatred of falsehood or pusillanimity, his horror of bloodshed or capital punishments; his strict fulfilment of his engagements, the sacredness of his word, which he pledged as a gentleman, not as a courtier (*parola di cavaliere non di corteggiano*). Then his unwearied energy and activity—activity of body which could not be exhausted by six hours' play at ball, nor by a nine hours' run after the stag in the woods and mountains of Bresse, where he was almost alone at the death, having distanced the one hundred and fifty men of his retinue; and where, on putting up for the evening at a farm-house, he would snatch the hatchet from the good man who was splitting wood for the supper, and bustle about till the repast was ready; then hardly allowing himself five minutes at table, he would sally forth into the fields, and beguile the time by shooting at a target or by other manly games till late in the night, to the great wonder and dismay of the sleek, long-robed Venetian, who had scampered after him in the chase; and who, with all the rest of the company, was now scarcely able to stand. . . . Again, the activity of mind which found no sufficient employment in political or military studies, but was equally turned on mathematics, mechanics, the arts, alchemy; that activity which dispensed with the services of three secretaries [whom] he had in his pay, and enabled him to carry on his own correspondence almost unaided; partly owing, no doubt, to a certain fastidiousness which rarely satisfied him with any man's doings but his own; and also to that extreme cautiousness which prompted him to take no man into his intimacy, and on account of which he would suffer no valet about him who could read. . . . Such was Emanuel Philibert, the restorer, the second founder of the State of Piedmont."—Vol. iii. p. 57.

How well this great prince merited the high praise here bestowed, may be judged from the fact that the insane ambition of his clever but unprincipled son and successor was almost

justified by the means left at his disposal. Charles Emanuel was the contemporary of Henry IV. of France, and he engaged in all the wars of that turbulent period; now siding with one party, now with the other; always grasping at new conquests, sometimes successful, often defeated; but generally recovering by his clever diplomacy what he had lost in the struggle. He contended with France for the Marquisate of Saluzzo; with Spain and Austria for that of Montferrat. He aspired to a new kingdom of Burgundy; nay, even made pretensions to the crown of France, in right of his mother Margaret of Valois, at the time that the League endeavoured to exclude the King of Navarre from the succession. He endeavoured to make himself master of Geneva by a *coup de main*, but was defeated by the vigilance of the citizens. Finally, he entered into an alliance with Henry IV., on a promise that a French army should assist him in possessing himself of Milan; and but for the assassination of that monarch, he would probably have finished by accomplishing the darling wish of his heart, *i. e.*, the founding of a kingdom of North Italy—a thing which may even yet enter into the destinies of the House of Savoy. The death of Henry left his ally at the mercy of Spain; but even then he maintained the contest with such skill and pertinacity for four years, that at the peace which ensued he suffered no loss of territory. He next endeavoured to possess himself of Genoa, in which he was favoured by the Spaniards, who hoped by flattering his ambition to win the versatile prince to their side. In this they succeeded, and again unhappy Piedmont was desolated by contending armies; French, Germans, and Spaniards spread over the country like a torrent, and again the terrible scourge of human ferocity—the plague—followed the course of the belligerents, and more than decimated both the oppressors and the oppressed. The proud spirit of Charles Emanuel was not even yet broken, but his bodily frame was too much exhausted to resist the attacks of disease, and he died at Saviglione in July, 1630, leaving his son, Victor Amadeus, to carry on the contest, and save his dominions as best he might.

Cardinal Richelieu was now lord of the ascendant in France, and was no less intent than Henry IV. himself, upon lowering the power of Austria. With that view he had afforded help to the German Protestant States, then engaged in their thirty years' war with the empire, and finally, in 1695, came to an open declaration of war. In the same year he concluded a league with Savoy, Mantua, and Parma, against Spain. Victor Amadeus was tempted with the same bait which had led his father almost to his ruin—the crown of Lombardy; and notwithstanding the opposition of his brother Thomas of Carignano, the ancestor of the present monarch, he took the field in 1636: death, however,

cut short his schemes and his successes in 1637. At his death disputes between the queen and Thomas of Carignano, with regard to the regency, again brought French and Spaniards into the country, which they plundered like foes, though they entered it as allies of the two parties. The queen dowager and the prince at last saw their folly in calling in such auxiliaries, and came to a compromise. The young Duke Charles Emanuel II. had the ambition of his grandfather without his talents, and involved himself in wars while his country more than ever needed peace. Yet he was popular; and it was a touching proof of his confidence in his people's love, that when he was dying, he ordered the doors of his palace to be set open, that all might enter who would, so that he might die "at home" in the midst of his friends. Most of the palaces and public buildings in and about Turin owe their origin to this prince; but the work which will best hand his name down to posterity is the fine road and tunnel across the Pass of Les Echelles, which after the lapse of nearly two centuries remains as perfect as ever, while those of the Simplon, constructed by the greatest of modern sovereigns, with the resources of nearly all Europe at his command, became dangerous within a few years of their construction. The work of Charles Emanuel II. was worthy of old Rome.

His son and his successor, Victor Amadeus II., was only nine years of age at his father's death, and remained under the guardianship of his mother, the last heiress of the House of Savoy-Nemours. Her administration was peaceful, and her education of her son careful; but he lived in evil times, when the ambition of Louis XIV. and his successes kept pace together, till it almost appeared as if his dream of universal conquest was about to be realized. By means of the fortresses which he held in the close neighbourhood of Savoy and Piedmont, he could at any time pour his troops into the Duke's dominions, and compel him to comply with his demands; and this power he used unmercifully: for when, in 1605, it was his own pleasure to revoke the Edict of Nantes, by which Protestants were tolerated, he insisted that the Duke of Savoy should pursue a like policy. With an aching heart the young prince was obliged to authorize the cruel persecution of his own subjects; but soon weary of such a thralldom, he came to a secret understanding with the Prince of Orange and his allies, which ended in an open declaration of war. The immediate consequences were disastrous: the army of Savoy with the German auxiliaries, which had been led to his aid by his cousin Prince Eugene,* suffered a total defeat, and fortress after fortress fell into the hands of Louis's generals:

* This celebrated warrior was the grandson of Thomas of Carignano.

in vain did the duke seek for succour from his allies; he saw the destruction of his country imminent, and with the astute policy which distinguished the later princes of the House of Savoy, he resolved again to change sides. He secretly made terms with France; deceived his allies for some months, till his negotiation was completed, and then suddenly appeared as commander-in-chief of the French forces in Italy. As the price of his defection, he rescued back from France the towns of Pinerolo, Perosa, and Pragelato. He saved his country by this measure, but the deception he had practised was long remembered with disgust by those whom he had duped; and this, with the exploits of the same kind on the part of Charles Emanuel I., helped to give to the House of Savoy a character for versatility and faithlessness which it had not formerly exhibited; and which, even in the case of its later princes, was probably more the consequence of their unfortunate geographical position than of any determinate falsehood. The Peace of Ryswick, in 1697, afforded a few years' peace to Savoy and to the world.

A fresh war, as it is well known, arose out of the disputed succession of Spain. The Emperor of Germany, England, Holland, and Hanover, joined in alliance to prevent the grandson of Louis XIV. from mounting the throne of that country. Victor Amadeus would gladly have been allowed to remain neutral, but it was impossible: he was still invested with the title of commander of the French army in Italy, and he had therefore to take the field against his cousin Eugene, who commanded the Imperialists. The war was not likely to be carried on with much vigour between these two commanders, and the French generals viewed the proceedings of the Duke of Savoy with suspicion. He resented the kind of treatment he experienced, and again he thought of changing sides. Louis gained intelligence of his intention, and endeavoured to prevent it by seizing on his person: the attempt failed, and precipitated the duke's resolution: he declared war, and again the French armies overran the country, till nothing remained to Victor Amadeus but Cuneo and Turin; and this last was already invested by a French army. But in the meantime the genius of Marlborough and Eugene had crushed the French forces at Blenheim and Ramillies, and when the situation of the Duke of Savoy became known, his cousin hastened to his relief. For above three months the defenders of Turin had heroically borne the privations and dangers of the siege,* when on September 3rd,

* The preservation of Turin was mainly owing to the heroic courage of a private artilleryman. The French had silently gained the moat, and overpowered the guard of a sally-port, whence a gallery led into the heart of the

the welcome signal of approaching relief was given from the heights of Superga, and Prince Eugene, aided by a timely sally from the garrison, attacked and totally defeated the French forces. They fled in disorder, leaving behind 6000 prisoners, and their whole siege-train and stores. The Duke of Savoy once more took up the offensive, and gradually won back the places he had lost. At the Peace of Utrecht, which ensued in 1713, he not only was confirmed in the whole of his dominions, but, by virtue of a previous compact with Austria, obtained the whole of Montferrat, Alessandria, Valenza, Lomellina, and Valsesia; and finally he was awarded the crown of Sicily with the reversion to Spain on failure of the Savoy line. He held this gift, however, but a short time: his lieutenants were dispossessed by Spain, and the allies, unwilling to break the peace on this account, made over Sardinia to the Duke of Savoy with the royal title in its stead. A poor indemnity, but one with which he was obliged to be satisfied.

Italy was almost wholly in the power of Austria: Piedmont alone held its independence. True, its sovereign had failed of obtaining the great prize he had gambled for—the crown of Lombardy; but he had gained much, his dominions were secured by a strong line of fortresses, and he had leisure to devote himself to healing the wounds of his kingdom. He bent his mind to the reform of its institutions and the removal of religious differences, by means very dissimilar from those of his predecessor, who had desolated the Protestant valleys with fire and sword. He had already, on declaring war against France, acquainted the persecuted Waldenses that their sufferings were the work of strangers: “You have,” he told them, “only one God and Prince, serve them according to the dictates of your conscience.” When, indeed, he changed his policy, he was obliged to comply so far with the demands of the French King as to prohibit the exercise of the reformed religion in the ceded districts, but freedom of conscience was still extended to the Waldensian valleys; and when, at the peace, he became master of his position, he set himself seriously to oppose the tyranny of the papacy, insisting on all the immunities which had been accorded to his prede-

citadel. The gallery was mined, but no train was laid to the powder. Two artillerymen stationed there heard the approach of the enemy; and one of them, Pietro Micca by name, resolved to baffle the attempt at the cost of his own life. Already the axes of the French pioneers were battering the door; there was not a moment to lose: he dismissed his companion, desiring him to recommend his widow and children to the care of the Commandant: listened for the last footsteps of his retiring companion, and then deliberately fired the mine with his own hand. Micca, the gallery, and three companies of French soldiers, were all blown into the air, and Turin was saved.

cessors by various pontiffs. The Jesuits, as usual, were the most active militia of Rome, and he determined to break their power by issuing an edict, excluding the regular clergy from all share in public instruction; he limited the power of the Holy Office; republished the code of Amadeus VIII. with modifications; founded colleges and preparatory schools; endeavouring to unite his people by, as far as possible, giving them equal rights. But again, as in the case of Emanuel Philibert, the toils of his early life wore out an originally weak constitution. Weary of the fatigue of reigning, he abdicated in favour of his son in 1730, an apoplectic attack soon after impaired his faculties, and he died in a necessary confinement two years after.

In 1733 Europe was again involved in war, in consequence, first of the disputes in Italy with regard to the succession to the States of Tuscany and Parma; and then as to the election of a king of Poland. As usual when the hostile encounter was imminent, the aid of the King of Sardinia was sought by all parties. Victor had advised his son to temporize, and Charles Emanuel III. followed up the usual policy of his house with so much skill, that the treaty with France was signed, and Milan won, almost before Austria was aware of its danger. Italy was all but lost to that Power; but the Sardinian monarch dreaded the preponderance of France no less than that of Austria; he doubted the good faith of the former, and adroitly avoided giving the last crushing blow to the Austrian forces. The consequence of this was, that he lost Milan at the peace which ensued in 1735; but he gained the towns and districts of Novara and Tortona, besides some other less important places. In 1742, a fresh war broke out, and Charles Emanuel, always ready to aid the great Powers in worrying each other, in order the better to secure himself, on this occasion sided with Austria in opposition to Spain. In 1744, the French attempted to cross the Alps, but found the passes so well defended by Charles Emanuel, that they were obliged to fall back with heavy loss for that year; on the following, by coming to an understanding with Genoa, always glad to lessen the power of a neighbour who was known to entertain views hostile to the Republic, the French army gained a passage along the Riviera and penetrated into Piedmont. One strong place after another was lost, and Charles Emanuel availed himself of the prudent clause in his treaty with Austria, which stipulated for the power of treating separately with his enemies, and opened negotiations with France. They failed, but the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, which followed in 1748, left him in possession of the whole of the territory ceded to him by former treaties.

Italy had now breathing time; and many salutary reforms were carried out by the respective sovereigns of the different

small States: but all these had the fundamental fault of being dependent on the personal character of the ruler; and none of the Princes who had undertaken the task of fiscal and administrative reform, had wisdom enough to give permanence to the work by raising up a popular power capable of originating new laws, or modifying old ones. Pietro Leopoldo of Tuscany was said to have entertained such a view; but he was called away to the throne of Austria before it had been carried into effect: and the long peace, by ensuring a certain degree of industrial and commercial prosperity, served rather to hide the mischiefs of a faulty system of government than to remove them. The talent of Charles Emanuel III. was not that of an originator of measures; he rather carried out his father's plans than conceived any for himself; and, like the other sovereigns of Europe at that time, believed that tranquillity was the "*summum bonum*," and that a people in possession of this blessing, and not heavily taxed, could have nothing more to desire. By judicious management he had greatly lessened the imposts, and by his careful economy had filled the treasury, notwithstanding the reduction of taxation. In the year 1700 the revenue of the kingdom was about 9,000,000 *lire*; in 1731 it was 13,000,000; in 1770 it was 21,000,000, leaving a clear surplus of 2,000,000 over the expenditure. He was prudent in the internal administration of his kingdom, a strict enforcer of morality in his court, of which he set an example in his own life, and had he received from his father the free institutions of the present reign, he would have carried out the law as scrupulously as the "*Re Galant'uomo*;" but he was a man of a plodding mind, and, like all such, averse from change, and afraid, perhaps, of embarking in speculative legislation, for which he felt that the talent was wanting. He was, like his people, grave, industrious, and saving; but he had not discovered that something more than mere administrative activity was needed to create a national feeling in a people made up, so to speak, of so many shreds and scraps of other countries that no man well knew what public spirit meant—a people that had no common language in which the great minds of the time might appeal to the reason or the hearts of their countrymen, and be understood.* But neither Charles Emanuel III. nor his son Victor Amadeus III., who succeeded him in 1773, ever appreciated the value of literature to a nation; and the latter, especially, spoke of writers generally with the utmost contempt. Dazzled by the exploits of Frederic of Prussia, Victor Amadeus sought to imitate his military system, and even

* When Alfieri was burning with all the fire of poetry, he had no language in which to express himself; and had to learn Italian before he could write.

his personal defects; but the talent of the German Prince was wanting; and his lavish expenditure in keeping up a large army in a time of profound peace dissipated the revenues which his prudent father had left in so flourishing a state: so that when the day of trial came, he had to draw on an already exhausted treasury, and to ask aid from a people to whom patriotism was a word almost unknown.

Meantime, in the midst of a peace which had lulled Europe into a slumbering security, there was a ferment in men's minds. Natural science was making large strides;—there was leisure for inquiry, and very soon political science became a subject of equal interest. A Professorship of Political Economy had been founded by private munificence at Naples in 1754, which was filled by the celebrated Genovesi, and twelve years later a similar institution was founded at Milan. Its chair was filled by a man of still wider European reputation,—Cesare Beccaria, who, in his work "*Dei Delitti e delle Pene*," had mooted questions till then unthought of; laid down the great principles of social law; and boldly pointed out the faulty legislation of his own and other countries, in matters of criminal jurisprudence. Almost at the same time Gaetano Filangieri, a Neapolitan nobleman, had attacked the system by which the higher orders enjoyed privileges denied to the lower in a work of no less startling originality. The sovereigns whose measures in many instances necessarily grew out of the first principles laid down by these writers, could not oppose them, though perhaps they secretly wished that their views had been less openly asserted; and the works, both of Filangieri and Beccaria, were published with the sanction of Pietro Leopoldo of Tuscany, though under the false date of Philadelphia. Venice alone marked its infatuated decrepitude, by making their circulation a capital offence. Even Pope Boniface XIV. was liberal enough to rescue Genovesi from the hands of the Inquisition at Naples—before which he had been brought on a charge of heresy—and removed his works from the prohibited list. Thus a new era was already in the course of preparation; while Victor Amadeus was declaring that "he valued one of his drummers at a higher rate than a whole pack of *litterati*!" A prince who took such a view of his position was ill-calculated to meet the storm which was approaching.

The people had in fact outgrown their institutions in almost every country in Europe, and the convulsion must have occurred sooner or later wherever the popular voice was not allowed a medium, as in England, for proclaiming its demands. In France the embarrassment of the finances, the vices and oppressive privileges of the nobility, while the middling and lower orders were ground down by heavy taxes and forced services;

all conspired to bring things to a crisis under a prince who was free from the stains which had polluted his predecessors; when therefore the whole storm of popular discontent was directed against him, it roused a degree of sympathy which would not have been felt for a worse man. Even in England, where the first impulse had been that of joy at seeing a great nation emancipating itself from thralldom, the wild excesses which soon followed disgusted and alarmed the majority of the people; and the effect on the sovereigns of the continent was that of unmixed alarm.

Those who were bound by the ties of consanguinity and marriage to the French royal family were naturally moved by the danger of their relatives; and resolved, somewhat unadvisedly, to rescue them by force of arms. They had ill-calculated the force of the volcano to which they were trying to put a barrier. The King of Sardinia hesitated for a time as to the course he should pursue; for, as usual, France was willing to purchase his alliance by large *offers* at least; and the old bait of the crown of Lombardy was held out: but he had little confidence in the French nation: the ties of marriage drew him towards the French princes, and he finally joined the league which had been formed against France by most of the continental Powers: not, however, without a prudent stipulation with the Emperor for a share of the spoils which it was expected would be won. But the surplus revenue which the prudent Charles Emanuel had left to his son was already absorbed; and a debt of one hundred and twenty millions had been incurred—a bad beginning for an expensive war. Taxes were doubled and trebled, the gold and silver plate of the nobility was called for;—church bells were melted and cast into cannon; the currency was lowered in value; and, with the consent of the Pope, many convents were suppressed and their revenues appropriated. But these were the expedients of a last and desperate struggle for existence, not those with which a prudent government would enter upon a contest, for which it was evidently so fatally unprepared. These measures were calculated to create the evil they were intended to avert. Savoy, united by language to the French people, soon became infected to a certain extent with their mania, while the royal commanders, either strangely infatuated, or secretly bribed, took no measures for the security of the country: the thrifty Savoyards were disgusted by burthensome imposts, and both Nice and Savoy were lost almost before the declaration of war, which took place in September, 1792. Even then Victor Amadeus depended on being able to defend the passes of the Alps, vainly trusting that the French generals would not violate the neutrality of Genoa: but a second time this fallacious hope

was disappointed: in 1794 the French troops marched along the Riviera, and came unexpectedly upon the united Sardinian and Austrian forces, before the season was sufficiently advanced to make any attack probable. Saorgio surrendered April 23, and by the end of May the passes of the Alps were lost to Piedmont. The war was carried on with less vigour for two years longer, and then the King's courage failed him; and he signed an armistice at Cherasco, which was followed up by the Peace of Paris, May 15th, 1796.

"More humbling or ruinous conditions had never been forced upon Savoy. Buonaparte, at Cherasco, demanded the fortresses of Ceva, Cuneo, and Tortona: at Paris the King relinquished also Alessandria and Valenza, and consented, besides, to the demolition of Susa, La Brunetta, Exilles, and all those mountain fortresses which had for centuries, and in so many wars, overawed the French in their aggressive career. . . . The contest which came to such a sorrowful end at Cherasco, had been carried on by the Piedmontese for four years. With the exception of their over-hasty retreat from Savoy and Nice in 1792, it would be unjust to say that the soldiers had, in any manner, forfeited the reputation they had gained in more fortunate campaigns, at the beginning, and in the middle of the century. The French Republicans did not fail to do justice to the valour of these troops, and they evinced their estimation of them by the fact, that, both in 1792, in 1795, and even during the negotiations for the Peace of Paris in 1796, they were still offering Lombardy to Victor Amadeus if he would only join them in its conquest 'with one column of his troops.' Had the other Italian States made common cause with Piedmont, therefore, the case was not hopeless; but the dastardly neutrality of Venice, the helpless supineness of Tuscany, Rome, and Naples, and the deliberate defection of Genoa, left Piedmont almost alone in the struggle. Not a single Italian soldier fought with the Piedmontese. The King of Naples, who had promised a force of 20,000 men, merely sent 2000 horse, who only did garrison duty at Valenza. Hardly any efficient support could be obtained even from Austria."—*History of Piedmont*, vol. iii., p. 275.

The king was already advanced in age, and this reverse of fortune was too much for an old man to bear; he sank under the grief and shame of his position, and died in October of the same year as had seen the disgrace of his arms. Charles Emanuel IV. succeeded, in 1796, to his father's "crown of thorns," as he himself called it. He had been brought up in the narrowest views of Romanism, and the misfortunes of his house, and his own weak health, augmented his superstitious devotion. He met the dangers of his country by restoring the holidays and festivals which his father had suppressed: and perhaps hoped thus to win from Heaven what man denied him. And at his first accession, the French Directory treated him with much courtesy; and

Count Balbo, his ambassador at Paris, is supposed, by bribes as well as skilful diplomacy, to have induced the then government of France to consider seriously some plan of indemnifying his master for the loss of Nice and Savoy, which had been incorporated with the French Republic. Both Lombardy and Genoa were talked of; and Buonaparte, then General of the Italian army, much advised the conciliation of Piedmont. A treaty of offensive and defensive alliance was therefore eagerly sought for by the French, and Charles Emmanuel, after some delay, put his signature to it on April 5, 1797. This was followed very soon by the total defeat of the Austrian forces, and the treaty of Campo Formio was signed between that power and France in October of the same year.

The rulers of France at this time seemed to believe, that by establishing fresh forms of government analogous to their own, with fresh divisions of territory, they might better consolidate their own power; for they were aware by this time that no sovereign of the old school would tolerate their doctrines, or ally himself with them longer than was required by his necessity; accordingly small republics were everywhere established. The territory of Milan was metamorphosed into the Cisalpine, that of Genoa into the Ligurian republic; an ancient monarchy, therefore, like that of Piedmont, was an anomaly, which they deemed it necessary to remove out of their way. The heavy taxes imposed on the subjects of Sardinia to meet the expenses of the war, had, of course, created dissatisfaction; and to this a further cause of discontent was added in the scarcity of provisions, occasioned by the waste and havoc of large armies traversing the country. Tumults broke out in many places; but they were soon put down by the soldiery, and the King's Government, instead of compassionating the wretched people, took severe measures: many were executed, many more who were known to be of the democratic party were exiled, and these harsh sentences enlisted the public sympathy on the side of the sufferers. French agents, meantime, were at work to foment disturbances, and thus afford a pretext for the measures already resolved on. In 1798, a small band of Piedmontese exiles, joined by some Ligurian democrats, took up arms and crossed the frontier, but they found the peasantry ill-disposed towards them, and were repulsed by the royal troops. Many prisoners were taken; and again a sanguinary vengeance followed, which afforded the pretext which had been sought. The French accredited minister insisted on a general amnesty, the recal of all political offenders, and the dismissal of the king's ministers; added to which he demanded that the citadel of Turin should be given into the keeping of French troops. This occurred on July 3, and the king from that time might be consi-

dered as a captive. He remained however in his capital for six months longer, but exposed to so many insults that he became weary of his crown of thorns, resigned it into the hands of the French commander, December 9, and took his departure from Turin that night. From that time for sixteen years the history of Savoy and Piedmont must be sought in that of France; the island of Sardinia being the only part of their possessions which the Princes of the House of Savoy had been able to retain.

In the meantime Italy had been trodden down by the conqueror: accustomed to see the country parcelled out at his will, to be now metamorphosed into the citizens of a republic, now handed over as subjects to sovereigns of whom they knew nothing, but always so far chained to the car of the victor as to be compelled to supply the incessant drain of men and money caused by his wars, all public spirit was lost among the inhabitants; learning flagged,* and the people looked stolidly on, while sons grew up uninstructed, to be torn from them as soon as they arrived at an age to bear arms. But during this period other events were in progress elsewhere: the vaulting ambition of the French ruler had "overleaped itself," and Italy was called upon in 1814 by different parties to decide on its own fate. It might perhaps, at that time, by a simultaneous movement have indicated its own independence; but events succeeded each other with such astounding rapidity as to distance all calculations: for such a movement preparation, union, leaders, were required, but none of these requisites were attainable: the hour came and passed, but the man to take advantage of it came not. The allied sovereigns, distracted by a mass of countries all requiring to be re-organized at once, probably thought it the shortest and easiest way to recal the former sovereigns, and leave to them the task of re-arranging their States. It was rendered the more necessary from the danger, every day growing more imminent, that the victors might themselves quarrel over the spoils.

Piedmont awaited quietly the decision of the conquerors, and they invited back the exiled king. On the 12th of May, Victor Emanuel, brother and successor of Charles Emanuel IV., landed at Genoa; and on the 20th of the same month entered Turin: but he was expected to be passive in the matter, and to receive quietly what was awarded him, and no more. Nevertheless he

* An Italian of middling rank excused himself to an English traveller for his imperfect knowledge of writing and accounts, by the simple fact that when he was a boy the conscription law was in force. "Our parents," he said, "thought it useless to spend money and trouble in educating sons who were to be taken from them, most probably never to return, as soon as they reached maturity." Even at the University of Pisa, in 1830, there was no one capable of teaching Greek.

was met with enthusiasm by the people, who hailed in him the precursor of an age of peace and prosperity : he had gone through the schooling of adversity, and it was to be expected that he would have learned some of its salutary lessons. But unfortunately, he too, like the Bourbons, had "learned nothing and forgotten nothing" during his banishment ; and his first act was to restore the laws and institutions of 1770 ! He wished, he said, to consider what had passed in his absence as a dream : but that dream comprised half the discoveries of modern science ; it comprised the Code Napoleon ; and, more than all, it comprised the new impulse given to the human mind by the fierce struggle of contending principles. To forget all this was impossible.

The return of Napoleon from Elba again called the powers of Europe to arms ; and Piedmont on this occasion did its part promptly and well. Accordingly, at the peace which followed, its claims were better considered, and the expediency of creating a power on the borders of France, capable of checking its ambition, was acknowledged. The parts previously dismembered from Savoy were restored ; and as Genoa had shown itself unable to maintain its independence in the hour of trial, and as Piedmont could never be safe from French invasion till it held the road along the Riviera, the design already entertained of giving that city and its dependencies to the King of Sardinia, to secure his frontier, was carried into effect, in spite of the indignant outcry of the inhabitants, who still dreamed of their ancient greatness, and ill-brooked the sway of their ancient enemy. But however distasteful to the men of that generation the change might be, the increasing prosperity of the city ever since, has proved that in this instance, at least, the allies judged wisely. This, however, at the time, was hardly to be hoped, for the retrograde movement of the court of Sardinia seemed tending towards a restoration of mediæval barbarism. Jesuits and friars were again in the ascendant ; the fashions of the last century were revived ; "it was even contemplated to bastardize children born in wedlock contracted in accordance with the French civil marriage law," and the barbarous criminal code of former times was revived. It was doubtful whether the reaction was more lamentable or absurd : it lasted, nevertheless, for between four and five years ; long enough to create abundant discontent, and to bring the king himself into contempt. At last, Victor Emanuel, who was rather a weak and prejudiced than a bad man, perceiving that his plans did not succeed, and that he was struggling against wind and tide, called more liberal ministers about him in 1819, and Piedmont once more began to move forward. Still, however, he was bent on maintaining absolute power, and looked with an evil eye on all proposals which tended towards consti-

tutional government. The people, on the contrary, seeing what follies could be perpetrated by an absolute king, were eager for institutions more consonant with the times, in which the will of the monarch should not be all-powerful. Discontent at Austrian despotism was no less prevalent in Lombardy; and the old scheme of a kingdom of North Italy was once more revived in the minds of many. Even the court of Turin was supposed to look on it with a favourable eye; but in order to carry such a plan into effect, it was very evident to those who considered the matter at all deeply, that Piedmont must have some boon to offer to the peoples whom it invited to place themselves under its sway. The bait which would be most tempting was that of a limited constitutional government, where the people should have a share in the legislation: and the liberal party in Piedmont, aware of this, sought to persuade the king to grant something of this kind to his patrimonial dominions, as a stepping-stone to the throne of Lombardy. But the course of events was again too quick for kings and ministers. Spain, bowed down under the iron despotism of the "beloved" Ferdinando Settimo, and indignant at the ingratitude of the monarch for whose sake they had bled, broke its bonds: it was a signal for other States to attempt the like. On the 11th of March, 1821, the garrison of Alessandria began an insurrectionary movement by shouting—"The Spanish Constitution, and war to Austria," concluding with loud cries of "*Viva il Re*," to prove that they had no designs against the throne. But the king was not to be persuaded: he had pledged his word, he said, to the sovereigns then assembled at Laybach, that he would never put his signature to any constitutional charter whatever; and preferred his promise to his crown. Two days after the outbreak he resigned it to his brother Charles Felix, who was then at Modena, and confided the regency, in the meantime, to Charles Albert, Prince of Carignano. And now comes a transaction which has thrown a lasting stain on the character of this last: whether justly or not, will probably be hardly ascertained by the present age. The democratic party accuse Charles Albert of having fomented the discontents, and leagued with the Carbonari,* "with the view of placing the crown of Monza on his own brow;" and certainly at the time the general opinion of Europe was, that the Prince of Carignano had first leagued with, and then abandoned the popular leaders. Still his youth—he was at the time of his short regency only twenty-three years of age—and his extremely

* See Montanelli "*Memorie sull' Italia*," &c., vol. ii. p. 85, a work more curious from the unconscious exhibition it affords of the *animus* of the party he belonged to than well written. It is throughout insolent in its tone, and slangish in expression.

irresolute character, incline us to Signor Gallenga's version of the affair, and lead us to think that Charles Albert was rather guided by circumstances than very decided as to the course he meant to pursue.

"Left alone with the subjects of an absent sovereign," observes Signor Gallenga, "with such precedents and such a character, the young and inexperienced Regent betrayed all the irresoluteness and perplexity which were at all times the besetting sin of an otherwise lofty and generous nature. The abdication of the king had already shaken the resolution of the most loyal; the *Carbonari*—a sect which, both here, at Naples, and throughout Italy, claimed the honour of initiating the movement—were now loud in their outcry for the Spanish Constitution; the riotous garrison in the citadel threatened bombardment, and Charles Albert yielding, or pretending to yield, to compulsion, granted and proclaimed it from the balcony of his palace, in the evening of the same 13th of March, 1821. Only three days later, the King Charles Felix, thundered forth his manifesto from Modena, condemning all that had been done at Turin; and, under the menace of his own displeasure, and the vengeance of Austria, calling upon his people for immediate unconditional submission. Charles Albert had acted upon compulsion; he had concluded his proclamation with a proviso that the constitution was granted in the king's name, and awaited therefore the king's approbation, without which it could have no validity. He had hitherto reconciled the inclinations of an Italian patriot with the duties of a Piedmontese subject and prince. He was now at the diverging point:—on one side was rebellion, disorder, violence, weakness, hopeless disunion; on the other, legitimacy, the too great certainty of an easy victory, the prospect of a distant throne."—vol. iii. p. 321.

Whatever might be his first intentions, he abandoned the revolutionary party when he found it would have been needful to draw his sword against his cousin. He quitted Turin on the night of the 21st, and proceeded to Modena, where he was refused an interview by the king, and he left his country for a time, and resided first at Florence, and then entered the army of the Duke d'Angoulême, and fought at the storming of the Trocadero. He returned afterwards, but lived in retirement.

The defection of the Regent carried dismay into the councils of the liberal party: an attempt was made by a few enthusiasts to meet the royal troops, but their inferior numbers soon convinced them that the cause was hopeless. "Charles Felix re-entered his capital on the 18th of October, 1821. He had been preceded by the terrors of his extraordinary commissions, by wholesale proscriptions, by many capital sentences, though only by two actual executions. An amnesty, which had been proclaimed on the 30th of September, was scarcely less severe than the verdict of his judges. There was silence and desolation—

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blank discouragement in Piedmont." The king was now supported by Austrian bayonets, and reigned over an intimidated people in a sort of lethargic stateliness. A few noble traits of character occasionally showed that he might once have been capable of better things; but they were isolated facts, and produced nothing.

It was believed at the time that Austria entertained some intention of giving the crown of Sardinia to Francis, Duke of Modena, an Austrian archduke who had married a daughter of Victor Emanuel I., to the exclusion of the Prince of Carignano; but the melancholy tranquillity of Piedmont seemed to call for no immediate interference, and whatever was intended, it was deferred till the death of Charles Felix. In the midst, however, of this apparent tranquillity, Charles X. of France was driven from his throne, and again the down-trodden States of Europe raised their heads, and believed that their deliverance was approaching. The movement was soon checked by Austrian interference; but just at the moment when the imperial troops were engaged in replacing the fugitive Duke of Modena in his palace, Charles Felix fell ill, and died in the spring of 1831, and the Prince of Carignano was thus enabled to secure the crown he had longed for, without opposition. But though the object of his ambition was attained, his situation was far from a desirable one. On the one hand, he felt how much the liberal party had a right to expect of him; on the other were the Austrian bayonets; and his reign became one of half-measures—a perpetual vacillation, pendulum-like, between the two extremes—never going to the full length of either. His expression to the Duke d'Aumale, in 1845, when that prince advised him to commence certain reforms, is remarkable—"I have to choose between the dagger of the Carbonari, and the *chocolate* of the priests," said he: and Signor Gallegna apparently speaks with *full knowledge of the fact*,* when he declares that more than one dagger was whetted for the murder of the king by the agents of Mazzini. This and the continual inflammatory manifestoes of the democratic party, appear to have alarmed Charles Albert so far, that he forgot, in the instinct of self-preservation, that he had once encouraged hopes which were now dashed to the ground, and his measures were scarcely less harsh than those of his immediate predecessors, and with less to excuse them; for he, at least, had once seen the necessity of suiting the government to the times.

Thus some years wore away. A deep murmur, like that of a distant storm, was heard by those who listened for it; but the larger part of the politicians of Europe believed in the stability of the Orleans dynasty in France, in the omnipotence of Austria,

* See vol. iii. p. 338, of his history.

and the enduring servitude of Italy. Thus the clouds had gathered almost unnoticed, when the accession of Pius IX. to the papal chair, June 16, 1846, brought the storm to an explosion. His brother had suffered for his liberal feelings, and the new pontiff himself was supposed to have been imbued with a like feeling. His first measures, perhaps, were prompted by sympathy with that brother: he proclaimed an amnesty, and endeavoured to reform and repair the rotten parts of the Roman government. The people, mad with joy, followed him with acclamations; and the pope himself, no less intoxicated with popular applause, thought he never could do too much for such affectionate subjects. Austria tried in vain to stem the torrent, for she saw, better than the well-meaning pontiff, whither the current tended. In July, 1847, it gave a gentle hint of its displeasure by the seizure of Ferrara, but without effect; and very soon all the lesser sovereigns of Italy yielded, some with a better, some with a worse grace.* The King of Naples led the way by according a constitution to his people on the 29th of January, 1848; and on the 8th of February, Charles Albert, professing to follow in the steps of Pius IX., at length satisfied the expectations of his subjects, by announcing the forthcoming "Statuto," which now forms the foundation of their freedom. Other States promptly followed the example; Tuscany on the 15th of the same month, and the pontifical government on the 14th of March. And now the stream rolled onwards with terrific rapidity. On the 22nd of February of the same year, the monarchy of France was swept away, and a republic proclaimed, scarcely less wild in its views than that of 1793. There was hardly a country in Europe that did not feel the shock. Germany was shaken to its centre; Hungary sprang to arms; and another great European war seemed imminent. The Italian liberal party, which hitherto had proceeded with some appearance of prudence, now broke all bounds; and, in spite of the remonstrances of a few of their wisest heads,† rushed into hostilities with Austria. Milan broke out into popular insurrection; and, after five days' hard fighting, compelled Radetzky and his troops to evacuate the place. Other cities caught the infection, and there was scarcely a town in

* Many of our readers will remember the clever caricature in *Punch* of the sovereigns taking a constitutional dose, and the wry faces it occasioned.

† Manin, the Venetian, after having been rescued from prison by the populace, was visited by a friend who brought the news of the commencing struggle. "The Austrians are murdering our brethren," said he, "and you are still here? Come and put yourself at the head of the people." Manin replied, "I did not ask them to rescue me from prison: these hostile movements are fatal. I deplore them, and believe that much more might be gained by other methods."—Montanelli, *Mem.* p. 193.

Lombardy in which the Austrian commander retained any authority. And now commenced a series of mistakes on the part of Charles Albert, of which, probably, the first and greatest was the imagining that he possessed sufficient promptitude, energy, and daring to qualify him for the leader of a popular insurrection.

"On the evening of the nineteenth, the news of the outbreak at Milan reached Turin. Count Arese was sent by the combatants to ask assistance from Charles Albert in the death struggle they were carrying on. He could not attain an audience, neither did he gain one word of encouragement from the king's chamberlains, which he might carry back to his brothers in arms. The students of Turin called for arms to fly to the assistance of Milan . . . the king refused them."—Mont. *Mem.* p. 213.

Thus the first seeds of distrust were sown, time was lost, and when Charles Albert finally moved towards Lombardy, Radetzky had already had time to place his army in safety at Verona.* The opportunity had been allowed to slip away never to return; and when, on the news of the success of the Milanese, the king put his forces in motion, it had more the air of a manœuvre to obtain the long-coveted possession of Lombardy than of a generous aid to an oppressed people. Had the movement been nearly simultaneous, it is probable that the British public would have caught the enthusiasm, and by one of those generous impulses which set calculation at defiance, have forced the executive government into some decided step; but instead of this, there was doubt and distrust everywhere; the movements of Charles Albert were viewed with suspicion; it was feared that the insurgents would call in the aid of France, always more ready to enter Italy than to leave it; even Italians, when they had leisure to think, might dread to see the scenes of the last century repeated, when French and Austrian armies wasted the country by turns; and England eagerly sought to avert by negotiation the chance of an armed intervention on the part of the French Republic which might not improbably end in the military occupation of all Italy.† But when the success of a cause depends on the enthu-

* Radetzky embraced warmly the messenger who met him on the road with the news that Verona still remained faithful to the Emperor, and exclaimed, with much emotion, that "All was not lost."—Montanelli, *Mem.* p. 215.

† The ministers of Charles Albert wrote from Turin to Brignole (the Sardinian ambassador), on the 3rd of August, bidding him ask from France forty thousand men for Lombardy, and ten thousand for Venice: and Cavaignac told Lord Normanby that he should hold himself inexcusable, if, when Milan was on the point of being retaken by the Austrians, he should refuse to give the order by telegraph which had been called for by the Court of Turin. Lamoricière, already destined to command the army of the Alps, was burning to reawaken the echoes of Marengo.—Montanelli, *Mem.* p. 290.

siasm of a whole people, to negotiate is destruction: popular passion will not wait for the slow proceedings of diplomacy; it begins to cool down; men have time to count the cost of what they have undertaken—to contemplate the ruined crops, the devastated villages, the wounded and the dead, and then suspicion awakens, and disunion follows. And thus it was in Italy. The insurrection was as yet too fresh to have cast up from its troubled waves a man capable of seizing the helm and guiding the ship into port; and in the multitude of counsellors there was distraction. The moment for effective action was already past, and Austria saw it; the attempted negotiations failed, as might have been expected under such circumstances; and Charles Albert undertook another campaign under such disadvantages that his defeat was almost inevitable. He saw his own inaptitude for action at least, and immediately after the fatal battle of Novara resigned the crown into the hands of his son, and retired broken-hearted from his throne and his country. He died at Oporto in the July following.

The first concern of the new monarch, Victor Emanuel II., was to save the remnant of his army by consenting to an armistice on terms which satisfied the Austrian general. His next was to reassure his people, naturally in some suspense as to his intentions, and doubtful whether the "*statuto*" which had been published by Charles Albert but a few weeks before Novara, would be held binding by his son. He returned, therefore, without delay to Turin, and on the day following his arrival, issued a proclamation, assuring the nation of "the preservation and consolidation of their constitutional franchises." He acted in conformity with this declaration. The parliament, new to its duties, had at first more the character of a debating club than a deliberative assembly, and rather impeded than aided the executive government by throwing obstacles in the way of peace, now became necessary to the country. The king used his constitutional power, and dissolved it. The next showed itself equally impracticable, and a second dissolution followed on the 20th of November; and then the king, by a royal proclamation, appealed to the good sense of the people, pointing out to them that the peace *must* be accepted which by the mediation of France and England had been rendered as little onerous as could be expected. This had its effect. The new parliament gave its sanction to the peace, and king and people were now at liberty to attend to the internal affairs of the country.

The "*statuto*" of Charles Albert had been hastily drawn up on the model of the French charter; so hastily, indeed, that it is more astonishing that it should work at all, than that it should be imperfect in some of its provisions; but both king and people

were honest in their desire to make it available, and they have done so. Its fundamental provisions secured "the equality of all subjects before the law; uniformity of taxation; inviolability of person and property; the right of petition and association, and the freedom of the press;" but unfortunately, it is much easier to lay down general principles of government than to apply them. Old habits and prejudices start up at every turn to repel innovation; vested interests exclaim against the breach of long-standing engagements; and even those who have profited by misgovernment, deem that it ought to be prolonged, merely because they would suffer by the removal of abuses; like the *facchini* (porters) of Genoa, who, when the first wide streets were formed—there were only three, even then,* which could be traversed by two carriages abreast—exclaimed that the city was ruined, for the *facchini* would no longer find employment. It was soon found that the abstract propositions above mentioned had consequences hardly anticipated by the framers of the "statuto." Pius IX. was one of the first to perceive that the reforms which he had initiated were incompatible with the power claimed by the head of the Roman church, and suddenly drew back. But it was too late as far as regarded the Sardinian States. The king was pledged to his people that these fundamental laws should have their course; and firmly, though quietly, the executive government has proposed, and the king and parliament have sanctioned, the measures which must necessarily grow out of them. It was clear that the principle that all subjects were equal in the eye of the law, must do away with any especial immunities on the part of the ecclesiastical body, as far as regarded all civil offences or actions; and the freedom of the press equally removed the *surveillance* which the court of Rome had been accustomed to exercise over the publication of books and journals. The pontifical government remonstrated; the Sardinian government explained, and laid down clearly the great principles of right on which its measures were founded; but in vain. The Papal allocation which is now before the world followed, and the gauntlet was thrown down to the Sardinian government, by the claim of a power to annul the obnoxious laws. The king and his ministers, after all attempts at conciliation had failed, pursued their course; the proposed laws passed through the legislative chambers, and received the king's assent; and there matters stand at present.

The measures which experienced so violent an opposition from the Court of Rome were briefly these. 1. The so-called Siccardi law, by which the ecclesiastical courts for the trial of civil and criminal causes, and other immunities, were finally abrogated. 2. A

* In 1826.

further law, by which ecclesiastical as well as lay corporations were forbidden the purchase of landed property, or the acceptance of donations or legacies, without the authorization of a royal decree. 3. The so-called Ratazzi law, which, by an arrangement somewhat similar to our Ecclesiastical Commission, provides for the augmentation of small benefices from the surplus revenues of rich bishoprics, and the property of certain monasteries which it suppresses; giving pensions to the present members of the community. By this last measure, it was calculated that the State would save nearly a million of francs, which it must pay for the augmentation of benefices and other ecclesiastical purposes. This law received the royal assent on the 29th of May, 1855.

It is impossible to contemplate the great work of self-regeneration in which Piedmont is now engaged, without feeling a deep interest in a nation whose career has thus far been marked by so singular a degree of good sense as well as good faith. Amid all the difficulties thrown in its way by other powers—and they have been neither few nor small—the Sardinian government has maintained its position with a calm dignity which has confounded its enemies, and exceeded the expectations of its well-wishers. In England, more especially, every friend of liberal opinions—every man whose heart is really interested in the progress of mankind, has hailed the rising star of Piedmont as the bright precursor of a yet brighter day for Italy, when that fair land shall break her chains, and cast off the yoke which she has so long groaned under. But Count Cavour and his coadjutors in office have still a dangerous navigation before them, which will require all their courage and skill. They will have to instruct the people, as yet unaccustomed to their privileges, in the wise and temperate use of them: to show them that patience and forbearance are often needed in the people as well as the rulers; and that there are occasions on which to fetter the hands of the executive government by factious opposition, would be to ruin the national cause. On the other hand, they have to resist the too natural desire to avoid the trouble of convincing prejudiced understandings, and conciliating opposing interests, by a stretch of arbitrary power which would endanger the whole fabric of the constitution: and, added to all this, they have the external hostility of all the despotic powers of Europe, aided by the spiritual arms of Rome. It was probably with a view to ward off a portion of these dangers, that the alliance with the Western Powers was entered into, which would give England and France a special interest in the maintenance of the Sardinian States against any exterior enmity. We are not among those who think that sovereigns have a right to trifle with the lives and property of their subjects, by entering into war upon light grounds: unless, therefore, that alliance

offered solid advantages commensurate with the sacrifices which the nation may in consequence be called upon to make, we should say that Count Cavour could scarcely have justified the advising his master to such a step. But there are occasions when present sacrifices may ensure future advantages so great that no wise man will believe that they can be purchased too dear; and we are inclined to believe this to be one of these occasions. What may have been the secret terms of the Alliance we do not pretend to know; but it requires only the prescience which every rational man possesses, if he chooses to use it, to see that progress being the great law of the Creator, the nation which leads the van must by degrees be followed in every step by all who have entered on the same course of civilization. Let Piedmont, therefore, be enabled to hold its ground, and show that free institutions are producing an increase of intelligence, of commerce, and of wealth; let it show that the rights of the governed can be exercised and respected without danger to the State; that, in short, the people are happy, and the government secure; and, step by step—as one drop of mercury falls into another, the lesser always attracted by the greater—the small misgoverned States of Italy will, as in former times, seek under the liberal institutions of Piedmont for the protection denied them by their own rulers, and the prosperity enjoyed by its inhabitants.

We have already seen that, in 1792, the efforts of Victor Amadeus III. were crippled by a debt incurred in a period of profound peace; and that a deficient revenue compelled him to resort to the most ruinous expedients to produce the funds requisite for carrying on a war: the financial difficulties of the State are, therefore, of long standing. Charles Albert endeavoured to introduce greater economy; but even in his reign the yearly deficit was considerable. And in 1846-47, before the events of 1848 had involved fresh expenses, the deficit was very nearly three millions of francs, and the debt five hundred millions.

	Francs.		Francs.
In 1847, the Revenue was	101,407,988 ...	Expense	119,982,049.
1855, ,,	128,000,000 ...	,,	138,852,000.

But of this last apparent deficit, four millions had been laid out in railroads and other public works, likely to yield a profitable return; and eight millions were appropriated to the Sinking Fund—so that the deficiency was not absolute: and the increasing revenue, which is estimated at one hundred and thirty millions for 1856, would bid fair shortly to afford a surplus, were it not for the expense of a distant war; which must be met by a loan, and a consequent increase of debt. Meanwhile, the evident activity of enterprise in the country does not give any

reason to fear that its resources are exhausted; and if Count Cavour have failed in some of his financial schemes, at any rate the general result has been favourable.*

"Those who remember Turin under the gloomy reign of Charles Albert," says Signor Gallenga, "can hardly recognise it in the gay, bustling, fast-spreading capital of Victor Emanuel II. Scarcely anywhere out of London do streets, and squares, and rows of stately buildings rise, as if at a wave of the magician's wand, as they do in the Borgo Nuovo, about the railway station, and all round the eastern and northern side of Turin." At Genoa, as has been already noticed, a similar activity prevails; and though "the abolition of protective duties, and the imposition of some new taxes have proved rather unpopular, a statesman is surely entitled to ask time for the working out of his system; and in the meanwhile, when the minister comes in his bustling way into the House of Deputies, and, rubbing his hands with glee, announces that the people, even of Genoa and Sardinia, however they may grumble, yet actually pay their taxes, we can easily understand the feelings of exultation, springing from a conviction that he has laid on the country no burthen which a corresponding increase of public welfare has not enabled it to bear."—*Hist. of Piedmont*, vol. iii. p. 427.

If, then, as there is every reason to expect, king and people remain true to each other—if free institutions bear their natural fruit in the spread of knowledge, and the consequent increase of comfort among all classes—Turin and Genoa will soon be the great centres of Italian civilization and intelligence. Austria may guard the fortresses of Lombardy, but she cannot imprison a nation; and it is where life and property are secure, and thought free, that talent and industry will seek their proper sphere. And as the persecutions of Philip II. and Louis XIV. laid the foundation of the manufacturing greatness of Britain, by sending the best workmen of Holland and France to seek there an asylum

* Since Signor Gallenga published his work, Count Cavour has made his financial statement for 1855, by which it appears that between 1853 and 1854 there had been a reduction of 7,156,270 frs. in the expenditure. The revenue of 1854 had been estimated at 125,061,000 frs., which was reduced by the Chamber, in consequence of the alteration of the tariff, to 122,163,160 frs.; but the result proved it to be 126,631,039 frs. The total deficit for 1855, instead of upwards of 10,000,000 frs., as would appear from the statement given in the text, is stated at no more than 6,180,199 frs. He calculates the deficit of 1856 of ordinary expenditure over ordinary revenue, at 4,000,000 frs.: but to this must be added the expenses of the war over and above the English loan. He therefore proposes a new loan of 30,000,000 frs. The steady increase of revenue, and consequent decrease of deficit, notwithstanding the reduction of tariff duties, form the best comment on the measures of the Sardinian administration, and give a pledge for the future of yet more satisfactory results.

where their faith might be free, so Piedmont is also beginning to reap the advantage of the tyranny of Austrian rule, which has drawn into the Sardinian military and civil service the ablest men from the surrounding States. There is, however, one difficulty in the onward progress of the Sardinian monarchy, which England has never known: its constitution is not native to its soil; has not grown with its growth and strengthened with its strength, like the English Parliament; and, consequently, the defects from which no human works are free, are more keenly scanned, because the whole is new and strange. Time-honoured institutions are approached with a certain degree of respect; but every man holds himself able to canvass a mere thing of yesterday; and thus there is danger of the same itching desire for change, which has proved so fatal in France. We trust, however, that the good sense of the people will prevent this. Statesmen will always be liable to mistakes; human contrivances will always be imperfect; and the power of watching over and correcting these, which is vested in the people, must be cautiously and wisely used, or the vessel of the State will founder, and with it the best hopes of Italy. But we entertain a more confident trust: we see in the progress of Piedmont the pledge of a happier future; and though the Italian patriot may still have to look forward to far distant years, he may surely exclaim, with the prophet of Midian, "I shall see it, though not now; I shall behold it, though not nigh." The dawn is come—the day will follow; how soon it is impossible to say; but if Piedmont be true to itself, follow it must.

ART. IV.—RUSSIA AND THE ALLIES.

1. *Commentaries on the Productive Forces of Russia.* By M. L. De Tengoborski, Privy Councillor and Member of the Council of the Russian Empire. London: Longmans. 1855.
2. *Russland's Kraft-Elemente und Einfluss-Mittel. Eine geschichtlich-statische Skizze,* vom Dr. Frhr. Friedr. Willh. von Reden (Russia's Elements of Strength and Means of Influence. An Historico-statistical Sketch, by Doctor the Baron F. W. Von Reden). Frankfort-on-Main. 1854.
3. *The War: Who's to Blame? or the Eastern Question investigated from the Official Documents.* By James Macqueen, Esq., F.R.G.S. Author of "African Geography," &c. London: Madden. 1854.
4. *Annuaire des Deux Mondes,* 1854—1855.
5. *Almanach de Gotha. Annuaire Diplomatique et Statistique pour l'Année* 1856.

A LONG list of works, English and foreign, might have been placed at the head of this article; works, some superficial, some solid; some silly, some interesting; works representing all shades of political opinion, all degrees of information, all merits and demerits of authorship. But we have set here De Tengoborski, because of the great amount of material which he has placed before those who are inquiring into the elements of Russian power; Von Reden is selected, because of the clearness of his statements and the dispassionateness of his judgment; the book of Mr. Macqueen has its place there, not, it will readily be believed, because (most imprudent and infelicitous prophet) he had foretold the fall of Mahometanism, on what he esteemed sure scriptural warrant, in the year 1854, but because he raises in a rough way some moral questions concerning the part which England is taking in the Russian war—questions which it touches the honour of England to have clearly answered. The "Almanach" and the "Annuaire" present from year to year to the politician and the statist tables and particulars which are not readily met with elsewhere.

De Tengoborski, with whom many of our readers are by this time familiar, is somewhat diffuse; and, though he makes considerable admissions from time to time, is naturally disposed to exaggerate the resources of the Russian Empire; he beholds its greatness as it is to him in the future, as it is in its capabilities, or rather as it was; he shows a greatness which was about to be,

but is not now perhaps destined to be—he traces an outline which is not now to be filled up, at least so rapidly as he anticipated.

Von Reden's work, in a much smaller compass, is altogether worthy of the author's high reputation as a statist: his object has been to present neither an odious caricature, nor a fantastical picture; to draw his information concerning the elements of Russian power, natural, political and social, from native, or at least, not unfriendly sources; and then to compare the state of development of its powers with the attainments of other states; thus placing sufficient materials before the reader for the formation of his own judgment, as to the relative power which it really possesses, and as to the propriety of according to it a political pre-eminence in Europe. It is a work highly to be recommended, both for its execution and its temper, and one which, for several reasons, had better have been given to the English public than De Tengoborski's.

It is evident that the war in which we are now engaged is not of the nature of many, which have heretofore devastated this fair world: it is not a war of ambition, at least on our side; nor a dynastic war; nor a war of passion and resentment. It is with us a very deliberate war, and undertaken for no base interests. But it is one of which the actual magnitude and the indefiniteness of many of its issues have grown upon our eyes as it has widened and waxed. Many, besides those in high places, who ought to have known better, but who for years have neglected all public interests which did not permit of being advanced simultaneously with party objects,—many others, much more excusably, have overrated the effect of what is called a moral demonstration on the part of England; many were ignorant of the resources of Russia, of the perseverance of its government, of the slyness of its diplomacy, of the effective service at the command of its ruler, of the unhesitating obedience of generals, soldiers, people; many had read so little, or thought so little, on the progress of Russia, that they imagined the persevering and unswerving policy of more than a century and a half could be stayed or turned aside by an expression of opinion on the part of this country. We must not, therefore, be surprised to find, that some shock has been given to the confidence with which our first warlike movements were accompanied; not surprised, that signs of inquietude and vacillation should have shown themselves in some statesmen. There are weathercocks whose property is to shift before the wind has changed. The public men who have been making pacific experiments have miscalculated the effect of such a shock or disappointment as we have described, from misunderstanding the popular character on which it would act; they have been trying the ice before it would bear, and

nature has prepared a proper punishment for such temerity. The people of this country did, indeed, think that the Russian government would have been accessible to an expression of opinion on the part of other European states—they have found that it is not prepared to yield one inch except to the pressure of force; they fancied then that it was, though obstinate, defensive—they have discovered evidence of long-continued and systematic preparation for offence; they thought that a difference had arisen between equal members of the great European confederacy—they are made aware, that the one which differs from the rest assumes a tone of haughtiness and prerogative over all other states; they thought, that when the immediate object of armed interference should have been attained, it would be easy to revert to a condition of mutual good understanding and of peace—they learn, that the passage from war to peace will be surrounded with infinitely more difficulties than the transition from peace to war; they took for granted, that their statesmen, though neither clear-headed nor far-sighted, were yet honest and firm—they find them to have been alternately frightened and cajoled; they thought that at least, whatever the traditional craft-secrets of the Foreign Office, the honour of England was safe in the hands of their foreign ministers—they discover that the name of England has been grievously committed, and that it is scarcely possible now both to fulfil understandings and to act virtuously. The temper produced by these discoveries is one of dissatisfaction and of determination; but not a determination to patch up at all hazards an inglorious and treacherous peace.

It is a determination rather to look clearly in the face all difficulties of the present, all dangers of the future, with an unswerving will to overcome them: to ascertain, therefore, the relative power of England and her friends on the one side, and her opponent on the other; to clear up all ambiguities which rest on the moral position of England in this great struggle; to place before the contemplation, as clearly as possible, the method of carrying out the war to a successful termination; defining, as sharply as possible, the ends which would sufficiently correspond to the cost of life and happiness expended in the prosecution of it; and not shutting out a vista of further consequences, which may follow such sufficient and successful conclusion. If we be ill-informed, in any material degree, as to the power of our antagonist, we shall be fearful and confident at the wrong moments; be alarmed at finding resistance where we had not expected it, or hasty to grant terms to an exhausted and powerless foe, which he could not have demanded in the fulness of his strength. If we be doubtful of our own duties, we shall be paralysed by such misgiving, precisely when it will require all our self-reliance and all our nerve, to drive home efforts well begun and well

sustained: and if we do not, in good time, take a comprehensive view of the great effects which may follow this shaking of the nations, we shall, in the acme of success, fail to reap it—recoiling astounded at the importance and completeness of its issues.

In order, therefore, to contribute what we can, to sustain at its height the tide of opinion in favour of a vigorous prosecution of the war, we propose to say something:—1. On the subject of the power of Russia compared with that of the Allies, particularly of our own: 2. Respecting the moral position of this country towards the Court of Russia: 3. Concerning the immediate ends and remoter possible consequences of the war. And we speak first of the relative powers of the antagonists, because no one is bound to attempt impossibilities, or to engage actively in an undertaking, in which he has reasonable ground to foresee he shall be defeated.

1. In a comparative estimate of the power of nations, the consideration of area naturally presents itself first, although, taken by itself, it is a factor of the least weight in the final result. Relatively, however, to mere area, Russia far outbalances the Alliance; she presents in Europe and Asia, to the exclusion of American possessions, a surface of 348,165 geographical square miles. France, Great Britain, and Sardinia, excluding all but European possessions, together with Turkey, excluding Egypt, Syria, &c., occupy a surface of 41,970 geographical square miles only. But mere surface, thinly or inadequately inhabited, is, in time of war, an element of national weakness rather than of strength, inasmuch as it extends the boundary which requires defence, without proportionately supplying it with defenders; and the 348,165 square miles of the Russian Empire are occupied by 65,183,437 inhabitants only, while the 41,970 square miles of the allied countries possess a population of 96,219,574, as in the following tables:—

	<i>g. sq. mi.</i>	<i>Population.</i>
British Isles and European Dependencies	5782	27,621,862 in 1851.
France, Proper.....	9748	35,781,628 do.
Kingdom of Sardinia	1372	4,916,084 in 1848.
Turkey, immediate possessions in Europe	6507	10,500,000 in 1844.
“ Moldavia, Wallachia, Servia	3064	5,000,000 do.
“ Asia Minor, &c.	9804	10,700,000 do.
“ Armenia and Kurdistan	5693	1,700,000 do.
(Syria and the farther Asia, Egypt and other African dependencies being omitted).	41,970	96,219,574

On the other hand, the Russian Empire contains:—

	<i>g. sq. mi.</i>	<i>Population.</i>
In Europe	100,429	60,122,669 in 1851.
In Asia	247,736	5,060,763
	<hr/> 348,165	<hr/> 65,183,437

The Allies, therefore, actually engaged, number nearly 50 per cent. more than the number of their opponents.

In order to simplify our comparisons on this head, we will omit on the one side Asiatic Russia, which, indeed, adds little to the strength of the Empire, beyond some strategical opportunities of attack upon the extreme right of Turkey; and, on the other hand, we will take out the whole of the Turkish dominions, some of which, the Principalities in particular, however little they may contribute to the numerical strength of the Alliance in time of actual warfare, will prove of inestimable value, as the issues of the contest develop themselves, in the way of diplomatic standing places. We may deduct also from the same side the numerical force of Sardinia, for the alliance of that kingdom is chiefly valuable for the moral weight belonging to the adhesion of a free, virtuous, and progressing state; which likewise presents a geographical position, not coming into estimate here, but which may prove of the highest importance to the cause of the Allies in further European complications very possibly about to supervene. If the terms of our present comparison are thus reduced to European Russia on the one hand, and to the two Allies, France and England, on the other, it will be seen, that while the population of the former amounts to 60,122,669, the numbers of the latter together reach 63,403,490. There is, therefore, on this ground only, no such madness, as Mr. Cobden would have us believe, in going to war with an empire of sixty millions of inhabitants. We shall have to speak hereafter of our moral position in this contest; for the present, we are engaged only with the respective elements of power possessed by the Allies and by Russia.

In further estimating these, and particularly in endeavouring to measure fairly the resources of the latter power, it must be borne in mind, that elements of great future strength are not to be assessed at present at their possible future value; although the prospect of immense developments of the resources of Russia, were she let alone for another decad or two of years, should contribute to determine the politician, if he has otherwise moral grounds sufficient to bear him, to attempt the restraint of that power now, while yet in its growth. But the result given above may be put in a somewhat different shape. The superficies of Europe is in geographical square miles, 182,288; the superficies of European Russia as here given, 100,429; according to De Tengoborski, omitting probably some water surfaces, 99,275. The proportion of Russia to the whole surface of Europe may therefore be taken at $\frac{1}{2}$, or 55 per cent. But the population of Europe at the end of 1852 was 266,550,000, of which, according to Von Reden, 22·66 per cent. belong to Russia; 14·25 per cent. to Austria, with a share of the surface of 6·65; to Prussia 6·36 of the population

and 2·80 only of the surface ; to the whole of the German states together, 27·18 of the population and 11·91 of the surface : while England, with only 3·16 of the surface, and France with only 5·27, have respectively 10·42 and 13·43 of the population ; that is together 23·85 against 22·66 of Russia.

In the rest of Europe, a population is not considered to be a dense one under 2500 heads, or upwards, to the geographical square mile ; 1000 per mile is a thin population. In Russia, the six most populous provinces presented only the proportions under given, in 1846, as appears from a table of M. Koeppen's :—

	geo. sq. mi.	Population.	Inhabitants to sq. m.
Province of Moscow	589	1,374,700	2323
“ Tula	555	1,227,000	2211
“ Podolia	774	1,703,000	2201
Polish provinces	2294	4,865,000	2122
Province of Kursk	818	1,688,000	2052
“ Poltawa	897	1,783,000	1989

We must repeat, that relatively to present efforts, such as are demanded by war, national powers are to be estimated from present data, and not from undeveloped resources. Therefore while M. De Tengoborski is quite right in regarding large tracts of yet uncultivated steppe and immense regions of unreclaimed forests as practically still lying without the boundaries of the empire, and as mines unworked of great national wealth, hitherto, the superficial thinness of the Russian population is a source of comparative weakness. With the same population spread over a quarter of the area, Russia would be a far stronger power. While England has a number of 4839 inhabitants to the geographical square mile, and France 3789, Russia in Europe has only 647, in the whole of her empire only 63. As a further evidence of the thinness of the Russian population may be taken the numbers of inhabitants in the chief cities, which are the centres of trade and markets for the rest of the empire. In 1850 St. Petersburg contained 532,241 inhabitants, Moscow 373,800, Riga (1849) 57,906, Odessa (1850) 71,392, Tula 54,626, Wilna (1849) 52,286, Kronstadt 25,120, Astrakan on the Caspian, 44,798. The movement of the population is, according to Von Reden, at the rate of not more than '95 at the most ; according to De Tengoborski, of somewhat more than 1 per cent. per annum. The movement of the population of Great Britain is 1·33. With De Tengoborski's data before him, Von Reden gives reasons for thinking his per-centage of the movement excessive ; and there appear to be some causes which retard the increase of the Russian population disproportionately to the rest of Europe ; for though the females are stated to be prolific, as many as two-thirds of children born die in the first twelve months after their birth, from improvident treatment and neglect (Von Reden, p. 59); and

De Tengoborski acknowledges from data supplied in the St. Petersburg Almanac for 1852-3, a great relative mortality in Russia during the periods of infancy and adolescence. This, of course, tells upon the ratio of increase, in diminishing prematurely the number of prolific individuals.*

To place the ratio of population to area in a somewhat more favourable point of view for Russia, about 30,000 geographical square miles of uncultivable and utterly uninhabitable land may be excluded from the computation, which will leave about 65,700 square miles, for nearly 62,000,000 inhabitants, or about 944 inhabitants to the geographical square mile; and if the land actually under cultivation, and meadows be alone taken into account, the extent of which is said to be 29,757 square miles, there will be a population of about 2082 to each square mile of productive land—a far weaker proportion than that presented either by France or England.

But there is one condition which area necessarily affects, that is, the extent of boundary. At first sight, the boundary of Russia appears favourable to an extended sway, for the greater the ratio of boundary to area, the more are extended commercial facilities and intercourse, particularly if the boundary be a sea-line. Now the boundary line of Russia is to its area as 1 to 39, of England as 1 to 6, of France as 1 to 14. But a large portion of the Russian coast line is utterly useless for all maritime purposes, a considerable other portion is only open during a few months of the year; and the whole of the coast line in Europe, with the exception of that which forms the boundary in the White Sea and Northern Ocean, consists of the coast of inland seas, of which the gates are not in the possession of the empire.

Next to the consideration of area and population, naturally comes that of the production of human food, and primarily of the cereals; and it is acknowledged on all hands, not only that Russia is an exporting country of cereals, but that it also possesses in large tracts of land, especially in its south-eastern provinces, an area capable, in the natural properties of its soil, of producing an incalculable quantity of grain. There are, however, many circumstances which, for several generations at least, will render

* Upon the subject of the premature deaths of children, Mr. Porter quotes the following observation from Sir Francis D'Ivernois, 'Tableau des Pertes,' &c.:—"If the different States of Europe were to keep and publish every year an exact account of the population, carefully stating, in a separate column, the precise ages at which children have died, that separate column would exhibit the relative merit of the governments, as indicated by the comparative happiness of their subjects."—*Porter*, p. 24. And with their happiness will coincide their relative strength for political and strategical calculations.

those tracts unavailable as sources of production. Except on the courses of the rivers, they are subject to great droughts, and are totally devoid of wood for building or other necessary purposes; so that, unless artificial means be taken by Government to supply these wants, which even then must be a work of long time, there is no prospect of their adding materially to the wealth of the country, either by sustaining a denser population, or by supplying an increased exportation. And with respect to the production of cereals in Russia, it is to be noted, that the fluctuations of price are enormous between the years of plentiful and scanty harvests, as also are the differences of price in the producing and non-producing districts. The causes of these variations M. De Tengoborski refers to the following circumstances:—

“1. The inequality of our harvests, which the climate with us renders much more variable than they are in other countries. 2. The difficulty of our communications, in consequence of the bad state of the main roads in a great part of the empire, and of the cross roads everywhere. 3. The immense distances between the principal corn-markets. 4. The narrow limits within which our internal corn trade is confined.”—*De Tengoborski*, p. 252.

In illustration of the difference in prices even in neighbouring provinces, the same author gives the following comparison of the price of rye in 1843—a year which presented no peculiarity as to its harvest—in the undernamed governments:—

Tschernigow	1 rouble	...	42½ kopecks	...	per tchetwert.
Kiew	1	„	90	„	„
Minsk	2	„	46	„	„
Mohilew	2	„	98	„	„
Smolensk	3	„	4	„	„
Witebsk	4	„	34	„	„

—*De Tengoborski*, p. 258.

And these differences, so fatal to the equable development and civilization of a country, are due to the most complicated causes, by no means depending only on geographical position. Thus, during the period from 1846 to 1849, the average prices were for rye in the government of Archangel, 4 roubles, 75 kopecks; and in Livonia, a government much more to the south, 5 roubles 92 kopecks, per tchetwert: and for wheat, in the former, 6 roubles 12 kopecks; in the latter, 9 roubles 46 kopecks. There is one remarkable fact mentioned by the same author elsewhere, relating to the difficulty of transport, which bears very much on this question of agricultural prices, and which illustrates also generally the backward condition of Russia, in respect of the non-development of its mineral resources; he tells us that it may be said without exaggeration, “that in Russia and Poland more than nine-tenths of the cart and waggon wheels of every description

are without iron hoops, and that, except in equipages of luxury, all the axles are of wood."—(p. 210). But the variations in price, which rises and falls rapidly under the influence of local and chance circumstances, effectually prevents the application of capital to agricultural purposes, or the undertaking of permanent improvements. The proprietor is glad to obtain from year to year such income as he can from the compulsory labour of the serfs upon his estate, and is often obliged to sell his produce for a trifle, unable to wait for a rise in the price, or to transport it to a better market. The surplus in the abundant years is thus mostly waste, while the deficiency in the bad years brings excessive suffering. And on the whole it is observed, that the fluctuations of price are greater in those governments which produce a surplus, than in those which do not raise a sufficiency of grain for their own consumption. Thus, during the period from 1833 to 1841 prices differed at Petrozavodsk, St. Petersburg, Novgorod, Moscow, in proportions varying from 10 to 22 at the former place, to 10 to 42 at the latter; while at Simbirsk, Ekaterinoslaw, Saratow, Tula, Stavropol, they ranged from 10 to 48 at the first-named of these places, and 10 to 111 at the last. It is evident that even in time of peace, it must be long before the improvement of internal communications, and the steadiness of a foreign demand, can give sufficient stability to prices to encourage a systematic extension of agriculture. But in time of war the surplus grain produce of the corn-growing districts will be thrown in waste on the local markets, leaving the distant and poorer regions unrelieved. From recent information also it appears, that the stoppage of the outlets of exportation for the surplus grain has caused a local plenty in some provinces, the effect of which will be the ruin, by comparative cheapness of produce, of the proprietors of the local estates, without any relief to the hunger of the distant members of the population.* At the same time, indeed, that we hear of an increased plenty of corn among the people of certain districts, we hear also of a general rise in prices. But these prices are only nominal, and are the expression of a rapid depreciation of the paper currency of the Empire. And Russia for a long while has been issuing a paper circulation out of all rea-

* How the cost of land transport, even in time of peace, adds enormously to the price of grain, when it has to be conveyed through long distances, appears from an official paper quoted by Von Reden, p. 88. In the year 1846, grain was required to be transported from the province of Orel, for the use of the imperial peasants in the government of Pskow, a distance of 600 wersts, which cost for that distance four roubles silver per tetwert, or more than two shillings per bushel. The western provinces of Russia, now in want of corn, are more than that distance from any district which has a superabundance, and from the destruction the war has caused of men, horses, and carts, transport, especially from east to west, has become wellnigh impossible.

sonable and practical proportion to the precious metals which it is supposed to represent.

With respect to other elements of agricultural prosperity, besides the production of cereals, the following is given in a table of "Banfield's Statistical Companion" for 1854, as the proportions of the principal domestic animals per hectare ($=2\frac{1}{2}$ acres), of cultivated land only, in Russia, France, and England:

	Arable.	Meadow.	Total cult.	Horses.	Cattle.	Sheep.
France.....	27,654,650	4,198,198	31,852,848	2,818,196	9,936,530	32,151,430
Great Brit.	7,655,396	10,944,792	18,600,188	1,500,000	6,865,000	32,000,000
Russia	61,625,000	6,125,006	67,750,000	13,600,000	22,120,000	30,000,000

But these figures are not altogether to be depended on; De Tengoborski reckons 18 millions of horses, from which he deducts 3 millions as wandering on the steppes and unproductive, except by their colts. He estimates the horned cattle at 25 millions at least, giving on a population of $61\frac{1}{2}$ millions, 5 head of cattle to 12 inhabitants. He also puts the number of sheep at 55 millions, or a minimum of 50 millions, giving a result of 25 for every 31 inhabitants. The cultivated land he sets at 90 millions of dessiatines (1 dessiatine= $2\cdot69$ imp. acre) and 60 millions of meadow or cultivated grass land. Von Reden, allowing the insufficiency of data, estimates the arable at 79,518,000 dess., gardens 6,159,000, meadows 11,479,000, vineyard 95,000, steppe 98,537,000, forest 152,240,000, unclaimable land 144,659,000. But our present purpose is not to ascertain the number of head of stock per acre of cultivated land, in order to a comparison of different modes of agriculture, as a landlord might enquire which of his tenants carried the most stock on equal acreage. We are now concerned with a question of relative power, which will be determined, not by amount of internal consumption, but by a balance in exchangeable value, after home demands are satisfied.

Now a high relative proportion of the number of cattle to area or to population takes place under two very opposite conditions, and accordingly may indicate either a highly advanced or a low state of agriculture. When the animals are in a half-wild state, when they are left to their natural increase, and to provide their own sustenance with little care of man, the amount of their numbers is no test of national wealth, that is, not of national wealth as compared with civilized states: the life of the herdsman is a semi-civilized life, midway between that of the hunter and of the agriculturist. And thus the large number of animals produced in Russia is an evidence, rather of a low state of agriculture than of

a high one. Their breeding, except within certain limits, is not regulated relatively to the working of the arable land, and it is probable, that as agriculture properly so called makes progress, the number of animals will decrease proportionately to the population, if not absolutely. We have an instance in Australia of the tendency of the sheep to increase in a half-wild state, far beyond local and temporary needs, and when they have so increased they have become at times comparatively worthless; the excretory parts of the animal, such as the fleece and the fat have been found the most valuable portions. It is so in Russia in great degree, with respect both to the ox and the sheep. They are chiefly valuable for the tallow, hides, wool, which are their products, and which form articles for exportation.

There is moreover, some evidence that the number of animals reared, is, or was lately actually diminishing. Plato Storch in his work "*On the Condition of the Peasantry in Russia*," gives the following numbers, founded upon the Statistics of M. Arsenieff, relating to the year 1846:—horses 16,498,449, cattle 23,158,113, sheep, ordinary breeds 34,021,715, ditto, improved breeds 7,652,360, swine 10,253,465, goats 637,559, buffalos 1038, asses and mules 1721, camels 48,095, rein-deer 252,000. These last are only met with in the province of Archangel; buffalos in 4 provinces, principally in Tauris and Bessarabia; camels in 5 provinces, chiefly in Astrakhan and Stavropol. But in the year 1851, according to official calculations which appeared in the "*Journal of the Ministry of the Interior*," the horses were 15,805,782, cattle 19,925,926, sheep 27,724,898 and 7,941,700, swine 8,669,998, goats 1,188,173, buffalos 1588, asses and mules 3159, camels 38,760, and rein-deer 115,862, a difference on all kinds of 11,073,679 head. It is moreover evident, that the rearing of animals is not pursued in connexion with any system of agriculture, for oxen are brought to be slaughtered at St. Petersburg, distances of 900 to 1000 English miles, in droves from the ill-cultivated regions of the south-east. The province of Orenburg, which produces by far the largest number of all heads, nearly 6 millions, is one in which agriculture has made but little progress; notwithstanding its great natural fertility it supports only 2,130,000 inhabitants to 4,115,000 dess. of cultivated land, exclusive of 4,452,000 dess. of meadow, forming together one-fourth of the whole surface of that government. The sheep in the country of the Don Cossacks and elsewhere are almost in a wild state, and the same is true of the horses. It is obvious that the numbers of these latter are excessive in any relation to agriculture, amounting to one to every four of the inhabitants. But it should be remarked by those who are immediately concerned with the present military efforts of Russia, that this superabun-

dance of horses will furnish facilities of transport over distances not easily embraced generally within the circle of commissariat supplies or other operations.*

We do not however think, that proper deductions being made, the value of animal produce, relatively to their populations, would be far on the side of Russia as compared with the two Allies: or that the aggregate of agricultural products, cereals and animal produce together, would much outbalance the produce of France and England, taken together. The growing of roots, so important in our agriculture, is almost unknown in Russia, and cannot there be carried to any great extent by reason of the droughts to which large districts are subject. De Tengoborski gives the following as an ultimate result of comparison of Russian and French agricultural produce:—

	France.		European Russia.
Cereals, including dry legumes...	102,800,000 tchetw.	...	260,000,000 tchetw.
Flax and hemp.....	5,128,000 poods	...	20,000,000 poods.
Oleaginous grains.....	1,238,000 tchetw.	...	4,885,000 tchetw.
Cattle (calves not included)	7,870,000 head	...	25,000,000 head.
Sheep	32,000,000 head	...	50,000,000 "
Swine	4,910,000 "	...	12,000,000 "

—De Tengoborski, p. 200.

This much, however, is plain, as the same author allows, "that in France" (and, in a still greater degree, in England) "the general income is augmented in a high proportion by the products of industry and commerce"—p. 202—and, indeed, the amount of agricultural produce which goes to feed the native population, is no more to be taken into account in a comparative estimate of the wealth of nations, than is the produce consumed on a farm to

* The progress making by France in extending and improving the breed of horses is very interesting, and will be understood by the following extract from the "Annuaire des Deux Mondes," p. 111. "De larges épurations opérées dans les établissemens de l'état, combinées avec la remonte, ont permis de présenter aux éleveurs de chevaux un effectif de 1347 étalons qui ont sailli 74,169 jumens, chiffre supérieur de 7000 environ à celui de 1853; c'est d'ailleurs le chiffre le plus considérable auquel l'administration soit arrivée depuis que l'état intervient dans la production chevaline. Il n'est pas sans intérêt de rappeler le chiffre des saillies constatées en 1827, 1837, 1847, et de les comparer avec ceux de 1854:

1827	1,311 étalons de l'état ont servi	...	37,369 jumens.
1837	830 "	...	25,508 "
1847	1,180 "	...	59,313 "
1854	1,347 "	...	74,169 "

La même progression a dû se produire dans le chiffre des saillies effectuées par les étalons particuliers approuvés: on estime que les 650 étalons de cette catégorie ont servi de 30 à 33,000 jumens." The effect, however, of the pains recently taken in France in respect to the breeding of horses, has been that, during the campaigns of 1854, the government was enabled to purchase 33,000 horses for various services.

be considered an element in the net rental; it is entered on both sides of the farmer's book, or of the valuer's sheet, at an arbitrary price. It is only that surplus portion of agricultural produce, which enters into the market of the world, which ought to form an element in such a comparison as we are instituting: and that is the richest people, not which can bring to market the greater proportion of agricultural or animal products, but of all products.

Or we might look at it in this way: Two great families are engaged in a costly litigation, which will be decided ultimately, if we may "take leave" to say so, by the relative length of purse. If A is a gentleman with a landed estate producing him 50,000*l.* a-year, and B has an estate of only 40,000*l.*, but A consumes 45,000*l.* of his 50,000*l.* annually, and B only 20,000*l.*, it is evident which, in the long run, will win; or, rather, let A, having nothing but his estate, spend, within 5,000*l.*, the whole annual income of it, and B, though he has a less landed estate, possess mines, and factories, and ships, which bring him as much more, he can now spend greater sums than A, and still retain a sufficient annual surplus, effectually to wear him out in the litigation.

We need not enter upon any enumerations to show that, in all industrial products except the agricultural, and in most natural products, the wealth of the Allies greatly outweighs that of the Russian Empire. And if we were to enter upon such a comparative enumeration, it might, with great fairness, be retorted upon us, that it is with our manufacturing and mineral products, as with the agricultural products of Russia—that portion of them which is taken up by home consumption ought not to be carried to account, it tells in sustaining the cipher of the population, and there has its proper value already assigned—only the portion which enters into the market of the world should enter into computation. In other words, the commercial test is the only true test of national strength. This test may be accepted by us with perfect confidence; and, meanwhile, we may be sure, that we shall be better able to supply, from other sources, the grain which we were beginning to take from Russia, than she will be able to replace our products; and our commerce with the rest of the world will suffer, not to say less than hers, which is inconsiderable—but less than her agriculture, which is her main strength.

The Russian prohibitive tariff of 1822 has, since that time, received some modifications. An ukase of Dec. 12, 1836, which came into force Jan 1, 1837, diminished by 203 the number of absolutely prohibited articles, added 148 to the number of those free of duty, and lowered the duties upon some others. On the contrary, the duty was raised on many other products, and it was declared in a semi-official article in the *Northern Bee*,

that the modifications which the tariff had undergone were not to be taken as indicating a change of system. It was, however, admitted, in the same article, that, notwithstanding the monopoly enjoyed for fourteen years under a prohibitive tariff, very few fabrics had improved in quality, and the few which had, were those which felt the influence of a foreign competition. An entire revision of the tariff took place in 1841, which was not much better entitled to be considered a relaxation of the prohibitive system, and it was expressly conducted on the principle of relaxing the duty only on those articles, of which the importation could not be injurious to native industry. A more liberal system was initiated by the ukase of the 13th of October, 1850, which came into action on January the 1st, 1851; it was at this time that the customs line between Russia and Poland was abolished. On return of peace, a policy which should adopt a free tariff would open a most beneficial future to the Empire: as it is, its system is "protectionist," though not "prohibitive:" but even for protection it is necessary to keep up an expensive custom-house guard, of which the charge cannot be less, on an extensive frontier, than two million of silver roubles on a total revenue from customs of 31 millions. But, however capable of development, and however rich a source of national wealth and of state revenue, the commercial transactions of Russia under a liberal policy may hereafter prove, as a source of general strength and of present revenue, it is by war almost entirely cut off. We must here, as before, guard ourselves against mistaking a capability for an actuality. But while on the subject of Russian commerce, the following tables, taken from Von Reden, may be of interest:—

Value of Imports in Silver Roubles.

	1851.	1852.
Scandinavian Peninsula	1,921,610	1,514,951
Prussia.....	13,938,860	13,723,314
Denmark	234,336	254,927
Hans Towns	5,930,151	5,292,969
Holland	3,155,182	3,080,435
Belgium	411,254	591,006
Great Britain	26,559,401	24,642,372
France	8,477,103	8,638,393
Spanish Peninsula	2,411,584	3,180,312
Italy	3,426,065	2,818,621
Austria.....	6,684,146	5,899,448
Greece	472,154	419,250
Turkey.....	3,805,106	4,587,984
America	8,837,579	7,696,991
Other countries	789,156	777,399
Asiatic countries, &c. ..	15,734,836	16,649,447
	102,788,523	99,767,819

—Von Reden, pp. 265, 6.

It will be seen that of the imports, the proportion coming from France and England is more than one-third of the whole.

Value of Exports in Silver Roubles.

	1851.	1852.
Scandinavian Peninsula	2,068,599	2,321,379
Prussia	8,751,101	10,376,129
Denmark	1,256,281	1,332,817
The Sound	5,377,057	4,537,726
Hans Towns	1,537,606	1,960,272
Holland	5,020,298	5,772,368
Belgium	1,535,011	2,342,369
Great Britain	39,103,804	42,883,819
France	2,610,778	6,941,015
Portugal	492,642	435,942
Spain	97,359	2,750,842
Italy	2,708,494	4,714,607
Austria	4,800,389	5,709,897
Ionian	158,928
Greece	91,653	282,286
Turkey	6,102,441	7,255,454
America	2,091,178	2,034,555
Other countries, Europe	428,912	860,363
Asia, &c.	11,140,293	12,423,885
Total	95,213,896	115,094,953

— Von Reden, p. 269.

From this table it appears that France and England together take nearly 50 per cent of the exports to Europe, and Turkey $7\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. more. The injury, however, to Russia by the present war, is not simply to be measured by the subtraction from her commerce of such large proportions as are ordinarily taken by the Powers with which she is now at war: the following table shows that of the export traffic there passes,

		Silver Roubles.
1. By the White Sea	5·31 per cent. or ...	4,469,548
2. " Baltic	59·06 " ...	49,657,878
3. " Black Sea and Sea of Azoff ...	23·72 " ...	19,937,430
4. " Over the land boundaries	11·91 " ...	10,008,747
Total export trade with Europe, 1851...	100·00	84,073,603

A similar distribution of the import trade gives :

		Silver Roubles.
1. By the White Sea	0·42	368,410
2. " Baltic	71·98	62,660,455
3. " Black Sea and Sea of Azoff		
a. Odessa	7·47	6,503,056
b. By the other ports	2·24	1,948,280
4. European land boundary	17·89	8,451,336
Total import trade with Europe, 1851	100·00	15,573,486
		87,053,687

— Von Reden, pp. 267, 271.

Now, although a certain portion of the traffic which was thus sea-borne might find its way by land, at a diminished profit to

the Russian producer and an increased cost to the consumer, the chief portion of it cannot be so diverted, nor be carried on at all, as long as the Allies effectually blockade the Russian seaboard. The Russian exports are in bulk, and cannot filter imperceptibly out of the Empire; thus, of the exports, the following are the most important articles—grain of all sorts and seeds, timber, hemp and flax, tallow; and, if no other causes were in operation to obstruct importation, it must of necessity dwindle and die out when exportation of home produce becomes impossible.

Let us now glance at

A Comparative Table of European Commerce, showing the Proportionate Value of the Imports and Exports of each State in parts of 100.

Name of State.	Proportion of Imports	Proportion of Exports	Proportion of total Trade.	Average per head of the population in thalers.
1. Austria.....	5.70	4.12	4.94	4.76
2. German Zollverein	9.80	9.29	9.54	11.69
3. Hanseatic Towns	12.25	12.69	12.46	155.5
4. Great Britain	33.92	27.29	30.70	41.32
5. France	10.68	17.97	(1146-021,485 th.) 14.41	15.05
6. Russia and Poland, European commerce	4.81	5.10	(538-614,000 th.) 4.94	3.05
7. Netherlands.....	5.97	4.99	(184-475,219 th.) 5.49	62.11
8. Belgium	3.30	3.81	3.53	29.92
9. Denmark	1.43	.79	1.12	17.52
10. Sweden80	.89	.83	9.29
11. Norway78	1.11	.93	24.77
12. Switzerland	1.50	1.29	1.39	11.25
13. Portugal08	.75	.40	4.31
14. Spain	1.35	1.28	1.32	3.43
15. Italy, a. Sardinia, kingd. of	1.23	1.22	1.21	9.18
b. Tuscany30	.33	.30	6.40
c. Roman States75	.87	.80	10.43
d. Naples	1.18	.97	1.07	5.89
e. Sicily42	.66	.54	9.35
16. Ionia32	.24	.29	—
Greece32	.20	.27	9.60
Turkey	3.11	4.11	3.56	8.62
	100.00	99.97	100.04	

—Von Reden, *Deutschland und das übrige Europa*, p. 644.

The high average per head of the population, which is given to the Hanseatic towns and to Holland, is due to their being intermediaries of traffic with the interior of the continent; theirs is a passage and carrying traffic. Our immediate object, however, is to show the comparative poverty of the Russian population, which

does a business only at the rate of 9s. per head with foreign countries, while our population does a business of 6*l.* 4s. per head.

The condition also of the mercantile marine of Russia, as compared with our own, will, perhaps, excite some surprise. Official returns are not published concerning it, and the following estimate is made up by Von Reden from local sources :—

Ports.	No. of vessels.	Tons of 60 poods (1 pud = 36 <i>lb</i> avoird.)
On the coast of Finland from Torneo to Wyborg, 20 ports...	470	106,210
11 ports of the Baltic, from St. Petersburg to Libau	85	16,608
9 ports of the Black Sea and Sea of Azow	105	26,027
Ports of the White Sea	756	23,760
	1416	172,605

The number of seamen employed in this marine amounted, before the war, to 10,800, of whom many were foreigners. This does not include the coasting trade, which employed more than 1,000 vessels in the Finnish ports, 2,000 in the Baltic, and 7,000 in the Black Sea, &c. Of these last only $\frac{1}{6}$ were of Russian construction or Russian ownership, the rest belonging to Greeks, Bulgarians, &c., under the Russian flag.

The annual construction of sea-going ships was about 80 to 90 of from 32 to 300 tons, nearly as many becoming annually unseaworthy.—Von Reden, pp. 214 ff.

The mercantile marine of England comprised, in 1814, 24,418 bottoms, of a collective tonnage of 2,616,965, and employing 172,786 seamen and boys. In 1851, the number of the bottoms had reached 34,402 of 4,424,392 tons, worked by 243,512 men and boys, the number of ships having increased 41 per cent., the tonnage 72, and the employment 40. In a comparison of the state of a marine at different periods, it is evident that the terms compared should not be the number of bottoms, but the tonnage; for the number of merchant-ships built in each year does not now exceed considerably that which left the stocks in 1814, but the tonnage of ships built in 1814 was only 86,075, and in the year ending January 5, 1853, 170,524; in 1854, 207,238; in 1855, 201,703, exclusive of the British plantations.

On the 31st of December, 1854, the number of vessels belonging to the several ports of the British Empire, with the number of men and boys employed in their navigation, stood as follows :—

	Vessels.	Tonnage.	Men.
England	20,336	3,365,330	162,428
Scotland	3,393	556,978	29,035
Ireland	2,257	262,377	13,262
Isles of Guernsey, Jersey, and Man	873	64,065	5,911
British Plantations.....	9,101	794,520	55,860
	35,960	5,043,270	266,491

—*Parliamentary Return*, 1855.

The progress of the French mercantile marine in the period from 1842 to 1852 is from 13,409 bottoms in the former year, of 589,517 tons, to 14,607 in the latter, with 721,427 tons. Von Reden gives a table shewing the proportionate amount of the mercantile marine of each European nation, in parts of 100; from which it appears that England possessed, in 1853, $\frac{45.70}{100}$, France $\frac{17.0}{100}$, Turkey $\frac{2.35}{100}$, and Russia $\frac{2.31}{100}$, of the merchant vessels of Europe.

Or let us check by another test what has been said of the ability of this country, financially speaking, to carry through the contest in which it has embarked. And it must not be supposed that in treating of this ability as a dry matter of money, we underrate either the miseries and demoralization of actual warfare, or the burden which must be transmitted from it to other generations, along with the blessings of permanent peace, national liberty, and unfettered industry and commerce—blessings which, we trust, the successful termination of this war will secure to them. If it were fair, which we maintain it would not be, it would not be easy to meet the increased expenditure which will probably be required of us in the next and future years, without further loans. Shall we be able to raise them? to raise them, at least as freely as they were raised during the Napoleonic wars? It is not the place here to criticize the methods adopted heretofore by our Finance-Ministers in raising loans; the question now to be answered is—Can we bear the necessary burden? It thus becomes our duty, though we cannot commit our successors absolutely, to look in the face the amount of loans for which we may possibly have occasion. The expenditure of the current year, 1855-1856, was taken in the last Budget at 86,639,000*l.*; it will exceed 90,000,000*l.*; and it would not be safe to estimate the whole expenditure of future years of the war at less than 100,000,000*l.* per annum. Some of our outlays hitherto have been wastefully thrown away, in other directions additional outlays at proper junctures would have exercised important influence on the issue of the war: but if for the future a better management may be hoped for in some departments, we must set against that hope the expectation, that it may be necessary to follow the course of the war into regions as yet to us unexplored, as, for instance, to the shores of the Caspian; and our governments always buy their knowledge of distant regions and their experience of new modes of warfare, in the dearest market. On comparing now the state of the public debt at the commencement of 1811 with its amount on the 31st of March of the present year, we find that it was at the former time 750,796,981*l.*, at the latter 775,602,419*l.*, as appears by the following Parliamentary return:—

Total unredeemed debt on 31st March, 1855	751,645,818 18 11½
Outstanding Exchequer Bills at the same date	17,151,400
Exchequer Bonds	6,000,000
	23,151,400
Interest upon the same.....	805,200 19 5
	23,956,600 19 5
	£775,602,419 18 4½
	—Finance Accounts, 1855.

During the *quinquennium* 1811-1815, the average annual taxation, properly so called, was 68,460,954*l.*, while the average amount borrowed in each year was 27,677,868*l.* With the increased resources of the country at the present time, there could be no difficulty in raising the annual taxation to 75,000,000*l.*, which would be accomplished, without interfering with any commercial relations, by an income-tax of nine per cent., obtaining at the same time 25,000,000*l.* by way of loan, during each year that the war shall last. If it shall be terminated, as, indeed, it must be by the exhaustion of one side or the other within that time, it would leave us with no higher national debt than 900,000,000*l.*, not much exceeding that with which we came out of the last war, the capital of which, on the 5th of January, 1816, was 885,186,323*l.*, and the annual charge 32,457,141*l.*

We have not undertaken a defence of the system of carrying on a war, in which our posterity are interested for ever, by the help of loans, for we regard the arguments in favour of sustaining it by increased taxation only, to be merely sophistical, merely an endeavour to get rid of the war indirectly by starving its supplies; an increase of taxation would suffice for the expense of a *reconnaissance*, but, not of an European, it may be an *œcumenical* war.

What then was the annual distribution of the national burdens in our last great war, in the last and most costly period of it?

Years.	Taxation.	Loans and Exchequer bills, balances only.	Total raised for public uses.
1811	65,173,545	19,143,953	84,317,498
1812	65,037,850	24,790,697	89,828,547
1813	68,748,363	39,649,282	108,397,645
1814	71,134,503	34,563,603	105,698,106
1815	72,210,512	20,241,807	92,452,319

Total raised for the public service in five years, 480,694,115; at the average per annum of 96,138,823*l.*

The population of Great Britain was in 1811 12,596,803, in 1821 14,391,631; taking 13,494,217 as the population for the period before us, which for the early years of it is above its ratio, and adding 6,500,000 for Ireland, of which the population in 1821 was 6,801,827, the total heads of the United Kingdom amounted to 19,994,227, to bear an annual burden of 96,138,823*l.* = 4*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.* per head.

It further appears that the average amount raised by taxation, irrespective of loans and exchequer bills, reached to the

sum of 68,460,954*l.* per annum for those years, at a rate then of 3*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.* per head; while we have not yet attained that total, with a population of more than 27,500,000, for the United Kingdom. The estimated produce of taxation for the year ending April 1, 1856, as laid before the House of Commons on the 30th of April last, shows a sum of 67,639,000*l.*, or at the rate of 2*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.* per head. Inclusive of the loans for the current year, the sum of 86,039,000*l.*, voted for the service of the country, gives a burden of 3*l.* 3*s.* per head, or less than two-thirds, relatively, of that which was borne during the five years, 1811—1815, when the country might be supposed to have been drained of its resources by a heavy taxation during the 18 previous years.

But is the increased population of the country proportionately able to bear the same taxation per head which it was able to endure in the great French war, or is it a population pauperized by its very increase? According to the best tests which can be applied, it is better able, if increase in every branch of manufacture and of commerce is any test of increased national prosperity and strength.

On the other hand the public debt of Russia was estimated by Von Reden a year ago at 820 millions of thalers, or 123,000,000*l.*; the ordinary revenue in 1852 was 44,500,000*l.*; and the expenditure for the same year, on the peace establishment, a little in excess; the cost of the army and fleet in time of peace was 15,000,000*l.*, the expenditure on that head now cannot be at a lower rate than 3,000,000*l.* a month, or 36,000,000*l.* per annum. This item alone will cause an excess of expenditure over the ordinary revenue of 21,000,000*l.* at least, and some of the other public expenses, which are clubbed together below, at a total of 134,190,000 roubles for 1852, must receive a considerable increase. And the revenue of Russia is not one which is elastic like our own, as will be seen on observing the sources from which it is derived.

1852.	RECEIPT.	S. R.	EXPENDITURE.	S. R.
Domains	37,550,000		Expenses of the Imperial house and family.....	10,750,000
Apanages	3,645,000		Army, peace establishment	70,895,000
Mines, &c.	30,500,000		Navy, do.	26,500,000
Value of payments in kind	20,236,000		Debt (of which the sinking fund, 29,369,337)	33,500,000
Like contributions in money	11,086,000		Other charges of the State	134,190,000
Excise, of which on beverages, 78,800,000	102,910,000			
Capitation tax	19,829,000			
Roads	2,066,000			275,835,000
Patents of mercantile corporations, exemptions, passports, &c.	7,500,000			
Customs	31,000,000		= 297,350,000 th.	
Beetroot sugar.....	450,000		= £44,602,500.	
Patents and stamps.....	2,200,000			
Sundries	6,500,000			

275,472,000 = 296,958,816 thalers = 44,543,822*l.*

In 1853 the Customs only produced 26,951,560 S.R., thus made up:—

Customs properly so called	25,031,822
For the use of sundry towns	679,634
For sinking fund on loans for bridges and canals.....	623,239
Excise upon salt, Crimea.....	258,957
Warehousing dues.....	209,583
Freight and passage-money on steamboats, Odessa to Cronstadt	50,019
Tax for the Lyceum of Odessa	95,306
	<hr/>
	26,951,560

The debt of the Empire in 1853 is stated to have consisted of—

	S. R. '
Old foreign debt	57,149,000
Terminable debt	110,867,055
Rentes	258,181,476
Credit-notes carrying interest	51,000,000
Paper money	311,375,581
	<hr/>
	788,573,112

The above statement, which is taken from the "*Almanach de Gotha*," can only be approximative, and is itself founded upon a fuller account of the state of the Russian debt in Von Reden, "*Russland's Kraft-Elemente*," pp. 360 ff.; but there appears to be an error in the first item which that author gives, p. 360, and again, p. 365, as a sum of Dutch florins and not of silver roubles, which would reduce that amount by one-half. The sum itself consists of the balances of foreign loans contracted since 1820 and in course of redemption, including also a portion of the old debt of Holland, undertaken by Russia in 1815. But the most important fact to notice respecting the Russian debt, the total of which would in itself not seem alarming to an English eye, is the large proportion of it which consists of "paper money." This paper money is not, indeed, to be confounded with the paper roubles or assignats, of which there were in circulation in 1817, 836 millions, at a rate of exchange to the silver rouble of $25\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. In 1824, 595 millions were still in circulation, at a rate of 27 per cent. to the silver rouble. By an ukase of 1839 $3\frac{1}{4}$ paper roubles were declared to be equivalent to one silver rouble. But of this particular paper there does not appear to be in circulation more than S. R. 4,255,600. But an ukase of 1st January, 1840, established the Deposit-banks, for the purpose of issuing deposit-notes against coin and bullion. Of these deposit-notes, not bearing interest, there are only in circulation apparently, S. R. 280,438. By an ukase of 1st July, 1841, were issued credit-notes to the extent of 30 millions silver roubles, in notes of 50 roubles each, and every method was taken to encourage the investment of trust moneys and savings

in these securities; and it was provided, that there should always be kept in hand, in gold and silver, at least one-sixth part of the amount so deposited. Further provisions were made concerning the issue of these notes on 13th of June, 1843, and in December, 1844, the total of the precious metals in hand as security for these notes was found to be 70,464,246 silver roubles. The public received these notes with perfect confidence, and on 1st of January, 1847, the metallic security for their liquidation amounted to 101,287,478 silver roubles. In the same year, by an ukase of the 12th of April, an amount of 30 millions of silver roubles was invested in French and English funds on account of the metallic capital. It is not known that that operation was repeated, which it probably was not to any extent, but on the 14th of June, 1852, there was only found to be in the vaults of the castle of St. Peter and St. Paul, where the metallic reserve is deposited, a capital of 9,270,000 silver roubles in gold, and 2,000,000 silver roubles in silver. This small apparent reserve could only be accounted for on the supposition of there being large balances in the several bureaux, of which, however, no explanation was given. There are estimated to have been in circulation on the 1st of January, 1853, of credit notes an amount of 311,375,581 silver roubles; they bear an interest of 4·32 per cent., that is 18 kopecks per month on each note of 50 roubles, and are thus analogous to our Exchequer Bills. The soundest of our own financiers have always been opposed to any great extension of the unfunded debt; what would be thought of the condition of England if, at the very opening of a great war, one-half of her debt consisted of Treasury notes of the above description? We say one half, for further additions have been since made to the amount of notes in circulation on January 1, 1853. By an ukase of December 28, in the same year, it was referred to the Senate to authorize the emission of a reserve capital of notes, 10 millions of silver roubles, of the creation of June, 1843, and the creation of a further reserve-capital of 40 millions. And by a further ukase, January 18, 1854, six series of notes of three millions each were issued. It should be observed, also, that even at the date of January 1, 1853, the financial condition was by no means prosperous. The debt had increased within the eleven preceding years—years of peace—at the rate of 46 per cent., or 225,034,000 silver roubles, including 77,750,000 silver roubles, loan for the Moscow and St. Petersburg Railway; of the total addition, 120,323,000 silver roubles was funded debt, and 104,710,000 paper obligations. The paper rouble circulation is now rapidly falling to the condition of the old assignats.

It may be noticed further that, taking the Russian debt at

123,000,000*l.*, it gives an amount of about 1*l.* 18*s.* per head of the population; and, taking the ordinary public income at 44,500,000*l.*, it gives a capitation of 13*s.* 10*d.* each on a population of 65,000,000. This seems an extremely small burden, relatively, to that with which England enters on the war, which would give, taking the debt as it stood on the 31st of March last, a capitation of 28*l.* 4*s.*; and, taking the annual expenditure at its rate in peace of 52 millions, a capitation of about 1*l.* 18*s.* to a population of 27,500,000.

But the weight of debt and of taxation is to be estimated, not simply per head, but relatively to the means and incomes of those on whom it falls; and we have seen reason already to conclude that, relatively to ability to bear it, the taxation necessary to England to ensure the successful carrying on of this war, will be borne with far greater ease than any increase of taxation, however insignificant, can be borne by the subjects of Russia. And when we have spoken above of an addition of 21 millions sterling to the cost of the army of Russia, we must be well aware that an additional annual outlay of four times that sum for several years together, would be necessary to enable that power to hold out against the united resources of France and England. The burden of a debt such as ours is a burden or mortgage upon the national estate, and does not affect each present generation as it flows on, further than as the annual charge adds to the annual imposts. So that the point of comparison will be, whether the Englishman can bear per head a taxation for the present of the amount which the wants of the war, and his ordinary expenses, and the provision for interest on his mortgage require of him, with more facility than the Russian can bear his like burdens.

It has appeared already that the values of products exchangeable with other countries give rise to an import and export trade amounting, together, to sums which, divided among the Russian population, show an interest in the national business of 9*s.* per head; while a similar interest in surplus products gives to each Englishman an interest in trade operations of 124*s.* per head, and to each Frenchman of 45*s.* per head, extra-European commerce excluded. Considering the infinitely greater power which there is in a concentrated population, facilities of railway intercourse which are afforded in the two countries compared with the third, and natural advantages of climate, as telling upon the relative efficiency of the respective populations, we are well justified in assuming that, if the Russian can bear with his usual business of 9*s.*, a taxation annually of 13*s.* 10*d.*, the Englishman, relatively to his trade of 6*l.* 4*s.*, could bear 9*l.* 10*s.* 7*d.*, and the Frenchman, relatively to his trade of 2*l.* 5*s.*, could bear 3*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.* We do not, of course, intend to say, that

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I

the trade of these respective countries puts in the pocket of each individual an exact benefit which he can hand over to the service of the State, but it furnishes as accurate a gauge as any other which can be devised, whereby to test, not absolute, but relative capability of taxation. According to this test, the Russian is already more highly taxed than the Frenchman or the Englishman, and it would be quite out of the question to think that he could bear a taxation, even if his resources were not otherwise interfered with, such as that which is borne without derangement by the populations of England and France.

And if one word must be said concerning the human material with which the war is to be carried on, there will be no want of men on the side of the Allies, no overwhelming supply on the part of the adversary. Men will not spring up earthborn any more from the steppes of Russia, than from the plains of France or out of the hedgerows of England. The army of France may be taken safely at an effective force of 600,000 men, besides a foreign legion. The army of England, on the footing voted in the Budget for 1855-56, consists of cavalry 15,410, infantry 187,655, artillery 22,341, a total of 225,406: deducting on service in India and the colonies 50,000, there remain 175,406, to which is to be added a foreign legion of 14,950; indeed, at our present rate, there will be no difficulty in sustaining a force of 200,000 men for the service of this war; and if this number be far from equal to that of our French friends, we must contribute in an increased ratio to other expenditures, and particularly by naval services, so as to equalize our sacrifices, if not in all respects our glories. The French marine in 1854 consisted of 290 vessels of war of 11,773 guns, together with 407 steam-vessels of 28,750 horse-power. The fleet of England consists of 290 sailing-vessels of 10,421 guns, together with 231 screw-steamers of 54,417 horse-power, with an armament of 3643 guns, an immense number of steam transports not being enumerated.

The Russian army is said to exceed a million of men; that is to say—Guards 58,211, infantry 686,400, cavalry 156,000, artillery 69,500, engineers 78,500, Cossacks 20,000—1,068,611. The Russian fleet consisted in 1854 of 60 ships of the line of 70 to 120 guns, 37 frigates of 40 to 60 guns, 70 corvettes, brigs, &c., and 40 steamers. It was armed with 9,000 guns, and manned with 42,000 sailors and 20,000 marines. If thus there may seem to be some advantage, numerically, on the side of the Russians as to land forces actually on foot, there is none in the numbers of the population from which those supplies are to continue to be drawn; there is a disadvantage in the weakness of that population by reason of its thinness, by reason of its less wealth, by reason of its extended frontier, by reason of its opera-

tions having, in fact, no base, while the sea is the base of the operations of the Allies. We have omitted also altogether the Turkish and Sardinian quotas.

The English are disposed to admit readily, that in some sense they are not a military nation. But let us distinguish. If this mean, that our insular position, rendering us perfectly secure in ordinary times of peace, dispenses with our keeping up a semblance of war, and indisposes us to wear the sword as a part of our dress when its work as a weapon is done, we may allow that we are not military. If it mean, that we are too jealous of the prerogatives of our sovereigns, or too suspicious of the discretion of their ministers, to place in their hands the dangerous instrument of a large standing army in time of peace—if it mean, that we are too utilitarian, or too moral, to maintain a number of men in barracks or in quarters, to become idlers, drunkards, and debauchers of the daughters of the peasantry—if it mean, that we are naturally too industrious to like playing at soldiers, when by real work we might add to the comforts of our wives and children—then let us admit, without shame, that we are not a military people. But if it mean, that there is wanting in the heart of an Englishman that natural resentment which is the basis of all virtuous indignation at wrong, of all chivalry, of all executive justice, and of all reasonable liberty—then it is a libel to suppose it. We are not military now by actual training and practice; but this is a defect which will be remedied in time, and effectually before this war is done. And meanwhile let us remember, that other maritime peoples, furnishing but few citizen-soldiers—Athens, Carthage, Venice—have not been unequal to the sustaining great wars, or to the conducting mighty sieges. In the hands of able generals, the Mauritanians, Numidians, Spaniards, Gauls, who were associated in the expeditions of Carthage, could be welded together and wielded as one army; and in the crisis of her fortunes—in the Hannibalic war—it was no want of soldiery, no want of courage in the men who fought under her standards, no enfeeblement of her troops through the arts of peace, nor with her was it the want of a general whose strategic power was equal to his patriotism, which gave the preponderance to her enemy; but it was the ill-working of an oligarchical constitution—it was faction at home.

2. We have now, perhaps, said quite enough, and for many much more than enough, in order to show generally, that England can bear this war; but it is well to fortify virtue with confidence; and a necessary element, even in the hero's courage, is faith in his own power. But if we can probably sustain this effort, and prosecute our undertaking to a final issue, are we justified in our undertaking—justified in persevering in it? And we suppose

that this question is not in discussion with schoolboy politicians, who think that the responsibility of those who undertake mighty wars can be brought to a simple technical test, as police magistrates decide which of two persons engaged in some street disturbance, is to pay a fine or be sent to prison, upon the mere evidence of the first blow, or of the first obvious provocation. Wars, like revolutions, issue out of comparatively small occasions; but the meanness of their immediate occasions supplies no just measure of the greatness of their objects. The case of Don Pacifico might have occasioned this European war—*fit experimentum in corpore vili*; and the insurrection of European liberty against the enslaving policy of the North, would have been as justifiable as it is now—as justifiable if it had arisen out of that mean occasion, wherein everybody concerned was, on the surface, wrong—as when it arose out of another occasion, little less mean, of the jealousies of rival ecclesiastics, wherein no one could be perfectly in the right.

But there occurs a very grave objection, and we must not blink it, to the course which England has pursued in allying herself with France against Russia. It may be said, that however desirable, in the abstract, the ends to which that policy appears to be directed, it was not competent to England to embark in it; that she was committed to the opposite policy and the opposite alliance; that her hands were tied by previous understandings. Let us honestly confess that Russia may have had reason to think so. No doubt, while we were accusing her statesmen of deception and tergiversation and Jesuitry, they were accusing us of vacillation and treachery; while we were wondering that our demonstrations had no effect, they took them for mere shams, inasmuch as they believed us to be pledged not to carry demonstrations into realities. Truth, according to our apprehension of it, obliges us to say, that these expectations on the part of our present adversary were not without foundation. Sorrowfully we confess it, because the honour of England is touched by the admission. But let us examine, probe courageously, in order that we may decide fearlessly and honestly as to our policy for the future.

In 1844, the Duke of Wellington was in power, and the then Emperor of Russia paid a well-remembered visit to England. We have no right to assume, indeed we have no room left for assuming, that the understanding which was come to, on occasion of that visit, between the Emperor and the then ministers, was other than that which was embodied in the *Memorandum by Count Nesselrode, delivered to Her Majesty's Government, and founded on communications received from the Emperor of Russia subsequently to his Imperial Majesty's visit to England in June,*

1844. This memorandum was kept continually before the eyes of our successive Ministers for Foreign Affairs, and by any who had the most superficial knowledge of what the policy of Russia had been in her successive aggrandizements, of what her methods had been in carrying it out, it could receive but one interpretation; could receive but one interpretation, as to the part which it was understood England should play in the adjustment of the affairs of Turkey. This document must by no means be ignored, inasmuch as it constitutes the very basis of the indictment against the honour of England; and as unfriendly commentators will take care to remind us of it, we should turn it to use, and take such warning from it as it suggests. It commences by an undertaking to keep things as they were with respect to Turkey as long as possible. The value of this understanding, translated into Russian, ought to have been understood by those who remembered, as politicians by profession must be supposed to have remembered, how long the last division of Poland was postponed, after the understanding between Russia and Prussia to preserve the Constitution of Poland intact. It then goes on thus with respect to Turkey, with the passages which, from their great significance we repeat below, though too well-known already.*

* "However, they must not conceal from themselves how many elements of dissolution that empire contains within itself. Unforeseen circumstances may hasten its fall, without its being in the power of the friendly Cabinets to prevent it.

"As it is not given to human foresight to settle beforehand a plan of action for such or such unlooked-for case, it would be premature to discuss eventualities which may never be realized.

"In the uncertainty which hovers over the future, *a single fundamental idea* seems to admit of a really practical application: it is that the danger which may result from a catastrophe in Turkey will be much diminished, if, in the event of its occurring, Russia and England have come to an understanding as to the course to be taken by them in common. . . .

"Isolated, the action of these two Powers might do much mischief; united, it can produce a real benefit: thence, the advantage of *coming to a previous understanding before having recourse to action.*

"This notion was in principle *agreed upon during the Emperor's last residence in London.* The result was the eventual engagement, that *if anything unforeseen occurred in Turkey, Russia and England should previously concert together as to the course which they should pursue in common.*

"The object for which Russia and England will have to come to an understanding may be expressed in the following manner:—

"1. To seek to maintain the existence of the Ottoman Empire in its present state, so long as that political combination shall be possible.

"2. If we foresee that it must crumble to pieces, *to enter into previous concert as to everything relating to the establishment of a new order of things, &c.*

"For the purpose thus stated, the policy of Russia and of Austria, as we have already said, is closely united by the principle of *perfect identity.* If England, as the principal maritime power, acts in concert with them, it is to be supposed

We need not concern ourselves with the mere phraseology of this now celebrated paper, or note such inconsistencies as the "previous concert for common action if anything *unforeseen* should occur;" and the "entering into previous concert if we *foresee* that Turkey must crumble to pieces." As it is, the paper is much more straightforward and intelligible than State papers frequently are; and the contradiction between the "unforeseen" and the "foreseen" is only apparent; it is as when some young spendthrift speculates to his intimates on "eventualities which may never be realized," on what he might do if *anything should happen* to his dear old uncle; the "unforeseen" is a euphemism for the fated and the imminent. But this is very bad—nothing can be worse: *Ils s'entendent comme larrons en foire*. But who? The Emperor and the Ministers of the Queen for the time being—but not the people of England. Yet, since 1844, we have had many changes of Ministry. We have had Liberals—so-called—in power, great sticklers for "civil and religious liberty all over the world." Certainly they never repudiated this precious undertaking. Is Sir Hamilton Seymour, when he goes to St. Petersburg, instructed to know anything of the existence of such a document?—or does he go as a machine and channel of communication only; as a mere pump—a sucker and spout? Since the paper was revealed, we have been able to comprehend the turn of the confidential communications, on the part of the late Emperor, which took place with Sir Hamilton; and on the supposition that the latter was officially ignorant of the paper, which he ought not to have been, we may understand his virtuous surprise as the meaning of these confidences broke upon him—but not otherwise. Yet we must acknowledge that the conversations of the Emperor with Sir Hamilton, now that we have the key to them, were justified as between him and the British Court; that his propositions were not of the nature of bribes then offered for the first time to seduce the virgin integrity of England; rather they were proposals—honourable, as honour is understood in some relations—as to a method of partition of booty between two confederate . . . Powers. Even to the last, the Emperor seems to have thought, that the English Government could not be in earnest in its hostile demonstrations, with Lord

that France will be obliged to act in conformity with the course agreed upon between St. Petersburg, London, and Vienna.

"Conflict between the great Powers being thus obviated, it is to be hoped that the peace of Europe will be maintained, even in the midst of such serious circumstances. It is to secure this object of common interest, if the case occurs, that, as the Emperor agreed with Her Britannic Majesty's Ministers during his residence in England, the previous understanding which Russia and England shall establish between themselves must be directed."

Aberdeen, the friend of the old Duke and of Sir Robert Peel, at the head of it. The feelings of the Emperor towards that Ministry, and his expectations from it, may be judged of by the extract given below from a communication which would be offensive to any honourable British minister, from its mingled wiliness and quiet presumption.*

The thanks to Lord Aberdeen, for the "salutary impulse given to the decisions of the British Cabinet," the expression of sensibility to his "*new proof of confidence*"—half flattery, half sneer—must have been gravelling, one should think, to any minister of Great Britain, in whatever part of it he might have been born; but especially so to Lord Aberdeen, when he remembered the upshot of the treaty of Adrianople; the way in which a former proof of confidence on the part of the British Government had been met; the ineffectual protest which he had addressed to the Russian Government when it was too late; and when the whole of the eastern coast of the Black Sea, and therewith the means of subjugating the Caucasus, of flanking Anatolia, of effectually intimidating Persia, of distantly menacing our Indian possessions, had already passed into the hands of the Imperial head of the Conservative party.

* "NESSELRODE TO BRUNNOW.

"April 7, 1853.

"M. LE BARON,—It has given us much satisfaction to perceive, as well by this dispatch as by the summary of your communications with the British Ministers, that all the first reports spread at Constantinople, in regard to her instructions, had caused no alarm or apprehension to the Cabinet of London; satisfied by the personal assurances which it has received in this matter from the Emperor, that his majesty's desire and determination are to respect the independence and integrity of the Turkish empire; and that, *if his views in this respect should undergo any change*, our august master would be the first to *apprize the English Government of it*."

Then, after referring to the question of the Holy Places:

"The English government must themselves see, that France is not always accessible to counsels of moderation, since the wise representations which they made to her, through Lord Cowley, have not availed to prevent the departure of the French squadron.

"The Emperor desires you, M. le Baron, to thank Lord Aberdeen and Lord Clarendon, *very particularly in his name*, for the salutary impulse which they have recently given to the decisions of the British Cabinet. The former has, on this occasion, *shown us a new proof of his confidence, of which our august master is highly sensible*. The latter, *with whom our relations have hardly yet commenced, thus enters upon them under auspices which justify us in hoping that they will be of the most satisfactory nature*. In relying upon our assurances in refusing to follow France in a step, if not hostile, at least marked with distrust toward us, England, under present circumstances, has performed an act of wise policy. . . . In this point of view Lord Aberdeen appears to us to have *fully understood the important part which England had to play*, and we are *happy to congratulate him upon it*, persuaded beforehand of the impartiality which he will display in carrying it out."

What, then, is the position of the English nation? It is a distressing one, no doubt; but not a difficult one. The nation is in the position of one, for whom his agents have entered into an immoral contract. The other party feels aggrieved—we feel humiliated; but if humiliated by the entanglement of a wicked undertaking made for us, we should have been more humiliated by its fulfilment. If the fulfilment, indeed, had been a mere matter of interest to ourselves—if we could have extricated ourselves from all obligation and all responsibility by the payment of money, or by the sacrifice of some object of national ambition, it would have been our duty to do it. But if it involves the ruin of the weak, of a weak friend in whose affairs we have always been interfering, whom we have been always pestering with our advice; if it involves the sealing up for ever, “in the interest of” so-called “conservatism, and of present peace,” the hopes of rational liberty for Europe, or of surrendering to another, as all the burden, so all the honour, of contending in a noble cause; if it involves certain present contempt and sure danger to the freedom of our own people, at no very distant time, in order that the men of one short generation may be undisturbed in their ease, and in the getting in of their lucre; then let us give to the winds, like gossamer threads, all official and non-official and semi-official and confidential and personal and secret understandings, confidences, and entanglements, which may fetter our actions in a great undertaking to which we are called. And having so done, let us especially take heed what servants we employ for the future, and that we know well how far they are committing us. Let us especially take heed not to be entangled again in the yoke of bondage which we have cast off. We are now embarked too far to recede or hesitate in a quarrel with an Empire which we have at last thwarted and disappointed in the very hour when the policy of ages seemed about to receive its consummation. We must not flatter ourselves that this is an ordinary misunderstanding, to be patched up again by an interchange of a few protocols; the maxim of *μισοῦντες ὥς ἀνθις φιλήσουντες* will not apply to those who are arrayed against each other in this war. Had our statesmen remained the tools of the Muscovite policy, we may be sure that they and we would have been sacrificed at last, as meaner tools had been before. Royal conspirators destroy a best friend with as little compunction as they destroy the humblest slave; not because they hate him, but because his destruction can be useful. So should we have been destroyed, without hate, when, in the cold calculation of an unswerving ambition, our turn and time had come. But now we should be destroyed not only out of ambition, but out of hate. One may travel far in the company of an assassin without discovering his character, and without

injury ; but when once that character shall have been revealed, when once the stiletto shall have been seen in his bosom, or the pommel of his horse-pistol from under his riding coat—above all, when once his companion shall have quarrelled with him, it is not safe ever then to become his friend, or to quit him, until his arms shall have been wrested from him. In the Baltic and in the Black Sea, we hold Russia by the two wrists ; if through any weakness we let go either hand, before she is altogether disarmed, we shall rue it,—we should be as mad as would have been the London Police, on a celebrated day, had they suffered the populace to cross the bridges, on the hither side of which lay the metropolis and its spoils.

3. Russia would not tear with her own hands, and yet she has torn with her own hands the treaty of Kainardji and the treaty of Adrianople ; the cessions made by those treaties revert as to their title, by the very circumstance of war, to the ceding Power, they become her possessions, whenever in the course of war she shall occupy them by herself or by her allies. By the treaty of Adrianople was ceded to Russia the eastern coast of the Black Sea ; by the treaty of Kainardji had been obtained its western coast, the Crimea, and the Sea of Azoff. Shortly we trust the whole of this line will be in the occupation of the Allied Powers, to be occupied by them till the conclusion of peace ; but not such a peace as shall give it up again into the hands from which it shall have been wrested.

Is it necessary to recapitulate the working out of a policy traditional for a century and a half ? Is it necessary to show the gradual annexations by which Russia has become what she is ; to indicate not only the enormous growth of her area, but her acquisition of coast-line, of ports, of commanding situations ? Is it necessary even to refer to the mighty changes effected in the condition of Russia relatively to the world, by that most unhappy treaty of Kainardji and by the acquisition of Finland ? Is it necessary to point out, that the leverage by which she has been disturbing the foundations of the Turkish empire is precisely that whereby she prepared a pretext for Polish annexation ; namely, the plea of extending her protection to persecuted co-religionists ? The policy of Russia has in fact convicted itself ; she has revealed that the purpose of her acquisitions has been possession and conquest ; not security, well-being, commerce, and civilization. Russia has used her acquisition of Finland for the purpose of erecting fortresses not required for her own safety ; not merely haughty demonstrations, not merely insults, but engines for the speedy subjugation of neighbouring nations, and threats to the whole of the West. She has used in like manner the acquisitions made by that fatal treaty of Kainardji, as means

of pressing more and more on the weak and as emblems of defiance to the peaceful strong. But had her will been otherwise; had her object been really the promotion of brotherly intercourse among mankind, the encouragement of traffic among nations, and the replacing the military glories and military miseries of the old worn-out world by the happier arts of peace, this object she might have carried out: it depended only on her, that the Baltic and the Black Sea should have been peaceful lakes, that their shores should have bristled with no threatening armaments, that their waters should for ever have been undisturbed by the booming gun, save in the rendering of some friendly salute. But that which Russia might have done, and has not done; might have done, and has obstructed the doing of it, must be done for her—must be done by others—must be done in spite of her. She had a high destiny before her, and has not wrought it out; others will enter upon it. She was possessed of an almost omnipotent instrumentality for the cause of peace and goodness; she has abused the instrument; it must be wrested from her, and be placed in worthier hands. But that is not to be done by four gentlemen meeting together in a room, and, as pugilists prelude to their mock encounters by shaking of hands, first assuring one another of their feelings of the highest mutual consideration, and then quoting at one another the fag ends of schoolboy historical lessons.

Neither politically nor strategically should this war be conducted with the object of striking a heavy blow at the heart or in a sensitive part of the Russian empire, in order to tame the spirit of that government sufficiently to induce it to condescend to negotiation. The strategical objects of the war and the political objects of our statesmen, if they take a sufficiently large view of the circumstances of Europe, do in fact coincide. In other words, we must work out a result by our arms, retain what we have wrought by occupation, and only make peace on the principle of *uti possidetis*. We cannot expect the Tzar, any Tzar, to give up; we must take from him all which the future security of the world demands. And although hitherto the conduct of the war has shed but little lustre on the name of England, while it has diffused sorrows throughout the hearts of her people not to be forgotten in this generation, the movement of it has advanced slowly in the direction which we have indicated. The waves both of the Black Sea and of the Baltic acknowledge no longer the supremacy of Russian navies, but their shores have not yet passed into secure hands. With perseverance that shall be accomplished in another and another campaign; and God forbid that when that end shall have been arrived at, any royal complaisance or ministerial weakness—any cross-cutting of

parties, or parliamentary jobbery, should rob freedom and civilization of the security which shall have been so dearly won.

Knowing the exact process by which Russia, continually acquiring an extension of coast and a more and more dominant position in the Baltic and in the Black Sea, has become menacing not only to Turkey but to the whole world, it is simple to see what the process must be which should define it within safe bounds. The rights which have already accrued in the East from a state of war, and the events of the war itself, point out most clearly in that quarter the course which must be pursued. We have purposely abstained from remarking on the Russian acquisitions made in course of time in the centre of Europe, because there does not seem to be any practical opening for effecting any modifications in those regions at present. And it would be extremely unwise to become negociators for that which we shall not be in a position to demand, thereby tying our own hands as to the disposition of other lands and waters, which the fact of war and the right of war, by actual abrogation of treaties, shall have placed fully in our power.

For the state of war revives titles and resumes cessions. By the state of war Bessarabia reverts, as to its title, to Turkey; and so does the province of Cherson, or that which is comprised between the Dniester and the Dnieper; and so does Ekaterinoslavl with the district of Taganrog. The Tauride, coinciding nearly with the Khanate, together with the Kuban, has no legal claimant whatever, and belongs in fact to him to whom occupation shall give it. The coast of Circassia is naturally resumed by the tribes adjoining to it. Thus the margin of those waters passes out of the hands of that Power which has made such an ill use of its possession. It is of course necessary to add to the legal title the title of actual occupation; and when these regions are in the occupation of Turkey and her Allies, it will be safe to make peace, as far as the East is concerned, but not before; to make peace not on a basis of negotiation, but on a basis of fact, and on the simple principle of *uti possidetis*. For we must observe, that should these countries, and especially the Crimea and its ancient dependencies, be conceded to Russia by any treaty which shall terminate this war, she will obtain, under the recognition of the Powers parties to the treaty, a title which she has not hitherto possessed. Russia is in the Crimea the occupier of a house which the rightful owner abandoned some time ago by cajolery, or bribery, or terror; and the English, French, and Sardinians who effect their lodgment there, have as much title to the occupation as she.

When the countries we have described shall have passed practically into the disposition of the Allies, there will be afforded an

opportunity, not only of effectually curbing an ambitious Power, but of establishing in a definite instance two international principles, of the highest importance to the future peace and well-being of the world. The first is that of the free navigation of rivers, without distinction of bottoms, up to the point, at least, to which cargoes can be carried, without being transshipped; the mouths of all the rivers from the Don to the Danube would either be in the hands of those who would willingly establish a free navigation to this extent, or in the hands of those with whom such might be made a condition of settlement. The second is, that lakes and inland seas being free to the commerce of all nations, they should be forbidden to ships of war of any nation having boundaries on their coasts, or whose waters flow into them. Thus the commercial states which would grow up on the coasts of the Black Sea, being guaranteed under the great powers of Europe, would have no necessity for war navies; Russia would be put back from the coast, and having no maritime interests in that quarter which could require the protection of an armament, it would be forbidden her to pass down armed vessels from the upper part of the Don; it would be forbidden also to Turkey to have ships of war within the same waters, and she would have no temptation to it, as being removed from immediate contact with her ancient foe. These waters becoming lakes of peaceful commerce, it is to be hoped that our own merchants would not be slow in availing themselves of new markets about to rise up rapidly on those shores, and so would quickly compensate themselves for their present sacrifices; and it should be a care on the part of the Allies, in subordination only to the movements required by actual warfare, to effect occupations on the coasts ultimately to pass away from Russia, in those sites which shall be most favourable hereafter for commercial action upon the interior.

Much greater are the difficulties attending a satisfactory conclusion of the war and a safe restraint upon Russia in the interests of general peace, on the side of the Baltic. The Baltic is not far from being a Russian lake; it is not safe that it should remain so; it is not safe that a peace should be made on any the most favourable terms in the East, leaving Russia unrestrained within the Baltic, there to accumulate any force within her own havens, affording no immediate cause of interference, until the storm bursts, perhaps on our own shores. When we have disarmed, we shall disarm in earnest, and shall be little disposed to heed stories of Russian encroachments on Scandinavia, or Russian establishments on the Prussian coast, or Russian building of war-steamers. What we do now, let us do effectually; and let us apply as nearly as possible to the Baltic the principle which

may be fully carried out in the Black Sea ; treat it, that is, as an inland water, of which the coasts should be unarmed, and within which the force of the armed navies of the nations which bound it are to be defined expressly by treaty. Here, as in the East, the conduct of the war must be directed to attain, in fact, that which we shall be satisfied with as a basis of peace. If Åbo, Helsingfors, and Sveaborg, Wiborg, Cronstadt, Revel, are to be razed, we must raze them ourselves ; if the number of the Russian fleet is to be diminished, it must be reached and destroyed. It would be a dishonour to a nation like Russia to ruin her own power with her own hands, but it will be no dishonour to acquiesce in that which shall have been already accomplished. We must acknowledge that little has been done towards any such settlement as this in the Baltic. It can only be arrived at by the same method which has opened a way to ultimate success elsewhere, by the co-operation of land and sea forces, and by the occupation of portions of territory to be retained as securities, rendered independent, or at least not restored until other effectual securities for our objects be devised. These operations will be much facilitated by the adhesion of the Scandinavian Powers ; but we must remember, that we shall be bound, should they aid us in our undertaking, to protect them effectually when the war is done, against the Power which, let alone, could swallow them up. Many other moves, indeed, remain to be made on the European chess-board in the interest of a liberal policy, besides those which we have ventured to indicate, but they will depend on the moves of the adversary, which it is not wise to anticipate ; in a duel with revolvers it is prudent to reserve, if possible, the last shot.

Meanwhile, we must permit ourselves a few words in conclusion on two points, the first of which concerns our foreign relations, and the second our conduct, or the conduct of some of us at home. We must not be so anxious for peace as to forget our loyalty to those who have engaged with us in a war, technically justifiable in its immediate occasion, politically necessary as a defence against unlimited aggressions, and glorious in its results to civilization if we have courage and perseverance to gather them. We are not alone against Russia in this war ; it is not our personal quarrel ; we are not in any sense entitled to be the sole arbiters of European destinies, the sole judges of war and peace ; and we have in this case contracted special engagements which we must take care to fulfil. If we must acknowledge that some slur may rest upon our name, or at least some discredit be thrown upon the practical working of our vaunted constitution, in that the people have felt themselves morally constrained to disown, as unauthorized, undertakings entered into

by former servants of the Crown, let us take heed that the present purpose of the people be not nullified by those who wear, or are ambitious of wearing, the royal livery. We have contracted engagements with the French nation—a nation as sensitive as it is honourable and brave—and we must not think of patching up a peace, immediately it may seem convenient to English interests, without the concurrence of the people who have at least an equal interest in that matter with ourselves. In our present relation to that people, we have no concern with the form of government under which they have thought proper to place themselves; they are the best and the only proper judges, upon any true principle of international rights, of the suitableness of a Dictatorship to their present circumstances, of the worthiness of the hands to which they have entrusted it, and of the duration which they will give to that power. Little as we should brook the semblance of such a magistracy in our own realms, we may presume that our Gallic neighbours have apparently surrendered their liberties for awhile, in the real interest of liberty itself, as the citizens of Rome in great foreign and domestic emergencies, committed theirs likewise into the temporary keeping of an irresponsible officer, *ne quid detrimenti Respublica caperet*. This gain at least will have been secured from our present alliance—a gain to the cause of permanent peace hereafter—that we have abandoned all pretension to interfere in the domestic affairs of our neighbours. We are at once wielding the sword to protect the national liberty of Turkey against the interference of an aggressor; and we are laying down a weighty example, in spite of many a prejudice, of non-interference by word or deed in the internal affairs of our ancient rival. Europe we trust will not see another war arise out of friendship for a dynasty, or misliking of a constitution. The French nation will not be unmindful of our loyal change of policy, and we must not give them any occasion to think, that we are anxiously casting about to secure peace for ourselves, careless of leaving them isolated in the midst of Europe. Neither must we think of patching up a hasty peace, leaving an equally loyal ally of the second rank to the tender mercies of a Conservative re-action, with his territories pleasantly bounded by dominions subject to the Emperor and the Pope, to be disposed of under the powers of a new Concordat, if a new one would be required for that purpose. We must not abandon Turkey, as she has been abandoned more than once, leaving her last state worse than her first. We must not surrender mountain tribes, in whom, for our own policy, we have fanned the hope of liberty, for that flame to be quenched, as it has been before, in ashes and in blood.

And as to affairs at home: it is not worth while to speak of

those who declare plainly that they are opposed to all war, or that they are distinctly opposed to this war; nor yet is it worth while to speak of slippery politicians, fertile in distinctions, who, if they are with you to-day will part company to-morrow upon an infinitesimal difference—affecting a tone of intellectual and moral superiority, while, in fact, their logical acuteness is found to be no better than straw-splitting, and their moral principles no other than rhetorical common-places. But an expression of disappointment cannot be withheld when we observe a statesman who inscribes on his phylactery the motto of civil and religious liberty, or an illustrious person deeply interested in the security and honour of this country, omitting to employ occasions of publicly meeting their fellow-subjects in the way which the exigency of this time demands.

If a parliamentary leader has been brought by long dwelling on one subject, and by the flattery of his followers, to a condition in which he is incapable of fairly measuring his own powers, or of estimating the relative importance of political objects for the time being, at least let us resolve that to such a one we will never entrust ourselves, when there is need of an eye far-seeing and quick, to act as our guide across the treacherous mountain or as our pilot to weather the storm. Is it conceivable, that a statesman should have undertaken to speak to his countrymen on the theme of civil and religious liberty, and that he could adopt no illustration which would convey more instruction, awaken more present interest, better arouse and direct the generous emotions of a free people, in the day of their championship for national liberties, than the story of Galilei—the very same that he put as an example when a boy in his theme for his private tutor: he might as well for any sympathy of his hearers, or any practical effect upon their wills, have discoursed to them of the patience of Job or the justice of Aristides.

Must we suppose that the coming forth of public and distinguished persons to address the people of England, observing the while a studious, an ominous silence upon those topics which now make the heart of the Englishman beat quick, is of the nature of a feeler? We are very confident that such feelers have been put forth prematurely—that they will be withdrawn—as the eye of the snail, tremblingly protruded, when it meets with an object harder than itself, is speedily returned into the soft head from which it sprouted.

That which lies before England as the duty of to-day must be done well and effectually, even if for the present it be done exclusively. Other things may wait. The Tzarate is like the Papacy, it never allows that it is in the wrong, never admits that

it is defeated, all its titles are indefeasible, and its designs are never abandoned, only postponed. But the reckonings of all kinds which with us await the close of this war, will, if the close of it be inglorious for England and unfruitful in European liberty, issue in agitations which will render us incapable of taking part in foreign affairs for many years to come. If we now leave our work unfinished, it may or may not be completed by other hands, but it is not likely that we shall ever, as a nation, have the opportunity of resuming it. And he is the truest patriot who labours among us, that the termination of this war may be, if it may so be speedy, but above all satisfactory and effectual. To reach that much desired haven he will have to drive on the Galley of the State, steadily but not in haste, in the face of trying storms of warfare, skilfully avoiding the shoals of foreign diplomacy, and the rocks of domestic faction, partisanship, and self-seeking; and he will have to take heed, that no *unseen Remora* hinders the onward progress of the gallant ship.

ART. V.—MILITARY EDUCATION FOR OFFICERS.

Report from the Select Committee on Sandhurst Royal Military College, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. June 18, 1855.

HAVING an army, should its officers know how to do their duty or not? Unquestionably, yes. But should they be previously instructed in the knowledge of their duties? This is questioned: agreeing as all do in the necessity for professional knowledge, some doubt the necessity of any education to obtain it. The "old-fashioned officers" think that subalterns from Sandhurst "know too much." Though in the art of war they may not be Phocians, nor destined to relieve Byzantium against the Philip of this age, yet they are honest men, and say, with the honestest man in Greece, "How many generals I have, how few soldiers!" Sir John Burgoyne, a very considerable authority, thinks that "examinations and certificates are fallacious, sometimes even as to the very qualities which you wish to bring out;" that "general recommendations from schoolmasters and officers are of more value:" that "the educational qualification for an officer entering the army might be very slight; he would have them write decently in English from dictation; would allow the first four rules of arithmetic, but not fractions, which is going a little too far; loga-

rithms too hard, simple equations quite beyond them to acquire ; algebra has little to do with military duties ;" being asked whether it would not be very mischievous that, "while the education of the whole country is progressing, a certain stimulus should not be given to that of officers?" Answers, "No : does not see the great advantage of education pushed to a great extent : thinks that where studies are pushed too far it very often leads to idleness and neglect and dissipation, as much as where they are not ;" "objects to any theoretical knowledge at all being enforced ;" you "may have very good commanding officers in the field, excellent generals of division, a very good general without it ;" "doubts if the Duke of Wellington had any very high theoretic knowledge ; thinks it likely that he could not have solved a problem in Euclid, or even worked out a question in simple equations or logarithms ;" in short, "an officer may be a very good officer, without any education at all ;" "practice and experience are of more value than all the theory."*

These statements, put thus nakedly, are startling and provocative enough. They must be taken as a blunt soldier's indignant protest, delivered without reserve or qualification, against the intellectual assumption and hollowness of the day : it is against frowardness without towardness, profession without proficiency, that the Inspector-General of Fortifications directs his artillery. He knows the British officer to be handy and active, and fears he will be turned into a pedant and a book-worm. He has in view *not* education, but cramming—a system which, avowedly accepting the means for the end, crowds the mind with a given amount of information in a given time, loads the memory with words, names, dates, and facts, without any attempt at teaching the order and the use of these instruments. He cannot mean that process which draws out the powers of our being—power of thought and inward will, power of observation and outward action, power of analysing, combining, discerning, contriving, of seeing good ends clearly and pursuing them steadily. The complaints made by practical men against our systems of education seem only too applicable to such military education as we have : we cannot dismiss them by imputing interested motives, by roundly charging the complainants with ignorance and with unwillingness that any should be better instructed than themselves. Sir John Burgoyne's scientific acquirements are beyond question, and his censures point to real defects, which it should be our endeavour to discover and to supply. But, in arguing against the abuse of theoretical teaching, the aged General forgets his own school days, and fails to see that the mistake lies, not in the acquisition

* The Evidence of Lieutenant-General Sir John Burgoyne, p. 92, &c.
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of such knowledge, but in the resting there; and that the remedy must be, not its abolition, but its practical exemplification, either in the actual operations of war, as with him, or in what the French call *écoles d'application*. "Practice and experience" are no substitutes; for though most excellent, they are most expensive mistresses, and the price at which they teach the art of war is loss of life—*πόλεμος βίαιος διδάσκαλος*. The Duke very probably was possessed, early in life, of much theoretical knowledge; with this object in view he left Eton for the Sandhurst of that day, the French military school at Angers;* he thought of himself, that figures and finance were his forte; he wrote elaborate financial reports on the very eve of battle. His historian says of him, that "his victories were the least of his labours, while the political, financial, and military pressure he sustained was enormous."† The Duke founded in 1849 that very system of examination for officers to which objection is made. We really claim the Duke as a witness on our side. We take it his mathematics were sufficient for all practical purposes. Had it been said of him what Dr. George said of the King of Prussia, that, with all his victories, he could not conjugate a verb in *μ*, we should have offered no defence of the Chancellor of the University of Oxford. Examinations may be fallacious; but certificates, testimonials, recommendations, and so forth, are a bye-word and a scandal: no head of a department thinks of trusting to them; self-interest, easiness of temper, write them by the bushel; the temptation is irresistible to the good-natured at the public expense. Examiners may be "a little out of humour" sometimes, and show off their cleverness to the candidate's disadvantage, but the leaning is rather towards undue facility; their patience is generally remarkable, and their endeavour is to discover what a man does know, rather than what he does not. The Royal Military College cadets are very possibly conceited, and why? Because they know more than their brother officers: no one displays what is common to others with himself; all affectation proceeds on the assumption of superior talents and acquirements, and it must require far greater moderation than can be reasonably expected of youths in their teens, not to display offensively that professional knowledge, which all ought to

* In 1751 was founded the *Ecole Royale Militaire de Paris*, where boys, from eight to thirteen years old, able to prove a noble descent on the father's side for four generations (there is a similar provision in *Mad. de Maintenon's* foundation for girls, at *St. Cyr*), were alone admitted. In 1776, this *Ecole Royale* was disbanded at Paris, and the pupils distributed among twelve colleges throughout the provinces. Angers (the Duke's school) was one of these, *Brienne* (Napoleon's school) was another.

† Napier's Preface to "English Battles and Sieges in the Peninsula and South of France."

possess, but which they find themselves singular in having. Were military knowledge general, the opportunity for its exhibition would cease, except it were really worth exhibiting.

But the time is past for arguing the uses of education in the army, or out of it. Education for the rich in our Universities and in public schools, for the poor in our parochial, for outcasts in ragged, for paupers in workhouses and out, for private soldiers and their children in regimental schools, for masters in our various Normal Colleges and Training Institutions—the impulse has reached every corner of our social system: our very differences and antagonisms show our earnestness; and nowhere in our commonwealth has this question received a more satisfactory solution than in the army itself. The merit of originating the regimental schools belongs to Mr. Baring, Mr. Sidney Herbert, and Mr. Gleig: their excellent effect on the moral and intellectual character of the private soldiers is seen in the diminution of military offences, and in the many touching letters which have been written from the camp. How can the officer remain the sole exception to that law of progress which comprehends the very men he commands? “Time moveth so round, that a forward retention of custom is as turbulent a thing as innovation;” and the question now is, as with every other class, so with regard to the officer, not whether, but how he shall be educated. To say nothing of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich founded in 1741 for the more avowedly scientific branches of the service, “’tis sixty years since,” or nearly, that the senior department of the Royal Military College was established, as the Royal warrant of 1799 states, “for the purpose of instructing officers in the scientific part of their profession, with the view of enabling them better to discharge their duty when acting in command of regiments (the situation in which they can best recommend themselves to us, and be entitled to hope for advancement in the higher stations of our service), and at the same time of qualifying themselves to be employed in the Quartermaster-General’s and Adjutant-General’s departments.” The efficient discharge of ordinary regimental, as well as staff duties, was even then supposed to be in a measure dependent on scientific acquirements, which were encouraged by the hope of reward.

The failure of the Duke of York’s first expedition in the Netherlands brought out the defects of our army then as now, and as ever, when a machine is put to work after long inaction. Sir Ralph Abercrombie, who served with the local rank of Lieutenant-General, and was charged with the conduct of the retreat, advocated shortly afterwards the formation of an establishment for the instruction of officers in all particulars of their duty. The Duke of York, whether a great commander or not (and certainly

the ill success of this expedition is not to be laid at his door), was a warm-hearted man, loving his soldiers of whatever rank, and beloved by them. As afterwards, when Commander-in-Chief, he founded the Royal Military Asylum at Chelsea—intended by him, whatever the after abuses in its management, as indeed a refuge for military orphans—so in 1795 he was the patron of the proposed Staff School. The scheme was not, however, brought to bear till 1799, and then owing to the exertions of Major-General Le Marchant, a distinguished officer, who in 1812 met a glorious death on the plains of Salamanca, where, at the head of his brigade of heavy horse, “he made a most gallant and successful charge against a body of the enemy’s infantry, which was overthrown and cut to pieces;” and essentially contributed to “a beating such as army never received before,” “40,000 men defeated in forty minutes.”* The first commandant and instructor of the new institution was General Jarry, a Frenchman, who served on the personal staff of Frederic II. during the whole of the seven years’ war: returning to France with a general’s command, he followed the example of Dumourier, two years before, and in 1795 defected from the Republican army, and came to London. There he soon became favourably known, as a man of eminent talent, and a perfect master of the science and art of war, to Lord William Bentinck, whose military Mentor he was, and to General Le Marchant, by whom it was suggested that if General Jarry could be engaged to give lectures to young officers, it would be very advantageous to the service. He was so engaged, and, with one English and two French assistants to teach the rudiments of mathematics and fortification, settled at High Wycombe. This then was the origin of the senior department, the only institution in which an officer, not in the Artillery and Engineers, can obtain instruction in the scientific branches of his profession.

There was very little general science in the army in those days, and we fear also in these, and accordingly when a new commandant was wanted, first to assist and afterwards to succeed General Jarry, the present Sir Howard Douglas was transplanted from the Artillery; and with great zeal and ability conducted this department of the College for many years. May he live to be its restorer! Being required frequently to give his opinion respecting the mathematical and other acquirements of officers, candidates for staff employment, he felt himself placed in a difficulty; and wishing that their qualifications should not depend on his private opinion, or on certificates of professors given without examination, in 1806 he instituted public examinations before

* The Duke’s dispatch; his letter to Sir Thomas Graham and Napier.

the Commissioners of the College, and three classes of certificates, testifying to the holders having passed through the prescribed course of study, with more or less extension into the higher branches of science; and recommending them to the favourable notice of the Commander-in-Chief. The department, migrating from High Wycombe to Farnham in 1812, was settled at Sandhurst in 1820. This last move was disastrous every way: the institution lost its separate form and special character as a staff school for officers; it was merged in a school of boys, on which it was pecuniarily dependent, and of which it formed a sort of senior class: the numbers were reduced from thirty to fifteen, the military staff was dispensed with, the instructors were borrowed from the junior department; its respectability was lowered in the eyes of the army, being less attractive to officers of a certain rank, age, and service, who did not choose to go to a boys' school; its studies were less military and practical. In fact, the senior department cannot now claim to be an *école d'application d'état major*, or in any real sense a military school.* Neither its studies nor its teachers are military. The sole substitute for experience in war is the study of other men's experiences: but military history forms no part of the Sandhurst course. It has descended to a second-rate mathematical school. Permanent and field fortification, with military drawing and surveying, are the military portion of the studies; while the mathematical embraces arithmetic and algebra, Euclid, practical geometry, plane and spherical trigonometry and mensuration,

* "La connaissance de la grande tactique ne s'acquiert que par l'expérience et par l'étude de l'histoire des campagnes de tous les grands capitaines. Gustave-Adolphe, Turenne, Frédéric, comme Alexandre, Annibal, et César, ont tous agi d'après les mêmes principes: tenir ses forces réunies, n'être vulnérable sur aucun point, se porter avec rapidité sur les points importants: tels sont les principes qui assurent la victoire. Lisez, relisez les campagnes d'Alexandre, Annibal, César, Gustave, Turenne, Eugène, et de Frédéric; modelez vous sur eux: voilà le seul moyen de devenir grand capitaine, et de surprendre les secrets de l'art de la guerre. Votre génie, éclairé par cette étude, vous fera rejeter les maximes opposées à celles de ces grands hommes." That is Napoleon's testimony to the study of military history, as well quoted by Major Addison. We will add that of Marshal Marmont ("Esprit des Institutions Militaires," p. 4). "Les gens de guerre doivent en outre lire attentivement l'histoire des campagnes des grands généraux: car tout le génie de ces hommes supérieurs est dans l'application." In his *Précis*, Jomini has deduced the principles of the whole science and art of war from their application by eminent commanders. There are no subjects of military study which would not naturally group themselves round the centre of a great example: the topography of a country, tactics, strategy, hospitals, commissariat, the whole theory and practice of the formation, discipline, and economy of armies in quarters and in the field. We are not so rich in these, nor indeed in any other military works, as the French; but we have Sir Charles Pasley's and Sir Howard Douglas' works, Jones' "Sieges," and Napier's "Peninsular War."

mechanics, conic sections, analytical geometry, differential and integral calculus, a portion of either La Place's "*Mécanique Céleste*" or Poisson's "*Mechanics*." The text-books are one volume of military subjects to seven of general mathematics, and these last are said to abound in theoretical explanation, but to be deficient in practical examples and professional illustration.

It is difficult to assign a limit to mathematical studies, for, though possibly in practice we may not apply our Euclid, and so their direct effect may be small, yet their dynamical effect on the mind is great. Probably it would be sufficient to say that in a military school they should not be pursued further than they are practically applicable to professional pursuits; and we will endeavour by-and-bye to make the distinction. We would add this remark, that the habits of mind, derived by a mathematician from his more advanced researches, are not altogether those which are required in a military commander. Methodical, minute, painstaking, plodding, laborious in investigation, patient of fatigue, quick in combination, both must be: but to think and to determine, not in the cabinet, but in the field, amidst the thunder of artillery and the flashing of musketry; to foresee and to forefend losses and difficulties, to supply unexpected deficiencies, to observe with a sure intuition, to strike with a seeming impetuosity, to disregard ordinary rules under extraordinary contingencies, to know and to influence human nature, to hold the affections and wills of men as well as their bodies in the hand—these are qualities which belong not only to a higher but to another order of genius. No mathematics could indeed have taught Wellington to see and "to fix with the stroke of a thunderbolt" the fault which Marmont committed at Salamanca in extending his left flank so as to separate it from his centre:* but tactics and strategy and military history can be taught, which might suggest the inspiration, and would certainly afford the means of detecting and punishing the error. But at Sandhurst things are now come to such a pass in the senior department, that two professors, both civilians, compose its entire educational establishment; and its very existence is said to be owing to the multifarious abilities and marvellous exertions of one man. M. Narrien, properly Professor of Mathematics, undertakes also fortification and field operations, gives general military lectures on strategy and tactics, on the occupation of positions, placing of outposts, marches, movements, and encampment of troops—matters which ought properly to belong to a military instructor of science and experience, who could say with General Jarry and

* Marmont (*Esprit*, &c., chap. iv.) says this was done without his orders. Thomières, who executed the movement, was killed.

Sir Howard Douglas, "I know the real use of these things, and have taken part in them." Though M. Narrien is a "wonderful man, one of 10,000,"* yet it is an impossibility to teach, at one and the same time, in one place, fifteen students in many different subjects and in many different stages of progress. The attempt is said to be made in this way: the professor goes round the lecture-room from desk to desk, giving to each student a few minutes of his time, to one some Algebra or Euclid, to another conic sections; to one he explains the difference between a bastion and a curtain, to another the highest mysteries of the science. The results may be imagined: he does what admirable temper, tact, and talents may do, but he cannot occupy the whole thoughts or time of his pupils; so idleness and jokes fill up the intervals. The field instruction is playfully conducted on the college lawn, and is considered an agreeable half-holiday and relaxation from the severer mathematical studies. There are hints that serious pursuits are not the purpose of some officers frequenting the senior department, but the avoiding irksome regimental duties and colonial service, and the getting quieter quarters for their wives. There are complaints that, the entrance examination being very lax, officers come in unprepared and ill-trained; that consequently much time is lost in endeavouring to cultivate untaught minds, and that the difficulty of giving men, twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, long unused, perhaps never used to mental work, a first start, is enormous.

The professional instruction of officers in the senior department was only part of the scheme of military education contemplated by the Duke of York and his advisers. In 1801 a junior department was organized, and "appropriated," as the Royal warrant says, "to the instruction of those who from early life are intended for the military profession, and who by this means may be grounded in science previous to obtaining commissions in the army. This department is also intended to afford a provision for the sons of meritorious officers who have fallen or been disabled in the service of their country, and the means of education to the sons of those officers who belong to our regular service."

The general object then of this part of the foundation was the education of boys, whether the sons of civilians or officers, destined for a military life, to which was added a provision for military orphans. This school is divided into three classes referring to the payments made by the parents or friends of the boys, which payments depend on their condition in life.

1. The military orphan class, sons of officers, military and

* Report, p. 22.

naval, dying in service, and whose families are in pecuniary distress.

2. The military class, sons of officers, either living or not dying in distress.

3. The civil class, sons of private gentlemen not connected with the army or navy.

The *numbers*, originally 80, rapidly increased, till in 1816 they were 361. From this point they declined, till in the spring of this year they were, 23 in the first class, the same in the second, and 114 in the third—160 in all.

The *payments* made by parents or guardians in these several classes are these. Originally the orphan class was purely eleemosynary, even clothes and books being gratuitously provided; and so it continued up to 1824, when, abuses creeping in, 20*l.* per annum was required for each orphan, which was again raised in 1832 to 40*l.*, the present payment. The subscription for the second class, originally 40*l.* a year, now ranges between 50*l.* and 80*l.*, according to the rank of the father, the latter being the charge made on a flag or general officer. The subscription for the third or civil class continued from the foundation to 1818 at 94*l.* a year each; it being calculated that during that period, when prices were at their highest, this sum was the actual cost of their education and maintenance; so that the public paid nothing for them.

In 1818, when everything else throughout the country began to cheapen, the subscription of the civilians was raised to 125*l.*, as it now is. So that the numbers and payments of the junior department in the spring of this year were represented by these figures:—

First Class—	23 orphans at 40 <i>l.</i>	£ 920
Second do.—	22 sons of field-officers at 50 <i>l.</i> , and 1 son of a general-officer at 80 <i>l.</i>	1,180
Third do.—	114 sons of civilians at 125 <i>l.</i>	14,250
Total . . .	160	£16,350

So that in the junior department, the civilians pay 14,250*l.*, and the military 2100*l.* out of 16,350*l.* The proportion of their contributions is as 95 to 14: in other words, the civilians pay nearly seven times as much as the military; while their relative numbers are as 57 to 23, about 2½ times as many. This disproportion, startling as it is, does not, however, as we hope to show hereafter, represent the whole case between civilians and officers in this establishment.

There is an examination for the boys on entering between the ages of 13 and 15; but the subjects are so few, the requirements

in each so trifling, the examiners so indulgent, that failure to pass is very rare indeed. Well it may be: there are no additional demands with additional age—the examination is the same within the limit of years—and repeated trials are allowed; in both particulars differing from the Military Academy at Woolwich, where the examination is searching, graduated in difficulty according to the age of the candidate, and no appeal for another chance listened to. As may be supposed from the age of the boys on their admission and their then attainments, but a small portion of the instruction is essentially professional. Of the six steps, as they are termed in Sandhurst phraseology, or courses of study in each subject, which must be passed in order to qualify for a commission, only one is purely military, and another partially so; the rest have no necessary connexion with military studies, and are less in amount than would be usually required in the education of a civilian. All the steps may be passed by an average boy, well prepared, in a year and a half, though some take four years and a half. There seems no reason to doubt the ability of the military portion of the education, but the cadets are incapable of appreciating it, and the professors are compelled to conduct the general education of school-boys. This no Government Military College can do, as well as the unfettered public schools of the country. The discipline is essentially military. The cadets are divided into two companies, the whole interior management of which is in the hands of two captains, who are not professors, but commissioned officers. The education and the discipline of the college are completely severed, and in different hands. There is a certain amount of government administered by approved cadets over their fellows, which is well, were not its effect spoilt by non-commissioned officers, called staff-sergeants, who exercise much authority, and discharge most responsible duties in-doors and out, patrolling the dormitories and bounds, reporting irregularities and infractions of rules—an organized corps of spies.

Now, if the junior department is to remain in being, which we hope it will not, we should regard this system of discipline as open to grave objections. There are two ways of managing a public school, such as this college is to all intents and purposes, neither of which can be safely neglected. You may govern either directly by the masters, or indirectly, but more effectually, by a high tone of feeling and principle among the boys themselves. At Sandhurst, doubly unfortunate, they do neither. As in an army so in a school, the saying of Napoleon holds good, "Men are nothing: it is the one man, the master mind, that sways the multitude." "There go 30,000 men," shouted the Portuguese, as Wellington rode alone up the mountain side from

the Bridge at Sauroren. The reason is the same whether in camp or in college; and Wellington gave it, when he said, "If I am absent, something goes wrong: they will do for me what perhaps no one else can make them do." The image present to the army was Wellington. So at Rugby, the school lived in its head master: its separate existence was, thus to speak, merged in his—so dependent was it on him, so imbued with his spirit, that his pupils used to say, "Throughout, whether in the school itself, or in its after effects, the one image that we had before us was not Rugby, but Arnold."* This was the necessary result from his labours for its moral discipline and intellectual advancement. So inseparable did he consider the two, that he joined in his own person the offices of head master and chaplain; he required all the masters to receive the boys into their several houses, to consider themselves as engaged in a strictly pastoral work, living with their boys under the same roof, advising, warning, exhorting, ministering to the souls of their flock there, as well as to the minds of their pupils in the school-room. So far did he carry this principle, that even modern languages were taught, not by natives, but by the regular masters of the respective forms. Now, how do they apply this mode of government, by masters, at Sandhurst? Is there any head master? The governor is the supreme authority and the last resort in all cases of appeal, but he neither teaches himself, nor takes any part personally in the varied duties of the head of a great educational establishment. Nor would it be reasonable to expect the discharge of such functions from a general officer in advanced years, who, with great advantage to his country and honour to himself, has been all his life occupied in pursuits of a totally different nature. If the lieutenant-governor is to be considered head master, he makes no pretensions to scientific attainments, he considers his duties discharged by attending in his office from ten till one, and in being present at examinations to see fair play. As to the real masters or professors, they are mere instructors of the intellect in certain branches of learning, not educators of the whole being—body, soul, and spirit. They teach mathematics, French, or German, but they have nothing to do with morals or manners: there is indeed a chaplain, but he has little or no personal intercourse with the boys; and the religious services and instruction being very perfunctory—a few collects morning and evening, catechism once in each half year, instruction in the principal duties and doctrines of Christianity, weekly, we presume—he finds his time unoccupied, and, much to his credit, he gratuitously undertakes the much more laborious duties of Pro-

* Stanley's Life, chap. iii.

fessor of History. The professors do not live with the boys: they have no control over their life and habits, in study or out of study; their position is one of dependence and subordination; they are obliged to invoke the military authority even to secure attention to their own teaching; a college board composed of four officers can suspend them at any time. They receive salaries for attendance on the classes at certain hours, and there ends their connexion with and their interest in the college. They are studiously excluded from its management; they have no share in its honours; even M. Natrien, the soul of the senior department, has no seat at the Board of Administration. If you tell a man to take his money and go about his business, how can you expect him to put his heart in his work, or make him responsible for any defects you may notice? The most serious part of the education—the formation of character—is exclusively in the hands of commissioned and non-commissioned officers, men whose antecedents have in no way qualified them for their delicate and responsible task, whose one idea is discipline, whose notions of discipline are derived from the barrack-yard, whose punishments are drill, guards, arrests, whose experience has hitherto lain among adults, of whom the Duke used to say there was not one in a hundred who did not belong to the degraded class of society,* not among boys of thirteen, whose characters remain to be decided either for good or evil, and who require treatment of a very different description.

But the moral influence which any masters can exercise over a school is not equal to that which the boys themselves wield over each other. Of the three educations which are received from teachers, companions, and self, the two former are in progress during school years. A school is a society with a public opinion of its own, quite as strong there as in the great world outside; indeed stronger, for there is no asylum for independent thought within the four walls of the hall and the dormitory. All important then it is to the well-being of a school to create and encourage a high moral tone among the boys themselves, to form this public opinion, which will assuredly be powerful in some direction, into an instrument of good. The means are well known and practised by educators of experience: their maxims are, never treat boys with suspicion, never be on the watch to catch them, trust to their honour as gentlemen, their conscience as Christians, treat even the youngest boys with consideration and respect, bring out the noblest feelings of our nature by continually appealing to them. Thus may a public

* Duke of Wellington's Memorandum on the Discipline of the Army. April, 1829.

opinion be raised in the school, that it is a shame to deceive, a baseness to abuse confidence; watching may be greatly dispensed with, a great portion of the discipline may be carried on by the most deserving boys themselves—prepositors or prefects—who by a union of ability, industry, and conduct have raised themselves to their high position. Such an aristocracy, ruling as of right, will respect themselves, their fellows, their superiors; the honour of the school will be safe in their hands. Now, how do they manage this powerful engine for good or evil at Sandhurst? We will not say that there are no attempts to govern by appeals to honour, conscience, and religion; but if there be any, they will assuredly be thrown away. We can conceive nothing more fatal to the growth of such principles than to set sergeants to watch and inform against the boys: this is a spy system, and of the worst kind, not by masters and superiors (though even their rank would fail to secure respect in the discharge of such duties), but by servants and inferiors. There are indeed cadet-corporals and under-officers, but not even these are exempt from the espionage of the sergeants. One particular more affecting the discipline of the junior department. Of the boys originally entering, about one-half get their commissions without purchase, by competition in acquirements and good conduct: the rest are commissioned directly with purchase, some without qualifying themselves in the course of college study. So that, if the parent has interest, and £450 is of no consequence to him, indolence, incompetence, and ignorance, anything short of disgraceful conduct involving expulsion, are of no consequence to the son: indeed these defects are of positive service to him, for the regulation price of a direct appointment to an ensigncy will not only cover them, but will enable him to pass over the heads of his fellow-students without passing through the college examination. Of course the efficiency of the service does not enter into the calculation; but looking only at the efficiency of the college, this arrangement must be most hurtful to its real interests. What greater discouragement to talent, good conduct, and industry, than to find that they have beaten dulness and sloth in vain? What greater temptation to irregularity and indolence, than to allow them to purchase the prize of study without study; to give moneyed incapacity precedence, and to leave poor merit to toil?

We are compelled to ask attention to a financial statement, without which we shall convey a very imperfect idea of the management of this Government Military School. The expenditure for the year 1854 is given in the aggregate as 17,731l.*

* There are no details given of the expenditure, but we glean from the evidence such items as these. The governor, being a general officer and

The revenue, said to be 18,493*l.* for the same year, is derived from the college estate, and the payments of the students in the two departments.† The estate yields 60*l.*, and saying that the

colonel of the Fourth Light Dragoons, receives further from the college 1000*l.* a year, the patronage of all the cadetships (to which he nominates), a residence, with garden and thirteen acres of ground, free of rent and taxes, the barrack allowance for coals (which cost 30*s.* 9*d.* a ton) and candles, forage for four horses, and two servants. We shall not be in excess, if we estimate the governor's receipts from the college at 1500*l.* a year, exclusive of the patronage. The governor's duties are not onerous. Assisted by the lieutenant-governor and by clerks, he checks the details of the college expenditure, manages the estate, and conducts the correspondence about nominations. He is regarded by his own witnesses as an ornamental figure-head to the establishment, who will attract the public, and induce them to send their sons to the college. "There is a certain prestige," says one of the professors, "attached to the governor of the institution. Such men as Sir Alexander Hope, Sir George Murray, or the Duke of Cambridge [supposing them governors], have a great many friends, and they would naturally say, 'Send your sons to Sandhurst;' and that would have a great weight; whereas the recommendation of a governor with a less powerful connexion would not have that influence with the world. That affects the finances of the college," (p. 71-2.) The 125*l.* annual contributors diminish. "Your notion is, that in the present state of education, with the small prospect of promotion resulting from good education, a governor in a high station is necessary to attract persons to the college; but *if the college were reformed*, you think that a governor of such attractive qualities would not be necessary? Yes, I perfectly agree with that." (p. 73.)

The lieutenant-governor's pay and allowances were fixed by a minute of the Board of Commissioners, in 1829, at 1000*l.* a year in the aggregate; of which the college was to provide the difference between the full-pay and the half-pay of his army rank (which was supposed to be that of a lieutenant-colonel in the *Infantry*), a salary of 383*l.* 6*s.* a year, residence without rent and taxes, forage for two horses, coals and candles, and one servant at least. But the present lieutenant-governor was a lieutenant-colonel in the *Cavalry*, and accordingly draws from the college about 100*l.* a year more than was contemplated.

The salary of the major and superintendent of studies is from the college 300*l.* a year, besides residence, &c. The two captains of companies receive from the college 296*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, besides residence, &c. All these officers have also their half-pay from the War-Office. None of these officers teach the boys (professors are paid for that), they merely look after them. No wonder these salaries for so little work gave rise to remarks in the House of Commons, when the estimates were moved in 1854.

The Board of Commissioners are *supposed* to exercise a control over the expenditure (p. 43); but when one looks at the composition of that Board, and sees that the governor and lieutenant-governor are the only resident members, and that the others are high and important functionaries of state, we can well understand that this control never gets beyond a supposition. The accounts are indeed sent to the War-Office to be audited; but this means nothing more than checking the vouchers after the bills are paid.

There are no detailed tabular statements given in the evidence, of either income or expenditure, nothing but a "sketch." Some items, amounting to 1207*l.*, are given under the head of "contingencies;" but they are incorrect.

† Since the year 1833 Parliament has made no grant. In 1839 there was a loan to meet a special casualty, and it was repaid by the college. The Committee, in their Report, have overlooked this. The revenue is derived from

senior department (which in 1854 was not full) brought in 300*l.* (a small proportion of its expense), there remains 18,133*l.* to be provided by the junior department. Remembering the relation, in the spring of this year, between the payments made in the junior department by civilians and those by the military, and dividing this sum between the two in the then ratio of 95 to 14, we may calculate, omitting fractions, that the civilians paid 15,804*l.*, the military 2329*l.*, to make up the 18,133*l.* in 1854. Again, if we add to the subscriptions of the military in the junior department their subscriptions in the senior, we shall have from that source 2629*l.* to set against 15,804*l.* So that the contributions of the military towards the general purposes of their own college in both departments, do not amount to one-sixth of those made by the civilian parents of the third class cadets in the junior department.

The civilians then lay the golden eggs, from which this whole military establishment is hatched. The governor, the lieutenant-governor, the major, the captains, down to the last newly fledged first or second class cadet, are all their chickens running about their yard. They pay the excess of expense over charge, not only for the orphans, but also for the sons of living field-officers; they provide the *otium cum dignitate*, to the amount of 1500*l.* a-year, for the governor; they improve the college property by contributing 300*l.* a-year for that purpose; they give staff instruction to officers on full pay; they supply every need and every deficiency throughout the college. The whole cost of each cadet, whether civil or military, is about 80*l.* a-year.* Why should parents, who never drew a farthing from the military chest, pay 125*l.* for each of their sons, and so contribute 45*l.* a-year to relieve those who have army pay and allowances? If there be any distinction, it ought to be the other way. This surcharging of civilians exists in all the military schools, at

the institution itself, as stated in the text. The college estate requires a word. It consists of 300 acres: a portion (meadow) is let at 2*l.* an acre, and realizes 61*l.*; the governor occupies 13 acres without rent, and other officers certain small portions. The remainder, chiefly wood, yields no revenue whatever, notwithstanding some of the trees are of forty or fifty years' growth, and are thinned continually: indeed, this wood is a serious encumbrance: it does not pay the labourers' wages, and there is an item in the annual estimate of 300*l.* for "fencing, planting, and improving the college estate." The only apparent return for this outlay is fire-wood for the college, fences, and "oats for the college horse!" There is no account rendered of its management. The Office of Woods and Forests repair the buildings of the college: why should they not take charge of the estate? With Lord Duncan's help, they might make something out of it.

* That is the calculation of the lieutenant-governor, and it includes everything, even the salaries of the governor and of the other military officers, p. 5.

Woolwich and Carshalton, as well as at Sandhurst. We know nothing comparable with it elsewhere. At Addiscombe all cadets are charged alike. At Oxford and Cambridge, the college expenses for rooms, tuition, battels, kitchen, and all other charges, are precisely the same for every commoner, be his father what he may. The East India Company's military seminary and the universities are self-sustaining without surcharging any. It may, or it may not be proper to charge any officers in the senior department, and their sons in the junior, less than the cost price of their education, on the ground of claims they may have on the public; but where is the reason of taxing for this purpose, not the public itself, through its representatives, but a few individuals, on whom there are avowedly no such claims, through a board of military commissioners? Here is the military college of a great nation, established by Royal warrant for objects important to the state and the service, under the absolute control of officers, simply dependent on the disinterested liberality of a few private citizens. "Self-sustaining" they call it: the whole concern is purely eleemosynary, and would be bankrupt to-morrow, but for the third class contributors. We wonder that a gallant service can reconcile itself to receiving the wages of injustice. We know what the sentiments are of one distinguished officer—eminent in his profession and in his services to this college, and we are sure he speaks for many. Sir Howard Douglas says,* "The chief expense [income] of the establishment is contributed by the sons of private gentlemen, who pay about one-half more than their education actually costs, and the excess is carried to the aid of the college funds to educate those who cannot afford to pay the cost of their education. No one can doubt that, as long as it continues to be a military establishment, the original endowment ought to have been respected, and, instead of calling on the sons of private gentlemen to pay more than the cost of their education, and to apply that excess to those who could not afford to pay the expense of their education, the Government, and not the third establishment, should have found the necessary funds, and continued to charge the noblemen and gentlemen, whose sons form the third class, with the real cost of their education, and nothing more." "I consider it an injustice to charge any person, rich or poor, double the cost of the education of his son." This "injustice" is a mere innovation, and no part of the original foundation, under which, as we have seen, for seventeen years, the sons of private gentlemen were charged simply the cost price of their education; and we are surprised that the committee in

* Page 151-2.

their recommendations should have omitted this particular, while in another they advise a recurrence to the charitable views of the original warrant. We are aware, indeed, that Parliament did in 1818 require that the college should be put on a different footing, with a view to its being ultimately self-sustaining: but Parliament never intimated and has never sanctioned the present mode of reaching that end. The intentions of Parliament certainly were, not that the third class cadets should pay for themselves and for everything else, not that the charitable support of orphans and others should be transferred from the public to private individuals; but probably that the whole establishment should be revised with economical designs, that no payments should be made without any adequate services rendered, that the college property should be beneficially occupied, that the rates of contributions should be raised in those classes which were being educated under cost price, that the burden of sustaining the college should be laid on the whole institution and not ungenerously on that class which had no voice in the management. Reformed on these principles the college would have paid its own way handsomely, and fully answered the expectations of the House of Commons, without injustice to any. Start it fairly in the race, do not weight it with military governors, officers, and orphans, and it would assuredly have distanced all competitors; for no other school in the country has such valuable prizes and so few blanks as this, with its thirty or forty commissions yearly without purchase, and its purchasable commissions for all.* There is a much more obvious account of the present arrangements than the parsimonious persistence of Parliament, to be found in the constitution of the Board of Commissioners, to whom is committed the regulation of all the college affairs, and who are military men, except the Secretary-at-War, who is, however, no exception, for he never attends. They transferred the support of

* The evil does not end with Sandhurst; it works in the army at large. None but wealthy parents can afford to pay 125*l.* a year, and extras of 25*l.* more. The sons of gentlemen of smaller means are excluded. We hold this to be a loss to the service, believing that their moderate views and economical habits would exercise a beneficial influence in the society of a regiment. Some lieutenant-colonels, indeed, are of a different opinion. "It is always very agreeable to have what are called 'flash people' under you, who can keep horses and do things in a fine manner; consequently, the lieutenant-colonel, even if he is a poor man himself, in order to keep pace with other regiments, likes to do things in that way; and, if he has poor people in his regiment, he cannot do it: consequently his regiment sinks. Therefore he would rather oust the poor men from the regiment, because their presence controls him in giving that *éclat* to his regiment which it would otherwise maintain."—*Evidence of Lieutenant-Colonel Adams*, p. 77. If this utterly false estimate of "doing things" prevails with commanding officers, how can you possibly complain of the subalterns?

the charitable and other designs of this institution from the shoulders of the State to those of the civil portion of the body, instead of the whole body; and in so doing followed the common dictates of human nature, which prompts us not to bear one another's burdens, but to impose our own burdens on other men. This corruption works with increased force in irresponsible Boards and Corporations, of whom Thurlow used to say, that they have neither souls to be lost, nor bodies to be kicked. The sole defence made for surcharging civilians is, that their sons may get commissions without purchase. So may the sons of officers: there is perfect equality between all cadets, of whatever parentage, in the competition for commissions without purchase; and how possibly this equality can be any compensation for the pecuniary inequality, we cannot imagine. This defence, so far from telling in favour of the existing system, is an argument against it. These commissions without purchase are the prizes of the college, substantial rewards of merit to industry, good conduct, and ability, as tested by the experience of the authorities and public competitive examinations between the cadets. About three cadets out of eight gain these commissions,* which are really without purchase to the sons of officers, for they pay the college 18*l.* 12*s.*,† for what at the Horse Guards is worth 450*l.*, but which are expensive honours to civilians, whose college payments amount in four years to 500*l.* Ought merit thus to buy its reward? Is it not a contradiction in terms for a prize to be purchased after being fairly won? Surely it is no defence, but an aggravation of the system, and a mockery, for the Board of Commissioners to address a parent, and say, "Your son is clever, steady, and industrious; these qualities have been tested here by our own observation, by the reports we have received, and by the competitive examinations which we have witnessed: in acknowledgment of his merit, and believing that he will do her Majesty good service, we have much pleasure in recommend-

* Some members of the Committee calculated that of the 70 or 80 cadets annually leaving the college, not more than 20 gained commissions without purchase. The lieutenant-governor seems to imply that about half are thus successful. Sir Howard Douglas' figures are inexplicable, and must be misreported. He says, that 4648 cadets have passed the examination since the establishment of the school, and that of this number, 2050 obtained commissions without purchase; and he makes up the 2050, with 1363 cadets commissioned, with and without purchase, up to 1832 inclusive, since which year 687 have been commissioned without purchase, 85 of them, however, by private interest, and not through the college recommendation. All that can be gathered from this is, that 602 have obtained commissions without purchase in 21 years; and it is on the comparison between this number and the probable number of cadets during that period, that the statement in the text is founded.

† Forty-six sons of officers pay 2100*l.* a year, about 45*l.* 13*s.* each, which, multiplied by 4 (the years of residence), gives 182*l.* 12*s.*

ing him to the Commander-in-Chief for a commission without purchase; that is, without any further payment on your part, you having already paid the college 50*l.* more than you would have paid at the Horse Guards." This is indeed χρύσεια χαλκίων, *ἐκατόμβοι' ἐννεαβοίων.*

We have had occasion to find fault, but this is not our object. We have practical ends in view, and we proceed to offer suggestions for their realization.

First, we must clear the ground by proposing the abolition of the junior department at Sandhurst, together with the theoretical class at Woolwich, and the preparatory school at Carshalton; in fact, all the existing military schools.

We hold that there are inherent and irremediable defects in such Government establishments, which always have and always will stand in the way of success. Government is stepping out of its proper sphere in here undertaking the duties of a school-master; it is no part of its function to educate people's children for them, when they are perfectly willing and able to do so themselves. Nor can Government ever do the work as well; all the regulations possible will never supply the want of the scrutinizing inspection of parents. The carefully selected witnesses before this Committee are too cautious to raise the curtain, but the general impression of the junior department is not favourable. Rough, low, coarse, are the epithets usually applied to it in society; fast young men, with flash talk, are the specimens usually met. Nothing short of necessity, and inability to get a commission direct, ever induces parents to trust the formation of their sons' characters to regimental captains and non-commissioned officers.* One of the witnesses—no less an authority than a prominent professor at the College—in his simplicity speaks of "any little thing, such as smoking or going into public-houses."† If it be a "little thing" in the Sandhurst point of view, for boys to frequent public-houses, what is great there? This professor was "classically educated," he tells us; and, though he does not think "Latin of the slightest use," yet he has "no prejudice on the subject," and may be supposed to address his class to this effect:—

"Aude aliquid brevibus gyris et carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis."‡

* "Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred who send their sons to the Military College, do not send them there as persons send their sons to Harrow or Eton, but they are merely sent for the sake of getting a commission for nothing, not for the education."—*Evidence of the Professor of Military Science.*

† Page 74.

‡ They have confinement cells at Sandhurst, where insubordinate cadets are sometimes kept for two or three days, including nights, on bread and water: and they used to have a black-hole.

Nor is the progress in study more satisfactory. That it should take four years of real work to qualify for a commission in the six required steps is inconceivable. There are hints in the evidence, that the younger boys "have no steadiness, and are not kept in order, as they would be at school . . . make no progress, but idle away their time, generally do not work very much at the beginning;" "find they cannot do anything," after having been at the college a year.* At the Woolwich Academy, the cadets are better prepared before entrance, their future advancement in their profession depends on themselves, there is more competition, and so more intellectual work is done. But here, too, where the discipline is also military, the moral state was very bad, till raised by the rare public school talents and administrative ability of the late captain of the cadets; and, since his rule ceased on his promotion, its relapse within six months has been so notorious, that its present condition has been brought by the public press under the notice of the authorities as requiring their prompt and vigorous interposition. Parents balance the material advantages of the Ordnance Corps against the corrupting influences of the Academy, and the more scrupulous decide against subjecting their sons to such temptations. At Carshalton, young as the boys there are, vices of the most degrading character broke out some few years since, which were imported into the Academy, and were only suppressed by decimating the pupils, and changing the head master. This junior school is now in process of being disbanded, as an acknowledged failure. But do not indolence, insolence, and grossness exist in public and other schools, with which the Government have no connexion? No doubt they do sometimes, and are stript of scholars in consequence. This is at once an effectual remedy, but one not applicable to Sandhurst and Woolwich. Parents jealously inquire into the character of schools; they are sensitive to every breath of suspicion; mere rumour is quite enough to ruin a school in public estimation. If they dislike anything either in the studies or discipline, they complain; and, in default of redress, take their boys away. It is surprising how soon a school loses a high character, and how long it takes to regain one; how scholarships and pecuniary advantages weigh as nothing, where good fame is wanting. In the last generation, what public school in better estimation than Westminster; losing character and boys under the head master who preceded Dr. Liddell, not all his learning, zeal, skill, and honesty—not its forty Queen's scholars, its studentships at Christ Church, Oxford, its scholarships at Trinity, Cambridge, have been able to raise it: for its ten or

twelve yearly vacancies there are not more than twenty candidates, and any boy of moderate capacity and acquirements is sure to succeed. Contrast this strong control which parents are able to exercise, without any responsibility or trouble, over public schools, with their utter powerlessness over the management of the close Government military schools; where all the authorities, from the highest to the lowest, are military men, animated by an impenetrable *esprit de corps*; where to complain is to expose your boy to something like persecution, while to remove him is to ruin his prospects in life. Again, we doubt whether the masters, appointed, paid,* and dependent on the military authorities, as they are, can ever be equal to the men whom the public schools secure by a higher stipend, a more generous treatment, and a more agreeable position. We consider, too, that the public opinion within these military institutions is necessarily lower than that elsewhere. This is very well put by the Sandhurst chaplain, who cannot be regarded as a hostile witness:—

“I think there is some sort of inferiority in the general tone of the cadets at Sandhurst to the tone of a public school, arising from this circumstance:—The examination being a system of steps, a clever boy passes his examinations earlier; instead of its being a regular course, they take up a certain number of steps, so that, supposing a lad is very clever, he may get his commission in two and a half or three years. The consequence is, that the proportion of the clever, well-disposed boys is, from that reason, rather less than it would be in another school. An ill-conditioned boy, or a boy who is dull in intellect, or an idle boy, may remain four years and a half; those who would have done good to themselves and others by remaining, leave early. The consequence is, that the elder and better part of the school is smaller as to numbers than would be the case in a public school of the same size.”†

We hold, then, that these three inherent defects—the want of parental vigilance, the position of the masters, the tone of the boys themselves—are fatal to the success of any Government military school, professing to teach what can be taught elsewhere.‡

* The salaries of the masters are increased according to duration of service. This is bad; because, in order to allow room for the increase (which is as much as 50 per cent. after 15 years), the original salary is necessarily low, and so fails of attracting the ablest men: but once appointed, they remain, whatever they are, bound by the premium attached to seniority.

† Page 116.

‡ The remark may be made more general. The failure, where Government endeavours to do the whole work in any educational establishment, is as signal as the success where it only assists voluntary efforts. What sums have been spent on the establishment and support of the Kneller Hall School, for training masters of union schools! Its principal and masters are the best procurable:

Do we impute blame to any? By no means. There were reasons for the establishment of these junior institutions fifty years ago, which might in that day have justified them in England, and which may now operate on the Continent.

Their failure is owing, not to any want of benevolence in their founders, nor of zeal and intelligence in their masters; but simply because Government has undertaken to do for private individuals that work, which, in the nature of the case, they can do better for themselves. Let this interference cease.

Military education, like clerical, legal, or medical, must, in order to success, accord with the habits, feelings, desires, genius, and general state of education among those classes of society to which it is to be applied. We do not catch up boys thirteen years old, and proceed forthwith to make clergymen, barristers, or doctors of them. We consider that every man has two sets of duties in life, and two educations to fit him for their discharge. His duties as a gentleman are taught him by an education, liberal, general, or polytechnical; his duties as a professional man by a special, or technical education. In the liberal professions generally, the former education occupies the youth of this country at schools up to the close of their seventeenth or eighteenth year; when they pass, for the latter purpose, immediately before entrance on their professional careers, to the Universities, the Hospitals, or the Inns of Court. Why should not the Government respect this procedure on the part of the public, and form their plans in accordance with it. "The secret of making perfect soldiers is only to be found in national customs and institutions," says the first of living English military historians. Let Government close all their so-called military schools for boys, in which, from the very age of the pupils, not military but general learning is taught; and let them found a *really military college*, in which young men shall be instructed in special professional subjects, immediately before entering on their military duties. The Government are not without the encouragement derived from experience to proceed in this way; for, while the junior departments have, as a general rule, failed, the senior have as generally succeeded. We have already seen this in the case of the senior department at Sandhurst, and the same remark holds good in regard to the practical class at Woolwich, which is a sort of senior ordnance department. One who has the honour of holding her Majesty's commission, should emphatically be a gentleman and an officer; in educational order,

with this year it will cease to exist, for this reason, among others, that it has been superseded by the other training schools, supported by voluntary contributions, and in part assisted by the State.

a gentleman first, and then an officer. The teaching for the former may well be left, in a country like this of moral and intellectual activity, to the ordinary public schools, which will always supply the article better and cheaper than the Horse Guards can manufacture it; for the purpose of conducting the latter education, Government, which alone wants the thing, must itself supply it, by founding a general military college.

Our proposal then, is, that officers of all arms, cavalry and infantry, as well as artillery and engineers, should be required to pass through a military college. The age of admission would be during the seventeenth year, and the duration of residence one year.* For the nomination of candidates competing for admission, and for the superintendence of military education generally, a Board of Commissioners should be appointed, consisting of the Secretary for War, the Commander in Chief, the Paymaster General, the Chaplain General, and such other persons of scientific and literary acquirements, some of whom should be experienced educationists, as her Majesty might be advised to appoint.† In regard to admission, their duties would be to ascertain that the candidate is of the prescribed age, that his physical strength and constitution are good, and that he is of unblemished moral character. For these purposes, too much reliance must not be placed in certificates and testimonials. The confidential agents of the Commissioners, as those of the Lord Chancellor caring for his wards, should see the candidates, the masters, parents, and other persons referred to, and should hand in a detailed report of the candidates' connexions, breeding, life, conversation, and all that goes to make up a gentleman, whatever his rank. Let it be distinctly understood that merit alone is to decide the selection, and we have no hesitation as to the honesty with which this new principle would be carried out. In France it was introduced under the Consulate, and succeeding governments have advanced and perfected it.

* Taking into consideration the desirableness of making the period of class education as short as possible, the superior acquirements, ability, and age of these youths, together with the motive to exertion during residence, we are inclined to hope that one year will suffice for the special professional training. The six steps at Sandhurst are completed by a boy, thirteen years old, of average talent and preparation, in two years.

† We should earnestly deprecate the appointment of those whose other duties, or whose ignorance of the theory and practice of education, would prevent their taking a steady interest and a leading part in military education. The existing Commissioners for Sandhurst are all Marathonomachi; but Waterloo never taught them school-keeping.

πρεσβυταὶ τινες
 Ἀχαρνικοὶ, στιπτοὶ γέροντες, πρίνινοι,
 ἀνιράμονες, Μαραθωνομάχαι, σφενδάμνινοι.—Acharn. 180.

Any young Englishman should be permitted to invite these inquiries into character, and to none who pass this ordeal should permission to compete be denied. We would regard this permission as a valuable testimonial, which would be in itself an object of emulation, and of use to a young man in any profession. The actual admission into the college would depend on the results of a competitive examination between the candidates of approved character. The subjects of the examination would be fixed, and such as are considered essential parts of a general and liberal, as distinguished from a professional education, having in view the proficiency usually reached in the upper classes of our public schools. We would be guided, in the choice of subjects, not so much by what is desirable to be known within the military college, as by what is taught without it. We would especially guard against any cause of regret in the unsuccessful candidate, that he had been led aside, in preparing for this examination, from those studies which are useful in any other calling which he may hereafter adopt. We would also warn parents, that nothing special, no fortification or surveying, will be required; and that their wisest course will be to put their sons at a good school, and keep them there. Cramming will have no place, for there will be no examination into particular text-books, but into the subjects contained in any books.

But though the examination will not inquire into any other than the ordinary school attainments, yet considering that mathematics must be the foundation of the future military studies, we place at the entrance of our college, *μηδεις ἀγνώμεντος εἰσίτω*. We conceive, however, that the object of this examination in mathematics should be, rather to test their influence in the way of mental discipline, than the progress made in them as instruments in the investigation of phenomena and advancement of the arts and sciences; to discover whether the habit has been attained of applying the intellect closely to difficulties which patient thought alone can conquer, to stimulate the power of inquiry and that faculty which suggests new combinations of thought, to induce caution in the reception of evidence, to require proof as strict as the nature of the case admits—demonstration where the reasoning proceeds on precise definitions, probability in the practical matters of life. The mathematics at this matriculation examination should be all pure, and such as would prove directly serviceable in military studies,—arithmetic, integral and fractional, including logarithms; geometry, the first six books with the eleventh and twelfth of Euclid; the elements of algebra, and of plane trigonometry. The examination can hardly be too simple, provided it be sufficient to elicit the qualifications of the candidates.

The apportionment of the highest number of marks attainable

by any candidate, and indicating the importance of mathematics, which would be to all other subjects in the ratio of two to three, would be as follows:—

Pure Mathematics	400
General History and Geography (Mathematical, Physical, and Political)	100
Language and History (Constitutional and other) of England	100
Language and History of Greece	100
" " Rome	100
" " France	100
" " Germany	100
	<hr/>
	1000

The Examiners, unconnected with any Government school, should be chosen by the Board of Commissioners. There would be no standard of acquirements but that fixed by the competitors.

To the cadet within the walls of the college, the character of the education would at once become special and professional. The object in view being now not simply the gentleman, but the officer superadded to the gentleman, the instruction would be for the most part military. As much as possible of general knowledge having been secured before entrance, no more would be now required than would be necessary in the pursuit of strictly military studies. There must be a certain amount of mathematics to enable the student to appreciate the military lessons—some plane trigonometry is indispensable to surveying: and if this be not attained before entrance, it must form part of the college course. But we should hope that the cadet, having served a school apprenticeship to the elementary and abstract inquiries of pure science, will now be able to proceed to its special application, to enter on the great business of practical education. His chief attention would be given, among the mixed sciences, to mechanics, and particularly to statics and dynamics as branches of mechanics. These would be treated, as far as possible, by means of illustrations derived from nature and art, by practical and professional examples, with as much brevity in the abstract reasonings as may be consistent with the elucidation of principles. It will be sufficient to mention the other subjects of study—Surveying; Fortification, permanent and field; French and German; Military History, by which we mean the history of campaigns and sieges, one or two of which might be taken and illustrated in a Term. The numbers of the college would not be formidable in time of peace—about 600, allowing for an increase of 100 on our late peace establishment.* The discipline should be domestic: the

* Before the war, the number of officers annually commissioned was about 500—50 for the ordnance corps, 450 for the rest of the army. This last num-

cadets should live with their tutors, lodge in their houses, form part of their families ; meeting for study or drill, in halls, lecture-rooms, and parade grounds. For the whole body, or for any large section of the body, to reside within the four walls of a quadrangle, would be most undesirable. The college, once fairly started, would be self-sustaining : each cadet would be charged with his proportion of the whole cost, without any distinction of birth or parentage. It would be most ungracious to surcharge any one class for the benefit of any other, when all are presumed equally to have won, on the ground of merit, the right of admission.

There would be periodical examinations, conducted by a mixed Board of Examiners, unconnected with the college, who would classify all who had arrived at the close of their year's term of residence, in three classes. The first, for commissions without purchase in the Artillery and Engineers ; the second, for commissions without purchase in the Cavalry and Infantry ; the third, for commissions with purchase in the Cavalry and Infantry.

There would be a *minimum*, and those who did not satisfy the Examiners would be either altogether rejected, or, under some special circumstances, might be allowed one half-year's grace to qualify for the third class. But we apprehend that, with competition for admission, and emulation during residence, very few would be rejected for incompetence. The cadets who selected the Engineers would proceed to the School of Application at Chatham ; those for the Artillery would join the Practical Class at Woolwich ; for such periods as might be thought necessary, and under such pecuniary arrangements as should place them on an equality with the second and third classes, who would at once join their regiments.†

We should have the strongest objections to a military college, through which all commissioned officers must pass, unless admission to it, and progress in it during residence, were according to merit as tested by competition. We think that to nominate students to a military college, as youths are now nominated to commissions, without any reference to personal qualifications,

ber is reached thus. It appears from a return in the Report, p. 172, that 218 candidates for commissions, unconnected with Sandhurst, were passed and commissioned in the eight concluding months of 1852. This would give an average of 327 a-year, to which must be added 73 Sandhurst cadets, and 50 non-commissioned officers promoted : 450 in all.

† Thus, all the students of the French staff school receive pay as commissioned officers. So also the students at the Artillery and Engineer School are reckoned, on being commissioned, to have served four years, dating from their entrance, in consideration of the time spent in study at the Polytechnic and at this school.—*Cours d'Administration Militaire*, par M. Vauchelle, vol. i. pp. 174, 191.

without any examination worthy of the name, on the grounds of mere interest or of ancestral merit, would fearfully aggravate the existing social evils of the army. It is bad enough for the service to have a certain number of idle, ignorant, and incapable boys collected together in one regiment, to encourage each other in bad manners and practical jokes; but there, at least, they are held in some check by the higher tone of general society around them, and by the presence of their superior officers: but to concentrate into one society the Perrys, the Griers, the Joneses, and all those who now cover their incapacity for aught else under a red coat, is a measure which would soon be condemned by experience.*

That the competition will be great is to be expected. Conscientious parents will not have the same objections, as now, to the Army as a profession for their sons. In the prizes which it will have to offer to ability and industry, the military college will be rich, superior to Oxford, hitherto pre-eminent in this respect.

If certain restrictions as to birth-place and lineage were removed, Oxford would have about thirty-five Fellowships a-year to lay before her graduates, who may annually amount to 280; so that twelve and a-half per cent. of the whole number receive, possibly for a term of years only, generally on the condition of taking orders, invariably under the restriction of celibacy, an income about corresponding to that of a lieutenant of Infantry. The other graduates receive nothing but a degree, facilitating their entrance into some professions, but not actually introducing them into any, without further expenditure of time and money. In the military college, putting the whole number of graduates at 600 yearly, and the commissions without purchase, including the Ordnance corps, at 150, the prizeholders would be twenty-five per cent., exactly double: and all the rest would at once, and at a cost of one-fourth the time and two-thirds the money† (including payment for commission) required for a University career, be placed in an honourable profession, on the road to fortune.

Some of the objections to a military college, through which all Commissioned Officers must pass, may be very summarily dismissed. We are told that this plan will "exclude good men, who might hereafter make good officers." Which is very true, though very little to the purpose. There is a like possibility under any system of admission; the question is, which plan excludes the fewest good men—one which carefully examines

* Large numbers of young men are collected at our universities, but not into one society. They are divided among several colleges, as well as by the exclusiveness of "sets," and by the formality of a rigid etiquette.

† The B.A. degree generally costs about 900*l.* Putting the expenses of the military college at 150*l.*, and the commission at 450*l.*, you have 600 to 900, or 2 to 3.

into physical, intellectual, and moral qualifications, or one which accepts the recommendations of interested parties? An infallible mode of appointment is impossible, the least fallible is the object of search: it is a question of comparison and degree.

Again: "the discretion of parents is to be preferred to forcing them to this particular system." If you consult parents, the wise will say, "Idleness is the root of all these social and moral evils in the army; those who have nothing to do, will assuredly do something which they ought not to do: by all means employ my boy's mind, and so keep him out of mischief." The foolish will be for going on as now. Which are we to follow?

"Putting all officers through a military college should not be compulsory, because a great many officers might esteem it drudgery; and if you make them work against their inclinations, you defeat your purpose."* But the clergy, lawyers, medical men, naval officers, civil engineers, office clerks, every individual in a liberal profession, are obliged to work, very much against their natural inclinations perhaps at first; but they submit with a very good grace, and take their drudgery very cheerfully, well knowing that their future happiness and independence in life, their very bread often, depend on their own exertions. Why should officers be exempted from this universal law? Because, forsooth, "those professions absolutely require a certain class of information: I do not think the army does." The force of folly can no further go. We know the ground of all these mere obstructionist objections, which are taken from the evidence of an officer high in rank—the regarding the army as a pleasant pastime for a few years, not as a serious employment for life:

* Again, "When studies are pushed too far, it might lead to idleness and dissipation." "Early education will not make a man studious; on the contrary, if pushed too far, very often leads to neglect." The author of the "Advancement of Learning" must give the answer to this. "And for the conceit, that learning should dispose men to leisure and privateness, and make men slothful; it were a strange thing if that which accustometh the mind to a perpetual motion and agitation, should induce slothfulness; whereas contrariwise it may be truly affirmed, that no kind of men love business for itself, but those that are learned: for other persons love it for profit; as an hireling, that loves the work for the wages; or for honour, as because it beareth them up in the eyes of men, and refresheth their reputation, which otherwise would wear; or because it putteth them in mind of their fortune, and giveth them occasion to pleasure and displeasure; or because it exerciseth some faculty wherein they take pride, and so entertaineth them in good humour and pleasing conceits towards themselves; or because it advanceth any other their ends. So that, as it is said of untrue valours, that some men's valours are in the eyes of them that look on; so much men's industries are in the eyes of others, or at least in regard of their own designments: only learned men love business as an action according to nature, as agreeable to health of mind as exercise is to health of body, taking pleasure in the action itself, and not in the purchase; so that of all men they are the most indefatigable, if it be towards any business which can hold or detain their mind."

the sooner the axe is laid at the root of that mistake the better for the country, for the service, and for the individual.

There are, however, two difficulties which deserve attention. What is to become of the military orphans? They will have no preference under the proposed competition—they may or may not succeed; whereas they receive great consideration under the existing Sandhurst system, and the Committee in their Report recommend that they should receive more. We believe also that the Under Secretary for War has appealed to the liberality of Parliament to give them an entirely gratuitous education. We regard this as a mistake, into which generous feeling has very naturally at this time led the Committee (*omnia mala exempla bonis initiis oriuntur*), but into which they would not have fallen had they taken counsel of practical educationists. No good ever comes of charity boys at a public school: they are kept to their own society, they form a class by themselves, and that an inferior class: not having enjoyed the same advantages of previous preparation, they are beaten by other boys in the race of acquirement; they do not get on themselves, they keep back others; and, let the masters give them what kind encouragement they may, there is a certain mark put on them by the public opinion of the school. At Oxford and Cambridge also, the experience of the authorities is unfavourable to entertaining applications *in formâ pauperis*, and they put very violent interpretations on the old wills of founders and benefactors,* in order to elect on the ground of merit irrespective of property. In recent foundations, such as the University Scholarships, no question is asked about pecuniary means. If a rich man, with many temptations to ease, chooses to work hard, it is the height of illiberality to deny him his reward merely because he is rich. If parental and poverty qualifications are to constitute claims to eligibility, the personal qualifications of the candidates must be *pro tanto* set aside (for only a certain number can be commissioned): but on what principle, consistent with the efficiency of the service, it can be maintained that the less capable youths should be accepted, because they are orphans and poor; and the more desirable rejected, because they are so unfortunate as to have living and possibly wealthy fathers, we cannot imagine. This is to make a dead dog of more worth than a living lion. We believe also that it is impossible to gauge poverty by testimonials, or certificates, or by any test short of the Union Workhouse, where there is public money to be distributed: and we are compelled in the cause

* Founders of colleges generally enacted that members of the foundation should resign all interest in the charity, whenever they become possessed of sufficient property to maintain themselves at the university. This has been held to mean real property, not personalty: so that a man may have 10,000*l.* a year from the funds, and not vacate his fellowship.

of plain speaking to be ungallant enough to add, that Boards of Guardians have much more difficulty in dealing with what is most unreasonably called the weaker sex. Besides, if an orphan be poor, he may have rich relations, who ought not to be relieved, by the public, of their obligations. At Sandhurst, as well as elsewhere, the eleemosynary portion of the foundation has not answered the benevolent intentions of its authors. A Committee of the Commissioners reported, in 1822, that amongst the applications for admission into the orphan class, and among those actually admitted, there were many whose friends were perfectly able to pay at the rates fixed for the sons of living officers; that out of fifty then in the college there were twenty-one whose families were not in that state of pecuniary distress which would warrant a demand on the public for gratuitous education, and whose admission was therefore not in accordance with the charitable intentions of the institution. This abuse is alleged to have arisen from the difficulty of drawing a line defining pecuniary distress, and from the great inducement held out to widows in the magnitude of the boon to their sons.* The parent was ensnared, and the college deluded. It is said, also, that the orphans, having been imperfectly educated from want of means, did not keep pace with other cadets in their studies. Their history, when commissioned, was often lamentable, and should not only excite our pity and commiseration, but should warn us against exposing them to debt and its consequent general discredit.

But are not the sons of those gallant men who have given their country, in obedience to its laws, the sacrifice of their lives, commending in death their orphans to our care, leaving them little other inheritance than an honoured name, entitled to any consideration? To very much, every way; to more than they can receive at Sandhurst. Their debtors, indeed, we are, and we may pay that debt in a manner at once more beneficial to the recipients, and not detrimental to the public service in which their fathers died, than by removing them from the field of honourable competition with their fellows. While the Athenians maintained at the public expense the sons of those that had fallen in fight against the enemies of their country, they made the panegyrics of their funeral orations serviceable both for the honour of the dead and for the emulation of the living; saying of the fathers that the whole earth was their sepulchre, and their memory was imperishably written in heart and mind; to the orphans, that a struggle, arduous indeed, was before them, for even with superiority of merit they could hardly gain an equality of reputation, since they would have to contend against the envy of a living competition.† The Lieutenant-Governor of Sand-

* Page 47.

† Thucyd. ii. 43-5-6.

hurst is of opinion that a pension of 55*l.* for a certain number of years, would be a greater boon than a gratuitous education at Sandhurst; which is indeed now less than ever necessary, since we have the Wellington College exactly meeting the case, being founded for the express purpose of giving a sound, religious, moral, and practical education to 100 military orphans. This, by the way, would be an admirable feeder to the proposed military college.*

But there is another serious objection. To require intellectual attainments from all officers, is virtually to shut the door against promotion from the ranks. Though we believe that a commission is often a very doubtful benefit to a private, yet we admit, that, as regards book-learning, though not as regards conduct, there must be exceptions in favour of non-commissioned officers as far as the first commission—but not further: for other steps, they would have to qualify as other officers. In place of scientific knowledge, they can exhibit qualities of more immediate utility—practical soldiery; but we would have them chosen on the principles of Carnot—"that organizer of victory." He held that there was a mine of talent which lay hid in the lower classes of society, but he worked that mine with great caution and discernment; choosing according to proved capacity, making himself so acquainted with the names and characters of the privates, that it was hard for any soldier of merit to escape him. These maxims are even more necessary in the British than in the French army, where not only does conscription introduce all ranks into the service, but young men of considerable acquirements voluntarily enlist.† We hold it to be a mischief to promote merely for

* Just as *Le Prytanée de la Fleche*, the French junior Military School, feeds St. Cyr, the senior school, and also the Polytechnic. *Le Prytanée* was founded by Napoleon, when First Consul, reorganized by him in 1805-6-8; established with the view of recompensing the services of military and naval officers, by giving their sons a general good education, and so enabling them to *compete* for admission into St. Cyr and the Polytechnic. At the annual circuits of the examiners, the best pupils of *La Fleche* are presented, and pass the same ordeal as the rest. It may be worth while, by way of contrast to our junior department, to give a few particulars concerning *La Fleche*. Four hundred boys are supported by the state, 300 entirely, 100 half. There are others at their own charges. The free and demi-free scholars are exclusively the sons of officers or of non-commissioned officers dying in action. The order of preference is—1. Orphans whose fathers have been killed in action; 2. Orphans of fathers dying in the service, or after leaving it; 3. Boys whose fathers have been maimed or disabled by wounds. The age of admission is from ten to twelve.

† Last year the number of candidates for examination at the *Ecole Militaire* de St. Cyr was 1700, while only 400 could be admitted. A large portion of the unsuccessful candidates enlisted as privates, hoping to rise that way. Their education would be of the greatest service to them. There are regimental schools for privates, and the most apt scholars are mentioned in the orders of the day, have their names posted in the school, and are put on the list for pro-

gallantry in the field: courage by itself should not be taken as a sufficient sign of such merit as to give a title to a commission; it is as frequently the act of the reckless and daring, as of the cool, self-possessed, and determined soldier; it should be rewarded, but not by conferring responsible duties, for the adequate discharge of which it does not assure the desired qualifications. Indifference to danger is one thing—competency to command is another.

The object in view, the complete officer, would be very imperfectly attained, if we were to thrust a cadet out of our military college into a regiment, and leave him there, with many temptations to indolence, and with no inducements or opportunities for further self-improvement. This was not the intention of the Duke of Wellington. When, in 1849, he took up the question of military education, as applied to officers, he laid down two principles:—1. That no one should receive a commission, unless he should prove on examination to be possessed of good average abilities, and to have received the education of a gentleman. 2. That no ensign or cornet should be promoted to a lieutenancy, nor lieutenant to a captaincy, until he had satisfied a competent tribunal of his professional and general acquirements and fitness. Of the manner in which the former principle has been carried out, we will only say with its originator in the House of Commons, Sir Howard Douglas, that we cannot contemplate anything more absurd than that ridiculously trivial examination which candidates for commissions now undergo. It is no proof of “the education of a gentleman.” We have known youths pass with credit, helped by a cramming master, and obtain commissions without purchase, whose general ignorance would disgrace a village schoolboy. One of the Sandhurst Examiners tells us how he conducts one point—writing from dictation. Five or six lines of English are read by the examiner, and written by the candidate; if he make mistakes in spelling, a second, and even a third piece is given him, and the mistakes underlined, to give him an opportunity of correcting them. Some of the specimens are marvellous—*inconvanience, inhabbitants, barbarsum, generaly, intirupt, aplications.*† One young friend of ours, who passed triumphantly, always would write, *baptisum*. If not in time to bar the admission of these gentlemen, we would at least bar their promotion in her Majesty’s service, till they had increased their knowledge of her Majesty’s English.

motion. No non-commissioned officer can be commissioned till he has passed a literary examination as to his knowledge of his own language, and certain other requirements.

* Mr. Sidney Herbert’s Letter to Lord Hardinge on Military Education, January, 1854, published in the Appendix to the Report.

† Page 138.

Sir Howard Douglas advised examination on promotion also, and the establishment, in order to provide local means of instruction for regimental officers, of schools in all garrisons and foreign stations, under professors paid by Government. But the only detailed and complete scheme is Mr. Sidney Herbert's, contained in a letter to the Commander-in-Chief, January, 1854. The following is an outline of his plan. At the head-quarters of every general's command a military instructor should be stationed; masters, class-rooms, and a library of reference provided. Mr. Herbert divides the United Kingdom into nine districts, which he names: he contemplates eight abroad, but wishes to try the experiment at home first. The same text-books would be used in all these district schools, so that the migrations of an officer would not materially interrupt his studies. Subalterns at head-quarters could avail themselves of these schools without disturbance of their regimental duties; of those at out-stations, one-fourth might be spared at a time for the purposes of study at head-quarters. Attendance would not be compulsory, but the examination before promotion would. There would be two examinations, and two courses of study,—one for ensigns, candidates for lieutenantancies; another for lieutenants, candidates for captaincies. A certain advance on the requirements for the first commission would be made, as well as a practical acquaintance with the duties of a regimental orderly officer; nor should any subaltern be allowed to join the school till he had been discharged from drill. The examination for a captaincy would be yet another step in advance; and here would come in competition for admission into the staff school, of which we will soon speak.

The examination must be conducted in such a manner as to embrace candidates scattered all over the world. Every half-year they would send in their names, through their commanding officers, to the general in command, who would report to the Board of Education Commissioners. Examiners appointed by them, and unconnected with any Government establishment, will issue examination papers, which the candidates in their several stations will be required to answer within a certain time, without books or assistance of any kind, and in the presence of certain superior officers, to see fair play: they will also affix a motto or cipher to their work. The answers so marked will be sent up to the Examiners, the key to the ciphers to the Secretary for War: the Examiners will declare what ciphers have attained the required standard, what have come short of it, what have gone beyond it. The Secretary for War will declare to what names the superior and the sufficient ciphers belong. The main purpose of the examination will be an inquiry into competency, and

therefore there must be a *minimum* which from time to time will be raised. But we would also introduce the principle of competition; Here, as elsewhere, we have little faith in schools and examinations, if they exercise little influence on future prospects. The whole thing will degenerate into an empty and indeed mischievous form, except inducements are held out to study, by advancing the diligent and retarding the indolent. For this purpose, we would give admission into the staff school to the most distinguished: this would provide thirty prizes a-year. We should be glad, also, if a distinction could be made in those that simply pass, by giving precedence in promotion according to merit. But at least their names could be published in class-lists. Of course, those who fail would have no promotion till they had satisfied the examiners, and meanwhile would see others pass over their heads. The paper-work examination would be in addition to an inquiry into practical regimental knowledge, which might be made *vivâ voce* by superior officers on the spot. There is now something of the kind, and it ought to be made of more importance.

This proposal of examination on promotion is not ours. As we said before, it is Mr Sidney Herbert's; and now it is the House of Commons'. Parliament formally sanctioned the plan, on Mr. Sidney Herbert's proposing it in a speech every way worthy of attention, when he moved the estimates in 1854.* Nothing is wanting but to carry it into execution.

In time of war, indeed, it could not be applied to those regiments actually before the enemy; nor is it needed then and there. The camp, the field, the trenches, are the best possible district schools for teaching the art of war: Menschikoff, Gortschakoff, and Todleben, the best possible triumvirate of examiners. War is a rough school, but it turns out good scholars. We pass to another division of our subject.

The head of an army is the general; the mouth, the ears, the eyes of the general, are the staff. There are three classes in the staff—the adjutant-general's, and the quartermaster-general's, or the general staff; and the personal staff, or aides-de-camp. They are stationed at head-quarters throughout the United Kingdom in the different districts, and at the camp at Aldershott; on foreign colonial stations, and at the seat of war. What are their duties? The adjutant-general particularly requires in his staff a knowledge of the regulation, drill, exercise, movements, and general

* It is a curious instance of a minister's being ahead of the representatives of the people—a not unfrequent fact, though never acknowledged,—that while that portion of Mr. Herbert's speech, in which he referred to the results of the regimental schools for privates—a system matured by him years before,—did, in 1854, excite some interest in the House; his plans, then first divulged for the education of officers, were agreed to *sub silentio*; not a remark was made.

management of troops—matters requiring theoretical as well as practical teaching. The quartermaster-general, having to do with the positions of an army, the occupation of ground, the encampments, marches, and routes of troops, requires much scientific knowledge in plan-drawing, surveying, and mathematics. The aides-de-camp are the personal attendants of the general; they are members of his family, and live at his table. In peace, their duties are sufficiently light; they write invitations for the general's dinners, carve for him, are gentlemen ushers at his receptions; at his lady's balls, they are masters of the ceremonies, make themselves generally useful and agreeable, fetch and carry, run about the quarters like tame spaniels. We require no staff school to teach such carpet duties as these; but those in the field are more serious. The aides-de-camp carry messages then—messages of life and death to brave men. The orders they receive and deliver are frequently verbal, and even when written are often accompanied by *viva voce* explanations of the aide, which are to be taken as part of the order, and for which the general is altogether responsible. They have been known, under a rapid change of circumstances, to alter the order received by them, even to give unauthorised orders—and with great advantage, if their military judgment be correct; thus are they the mouths of the general. They should be his eyes and ears—seeing, hearing, reporting all that ought to come under their chief's cognizance relating to the well-doing of the troops. In the cabinet, they are secretaries—composing, copying, and registering letters and orders. Service on the personal staff frequently leads to employment in the two other classes. Altogether there are no more responsible duties than those of the staff; the safety and the honour of the whole army depend on their satisfactory fulfilment. They should be intrusted to no officer unacquainted with all arms, with the formation and evolutions of troops of all kinds, not having the best scientific and practical education which college and camp can give the best natural abilities.

It was for the express purpose of giving this education that the senior department of the Military College was founded. How has it answered? Well, whenever it has had a fair trial; which, however, has never been the case but in time of war.

During the earlier years of his Peninsular campaigns, after joining the army in 1809, the Duke made complaints in characteristic language of the manner in which regimental duties were discharged. "The officers of companies must attend to their men in their quarters, as well as on a march, or the army will very soon be no better than a banditti." "The discipline and regularity of all armies must depend on the diligence of the regimental officers, particularly the subalterns. I may order

what I please; but if they do not execute what I order, or if they execute with negligence, I cannot expect that British soldiers will be orderly or regular." "The officers of the army are much mistaken, if they suppose that their duty is done when they have attended to the drill of their men, and to the parade-duties of the regiment: the order and regularity of the troops in camp and quarters, the subsistence and comfort of the soldiers, the general subordination and obedience of the corps, afford constant subjects for the attention of the field-officers in particular, in which, by their conduct in the assistance they will give their commanding officer, they can manifest their zeal for the service, their ability, and their fitness for promotion to the higher ranks."* He declared that the king's regulations and his general orders were read with no more attention than a novel. The commanding officers of the regiments retaliated by alleging that the general commanding-in-chief took their best regimental officers for the staff; and they very naturally interfered to prevent the appointment of officers from their regiments to the staff, or to occasion by their influence that staff-officers should relinquish their appointments, and return to regimental work: for all which "interference" they were well reprimanded by the Marquis of Wellington, who told them that he knew the necessity of keeping regiments well officered, and should like to know who was more interested in that matter than the officer commanding the army?† Wellington was, however, very sensible of the difficulty, and after a time was able to maintain the efficiency of the staff, without impairing that of the regiments. The result is ascribed in a great measure to the number of officers appointed to the staff, after passing their examinations and obtaining their certificates at the senior department: indeed at that time almost all the graduates held staff situations in the Peninsula.‡ How have matters been

* The Duke's Despatches, 1809.

† Ibid, December, 1812.

‡ Sir Howard Douglas gives a list of distinguished officers, graduates at the senior department, who gave the staff of the army in Spain and elsewhere a high and just repute (p. 160). But perhaps a more distinct notion of the utility of the school, and of the estimation in which it was then held, may be gathered from the following instances taken from Sir Howard Douglas' evidence. "When I was at Farnham, the late Sir Charles Napier, and other officers of rank, who had distinguished themselves in the war, came to the senior department as students. There were four or five lieutenant-colonels there at the time, and eight or ten majors and captains of companies. I said to Sir Charles Napier, 'What can be your object in coming here? You doubtless come with higher motives and higher attainments than an officer going through the course.' I thought it probable that he might require a certain knowledge of sketching ground, of military mathematics, or of fortification. He said, 'No; my object in coming here is to do just exactly what the others do.' And he went through the course, and went to the black board, demonstrated all his propositions most clearly, distinctly, and perfectly, passed his examination, and got his cer-

managed in the interval between Waterloo and the Crimea? When in the field, the Duke took good care to be well served, and allowed no political or family considerations to interfere with the good of the service. If he has to refuse, he says—"With every sense of Mr. G——'s merits, I must have a longer experience of them, and a better opportunity of comparing them with the merits of others, than I have had in the short period since the troops took the field." If he appoints, he says—"I know nothing of Major Middlemore, excepting as a soldier on service; and I should not recommend him if I did not believe that his promotion would give general satisfaction, and that he really deserves it."* But during the long peace, the Duke deliberately postponed military to political considerations. We in this day, when the full gale of popular enthusiasm for a new war wafts on the topmost wave of fame our gallant army, can hardly realize the cold and bitter blasts which at the close of the last old war were blown against those veterans who "had won nineteen pitched battles and innumerable combats, had made or sustained ten sieges, and taken four great fortresses, had twice expelled the French from Portugal, once from Spain; had penetrated France, had killed, wounded, or captured 200,000 enemies, leaving of their own number 40,000 dead, whose bones whiten the plains and mountains of the Peninsula."† Notwithstanding every energy of the Government was directed to the reduction of the war establishment, the whole country resounded with outcries "against immense and

tificate. Sir William Napier came in the same way to improve himself in military science."—p. 165.

"When a military force was preparing for foreign service, in 1808, a general officer, a friend of mine, came to me at High Wycombe, and said, that he had been appointed to the command of a brigade, and knew not what he might have to do in the course of service; perhaps in the operations of a siege, with the nature of which he was quite unacquainted; that he knew infantry might be called upon to cover the opening of the trenches, to cover the formation of parallels, to guard the trenches, to furnish working-parties, to oppose and drive back sorties, and to assault the enemy's works,—but was totally ignorant how he should act in such cases; and entreated me to give him at least a general notion of approaches, parallels, the formation of gabions and fascines, saps, and all the other processes of attack and defence. I had caused to be made by a very intelligent cabinet-maker of the place, one of the large models which are now at Sandhurst, in constant use for the lectures on the attack and defence of Vauban's first system. It was an easy matter to give to my very intelligent friend a very considerable and useful idea of such matters, illustrated by reference to the model. He soon afterwards served at a siege; and when we met, he said that he never should forget the three days he was shut up with me in the model-room at High Wycombe: and that it was impossible to conceive the confidence which that instruction gave him, from a feeling that he understood something of the operation in which he was engaged."—p. 166.

* Duke's Despatches, May, 1809, Sept. 1809.

† Napier. The conclusion of his "History."

unheard-of military establishments, uncalled for by the internal and external state of the country, repugnant to all the wise principles and maxims of our ancestors, highly dangerous to the liberties of the people, subversive of the constitution, suspending it, sapping its foundations, increasing and perpetuating a corrupt and overwhelming influence, poisoning the very sources of national happiness and prosperity."* Language such as this induced the Duke to say, that "the officers and soldiers of the army are an object of dislike and suspicion to the inhabitants, while serving with their regiments, and of jealousy afterwards, and they are always ill-treated."† He yielded to this popular feeling, and one of the results has been, that during forty years of peace, the senior department has been of no use, because it has had no sphere of usefulness. Family or Parliamentary influence, selfishness in various forms, have overborne the industry, attainments, and ascertained merits of the officers studying there. It is given in a return from the college,‡ that during the last twenty years, only 20 officers from the senior department, the sole national staff-school, have been employed on the staff; yet during that period, 140 received certificates.§ What farce more cruel than to give these officers certificates of qualification, and to recommend them to the favourable consideration of the Commander-in-Chief, and then to admit only $14\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. of them to that reward which they had been led to expect as the prize of their studies? The Adjutant-General himself, the chief of a division of the staff, expressly says, that there was no preference for staff appointments, of those who had passed the senior department.|| No wonder the certificated officers complain that

* The London Petition for the Retrenchment of Military Establishments, 1816.

† Memorandum on the Discipline of the Army, April, 1829.

‡ These are the figures given in the evidence of the lieutenant-governor (p. 24). We were under an impression that the number of Sandhurst Staff-Officers during twenty years was thirty-four.

§ It is again impossible to reconcile Sir Howard Douglas' figures. He is made to say (we are sure he did not say) that, from the formation of the department (say 1800) to 1854, 312 officers received certificates; of whom 240 were from 1820 to 1854. So that in the last thirty-four years, the certificated officers were $7\frac{1}{7}$ per annum; in the preceding twenty, only $3\frac{2}{3}$: but this last is the very period of the college's greatest numbers and activity. Again, he is made to say, that 216 officers were certificated up to 1806, and the same number since 1836; making 432 for those two periods, without reckoning any for the thirty years' interval. The statement in the text is founded on the assumption that 240 did graduate between 1820 and 1854. The department moved to Sandhurst in 1820, and the books might probably be kept with more regularity. It is also obvious, that of fifteen officers remaining for two years, the annual average certificated would be, allowing something for contingencies, $7\frac{2}{7}$.

|| Page 127.

others should hold situations, to fill which they alone have been educated. They laboured in vain. It is all very well to say, work ! but who will work for nothing ? And a mere certificate is nothing. It is very well, if it lead to something better ; but it cannot stand alone. If the Commander-in-Chief give no favourable consideration to those officers who after two years' study hold it, others will take warning and make more profitable investments of their intellectual capital. A scientific education did a man no good—his labour was thrown away. Consequently the college was not frequented ; and last year, just at the very time when we wanted scientific officers, the senior department was all but extinct—there were only six students there. But a return to a state of war necessitated the employment of educated officers, and recourse was had to Sandhurst for them. In 1854, Lord Hardinge sent down a *carte blanche* to the governor, and appointed as many as he recommended : Lord Raglan also at Varna appears to have obtained, by means of a circular sent through the army, a knowledge of those certificated at Sandhurst, and to have selected staff-officers from them.* A state of war, however, is not chronic : how will the staff-school fare in that future peace for which we pray ? As before, unless some change be made in the system of appointing officers to the staff. Whatever discrimination the services to be performed in the Adjutant-General's and Quartermaster-General's offices may impose on the heads of those departments, there is in the choice of aides-de-camp no practical restriction whatever placed on a general officer. His judgment, or his favour, appoints his personal friends or his relations, without any inquiry into their military knowledge. " If I was told," says the Professor of Military Science at Sandhurst, speaking of all classes of the staff, " that such a person was on the staff, I should think that he had very good interest ; but I should never say that he was therefore a very superior young man."† It does not appear that there has been any reference, as a general rule, to military acquirements in the selection of the staff on any other occasion than on that of Lord Raglan's staff—an exception which must be laid to the necessities of war. Officers are indeed occasionally placed on the staff for what is termed distinguished service and gallantry in the field : but these services are not distinguished by any marks of aptitude for staff duties, and ought to be otherwise rewarded ; knowledge, judgment, coolness, and conduct are far more valuable qualities for a staff-officer than gallantry and dash. Now it may be conceded to general officers that they select their own staff, but they must select the proper persons. The concession to the generals may

* Pages 25, 127, 94.

† Page 86.

be defended on the ground of their position, their comfort, and the fixing responsibility. The general being the responsible party, and not the aide-de-camp in any degree, it would be unjust to hold him accountable, if he is not to work with his own tools. But that the interests of the service and of the State imperatively demand our first consideration, is an undeniable maxim, and that they have been postponed to private interests, and that the public confidence has been abused, is only too notorious. What limit then is to be placed on the exercise of the general's discretion? in other words, what security is to be taken by the State for the efficiency of the staff? In France, and in the continental armies generally, there is a special staff corps,* and the generals are not permitted to choose out of it. This would be a sufficient security. Should we adopt it? It may be worth while to trace the history of the formation of this staff-corps, and the process of discussion by which the French arrived at it.†

It is a curious coincidence and illustrative of differences in national character, that at the very time (the close of the last war) when our military authorities, misinterpreting the intentions of Parliament and the nation, were ruining our staff-school, the French were revising and perfecting theirs. At that time their staff, as ours then and now, was composed of regimental officers connected with the troops; but in 1818 it was re-organized and constituted a special Corps d'Etat-major. "A permanent body of officers, employed on the general staff of the army, with troops in the military divisions or governments, as chiefs, assistants, and as aides-de-camp." The change was effected by

* It would be more correct to say, that there are—1, A general staff-corps; 2, Particular staff-corps. The first consists of 30 colonels, 30 lieutenant-colonels, 100 majors, 300 captains, 100 lieutenants. The colonels and lieutenant-colonels are employed as chiefs of the staff in the military districts, and in the divisions of the army in the field, and as, together with the other ranks, *aides-de-camp* to the emperor, the princes, the ministers of war, and the marshals. The majors and captains are usually *aides* to general officers, who must select *aides* exclusively from the staff-corps; they belong to *corps d'armée* and divisions of men, whether at home or abroad, as distinguished from the particular staff-corps attached to certain stations. They are also employed on foreign embassies and diplomatic missions, and in the War Office. The lieutenants of the staff are still learners. On attaining that rank, they are attached to infantry and cavalry regiments for two years each, and then for one year to artillery and engineers; and it is not till after this long probation that they are promoted to captaincies, and discharge what we should call staff duties.

The particular staff-corps are three: those belonging to military stations at home and abroad, which they command and administer; and those belonging to the artillery and to the engineers.—*Cours d'Administration Militaire*.

† Sir Howard Douglas' statement on Military Institutions in Europe, printed in the Appendix to the Report. *Cours d'Administration Militaire*, par M. Vaucluelle,—a perfect mine of information on all that regards the French military system. The author was *Professeur d'Administration* in the staff-school.

Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr, under the advice of a committee of general officers of experience and ability; and all the authorities consulted agreed that no one should be employed on the staff, who had not been specially instructed in the duties of that service, and whose qualifications had not been tested by examination. Appointment according to merit, merit according to examination, being undisputed principles, there were differences of opinion on the following points: 1. Whether the staff should be a separate corps, or formed of officers borrowed from their regiments for the time: 2. How the promotion should be managed. 3. How the instruction should be given, whether in a staff-school or not. These seem the three practical questions which concern us at the present day; the French difficulties and ours are very much the same, and their discussions cannot but facilitate our inquiries. The first is the important consideration. If you take your staff from the different regiments, it is sufficiently obvious, that whatever restrictions you impose in regard to the number selected, or the period you detain them from any particular regiment, you must, *pro tanto*, impair the efficiency of that regiment; that, if the selection be according to merit, the best officers are taken, and the loss to the regiment all the greater; if on the contrary, the selection be according to favour, without any examination into fitness, the most lively and most reasonable dissatisfaction cannot fail to be created among those left behind, who would not only want the double emoluments, present honours, and future promotion, enjoyed by their more fortunate but not more deserving brethren, but would moreover have to do their dull routine work for them in their regiments, and would be exposed in time of war to greater hardships in the camp and greater dangers in the field or in the trenches. Nor would these jealousies and heart-burnings cease, nor the strength of the regiment remain unimpaired, if a certain number of the officers were, whether successful or not, under whatever principle of selection, continually aspiring to staff-appointments, and regarding their ordinary duties as irksome and distasteful—mere stepping-stones to the ulterior objects of their ambition. On the other hand, supposing the staff formed into a special and distinct corps, these objections indeed would be closed, but others would be opened. The efficiency of the regiments would not indeed be impaired by the removal of well-informed officers, but the general standard of military knowledge in the regiments would be lowered; the too rapid promotion of officers chosen out of the regiments would be checked, but the promotion in the separate staff-corps would be too slow; the jealousy of regimental officers would have no place against their individual brethren, but would be diverted against the whole staff-body. The settlement of all such questions

is a choice of difficulties, and the *summum bonum* is that which involves the fewest. The French committee were of opinion, by a majority, however, that the arguments preponderated in favour of a separate staff-corps; and then came the question of promotion. This was subjected to the same rules and restrictions as generally pervade the army; but in point of fact, the rise of staff-officers has been slower than in other corps, and much dissatisfaction has been felt in consequence. Though, however, their titular rank, as compared with other officers, is only that of their corps, yet in conducting operations, they command all regimental officers of equal grade—a precedence cheerfully yielded to their avowedly higher qualifications. When they arrive at the rank of general d'état-major, they are employed in the higher situations of the staff, as chiefs of armies or corps-d'armée: and those who cannot be so employed, of course the great majority in time of peace, are at the disposal of the Minister of War, who gives them the preference in ordinary commands suited to their rank. So that the general officers d'état-major are eligible for all sorts of service, and return to compete for employment with others who have risen to the same rank in other branches of the service. How was the staff to be educated? The existing military colleges were special; that at Saumur* was devoted to cavalry; that at St. Cyr to infantry and cavalry; that at Metz to artillery and engineers, and were not therefore thought suitable to a service which required instruction, not in one only, but in all these branches. Hence the foundation of the École d'Application d'Etat-major at Paris, by Gouvion St. Cyr. In debating this question, frequent reference was made to our senior department, in its then separate condition, before amalgamation with the junior department, as an excellent staff-school, known, from personal inspection, to some of the French authorities. But the students in the Ecole d'Etat-major come, not as ours in the senior department, from the several regiments, retaining their places in those regiments, but are elected by competition among the students of the military schools and regimental officers, who, if elected, leave their regiments for the staff-corps.

The hardihood with which our neighbours trust to the competitive principle, even in matters not literary, and to which we

* The school at Saumur is a training-school for cavalry instructors, not for cavalry officers generally, who are at St. Cyr, with the infantry. These cavalry instructors are commissioned and non-commissioned officers, detached from their regiments for the time (two years) they spend at the school. They carry back to their regiments a uniform system of riding, and of cavalry exercises. The school at St. Cyr is not for infantry alone, as seems to be supposed in the Sandhurst evidence, but for cavalry also. The students, according to their position in the class-list of the out-going examination (*examen de sortie*), take their choice of infantry or cavalry.—*Cours d'Administration Militaire*.

are apt to think it wholly inapplicable, is somewhat startling to Englishmen nursed in the traditional maxims of interest and influence.

The Polytechnic is one of the feeders of the staff-school. All admissions to the Polytechnic are by open competition yearly. Any young Frenchman, above 16 and under 20, in good health, may compete. For non-commissioned officers and privates, of two years' actual service, the age is extended to 25. The trial consists in written compositions and two oral examinations. By the compositions and the first oral examination the inferior candidates are weeded out: those that remain are submitted to a second oral examination, which determines the merit of those who undergo it at any one time and place. These examinations are conducted by a Board of Examiners in Paris and the chief towns. A programme issued by the Minister of War each year indicates the subjects (all of which are equally obligatory, and failure in any one constitutes ineligibility), the times, and places of the examinations. After the examiners have finished their circuit, another Board, presided over by the Commandant of the Polytechnic, draw up, in order of merit, from the reports furnished them, a list of admissibles. The actual admission is by the Minister of War, who calculates the number of vacancies in the school as one-tenth more than the probable number of appointments to the public service from the school during the ensuing year. The annual charge for board is 1000 francs, but free exhibitions and semi-free exhibitions are given to those whose means are insufficient, and who are recommended by the municipal authorities of their locality and by the prefect. The duration of residence is two years. There are two competitive examinations, one for the students of the first year before admission into the second year's residence, and another (*examen de sortie*) at the close of the course before admission into the public service. The three students at the head of the list go to the staff-school: the remainder, according to their position in the class-list, make their selection among the vacancies in the artillery and engineer-school, the civil engineer service (*ponts et chaussées*), the naval arsenals, and other public offices. Those who, from being low down the list, cannot obtain places in the service of their choice, may be commissioned in the line, but not in the scientific branches of the service.

L'Ecole Speciale Militaire de St. Cyr is another feeder of the staff-school. It is designed to form completely instructed infantry and cavalry officers. As many as 600 students can be received, all by open competition only. The regulations for the examinations, admissions, residence, board, outfit, exhibitions, yearly examinations, and classification of students, are, *mutatis mutandis*,

the same as those at the Polytechnic. The 25 first students at the *examen de sortie* compete for admission into the staff-school. Those who do not enter there are commissioned, at their choice, according to their place in the class-list, in the infantry or cavalry. There is a certain standard, and those who do not come up to it go into the ranks, but as non-commissioned officers, if so recommended by the commandant of the school.

We come now to L'Ecole d'Application d'Etat-major. This contains 50 students, of whom one-half go out yearly. The 25 to be annually admitted are taken, three from the Polytechnic, 22 by competition between 50 candidates, half of whom are the most distinguished students of St. Cyr, and the other half are ensigns, of one year's active service at least, not more than 25 years old, who are permitted to compete by the Minister of War. The three from the Polytechnic are placed at the head of those entering, the 22 successful candidates are classified. They all take rank and pay on admission as ensigns of the staff; and are taught for two years the whole science and art of war—strategy, tactics, manœuvres, the organization of troops and their management, in barracks, the field, or hospital; the different operations of war, offensive and defensive; its philosophy as illustrated by eminent commanders. Eight months of the year are occupied in study within doors, three in study without, one in examinations. At the end of the course, a classified list is presented to the Minister of War, who confers the rank of lieutenant of the staff; and assigns each lieutenant to an infantry regiment, as aide-major, for two years, then to a cavalry corps for the same time, then to the artillery and engineers for another year. After all which preparation, they are eligible for the rank of captain, and enter on proper staff duties, as before described.

The French staff then is composed of officers, who are originally selected by literary competition, who after four years of the highest theoretical teaching, tested throughout from year to year, step by step, by emulative struggles, pass five years more under practical training before they enter on their proper duties. Compare this with our staff-officers, appointed on grounds of favour and interest, for the most part without any professional instruction, after only two years' actual service (according to the Queen's regulations, which are however evaded); or at the best appointed after two years' instruction at Sandhurst, without any special preparation or qualifications, under one professor and his coadjutor, neither of them military men, with no practical acquaintance with any arm but their own, with no inducements to work by prizes held out to excellence. The contrast is not flattering to national vanity. "A staff-officer is in France simply this: he is the cleverest man of the body . . . a man of a very superior character: though he may be only a captain,

he may be sent by the general commanding to supersede the colonel of a regiment, temporarily, for a particular purpose; and the colonel would not have the slightest objection, because the staff-officer, being a man of a superior order, is recognised as such. But that is not the case with regard to our staff: a staff-officer may be a very superior character, or he may not . . . and as to his superseding me in the command of a regiment, I should probably resist it as much as I could, because I should undervalue him." Well may the same witness, the Professor of Military Science at Sandhurst, say, "Military education is but little valued by the greater part of the high military authorities. They consider, after all, that whether a man is professionally educated or not, it will make not the slightest difference in regard to his qualifications as an officer: that is the opinion in this country, but it is not the opinion in other countries."*

Is then a separate staff-corps, specially educated for that service, a desirable addition to the British army? Sir Howard Douglas, than whom no one is entitled to more attention, sees great objections—difficulty of promotion, circumstances of colonial service, the regulation restricting the tenure of staff situations to five years. He is decidedly of opinion that some check should be put on the discretion of general officers, but does not describe it; he almost says that the choice ought to be confined to graduates from the senior department, but hesitates when he considers the possible exclusion thereby of able and experienced officers. His proposal is, to give certificates as now to those passing the college course of study; to send them for a sufficient time to infantry or cavalry regiments, as the case may be, and to the Practical Class at Woolwich: he would thus secure, not only military science, but a practical acquaintance with all branches of the service. He would then give a diploma of staff sufficiency, and the officer would return to his regiment, till he was wanted. But would he ever be wanted? Would general officers, holding in little estimation scientific acquirements, as they generally do, summon the holders of these diplomas, out of a disinterested respect for the opinions of civilians and the cause of education, or their own friends and relations, who in their judgment would make more handy and manageable staff-officers? Without fixed rules for the employment of graduates and none but graduates, with allowance for matters to take their own course, that course will remain unaltered from the mere force of habit or tradition; the well-as-we-are people of the world will oppose a passive, but sufficient resistance to change: it will be the old story, *Probitas laudatur et alget*. This is the defect in Sir Howard Douglas' proposal—there is no security for the

* Evidence, pp. 86, 5.

appointment of his staff graduates: he trusts to their making their own way by merit, in spite of influence and interest; but he is obliged to confess that this applies rather to a state of war than of peace, remembering doubtless that we had certificated officers in the last war, and have them in the present, but meanwhile only twenty in twenty years. He submits also that the service would be greatly enriched by the high professional acquisitions of such officers remaining in their regiments—a consideration which will convey but poor comfort to the disappointed officers themselves.

Of course there are lions in the way of a special staff service, but we do not believe them more formidable here than in France: it would be a small corps, and promotion would be as in the Ordnance; there would be the greatest difficulty in officers preparing themselves in the colonies, but this is not proposed; regulations may be made and unmade. It is the only remedy commensurate with all the requirements of the case; if regimental officers are taken for the staff, their regiments must for the time be under-officered. It would be a noble service, attracting to itself, as of right, honours and emoluments—orders, inspectorships, governments, commands: each member of it would be actuated by the feeling, *Spartam nactus es, hanc exorna*.

But, supposing we are not yet ready for a separate corps, staff employment must, after a certain interval sufficient to get the system into work, be absolutely restricted to graduates in a staff school. This may be formed by placing the senior department in an independent position and on its own proper basis, both as regards constitution and finance. The purposes in view are too important to be made subsidiary to any other, and are not compatible in execution with those of the junior department: the staff-school of the British army should be no section of a school, but an establishment by itself, with its own staff, military and civil. It would not indeed be self-sustaining: the income derived from thirty students at 30*l.* a year, would not do more than pay the salary of the superintendent of studies. Nor has the senior department at any time been financially independent: its present humiliating condition, as a pensioner on the civil cadets, must not remain. If an efficient staff be a national object, the nation should pay for it, and not a few individuals no more interested in the matter than the rest of their fellow-citizens. The cost would not be alarming. The senior department, when a separate establishment at Farnham, and much in the same state as that to which we would now restore it, cost the country, at a most expensive time, and when Parliamentary grants were at the highest, in 1815, no more than 5082*l.*

But if Parliament grant funds for the support of a staff-

college, it will see that the public money is profitably spent; it will require guarantees that none but the best men in the service are admitted for instruction; and that, when instructed, they are employed. The right of admission might be given to merit, as tested by testimonials from commanding officers and by the competition of lieutenants in their examination previous to promotion, as before described. But no examinations can take cognizance of common sense, coolness, judgment, knowledge of character, and influence over men: nothing but actual trial in situations of difficulty can prove a man to be not only well instructed, but also *un être moral qui, par son influence sur les intelligences, semble gouverner les événements, comme les puissances mystérieuses de la nature.** These men, born for responsible command, must not be excluded, even though they be not victorious in a literary examination; and to meet their case a discretionary power must be lodged with the Board of Commissioners or the Minister for War, to admit them into the staff college on certain specified grounds. For the protection of the public against the abuse of their confidence, and for the protection of the staff-college against its otherwise certain neglect, it must be the sole door to staff employment; but the doors of the college may be opened either by successful candidates in the district schools, or by the Commissioners.

Nor do we believe that general officers, having the honour of the service and their own true interests at heart, will object to the restriction imposed on them of selecting from the mass of graduates. Generals, for their own sakes, must desire aides-de-camp who can be useful to them, and will rejoice in being relieved from the importunity now brought to bear on them in favour of the incompetent. Sir Howard Douglas, when at the senior department, used to be asked by general officers to recommend students for appointment on their personal staff, they being, they said, much pressed to employ young friends and relations who had received no military education.†

The staff school, thus independent, might return to its old head-quarters at Farnham, where it would be near the permanent camp at Aldershot; and we join in the recommendation of the Committee, that "facilities should be given to officers passing with good certificates of attending the courses at Chatham and Woolwich; and that they should be attached to cavalry or infantry regiments, so that they may become acquainted with all the branches of the profession." We would go further. Some members of the staff school, with their military superintendent of studies, might visit the scenes of remarkable continental battle fields, might survey the ground, study the positions, criticise the

* Marmont, *Esprit des Institutions Militaires*.

† Page 160.

operations of great commanders on the spot, and also the historical records of those operations. These would be travelling bachelors, with more definite aims than those of Oxford and Cambridge.*

True, that many of the graduates would fail of obtaining employment on the staff; but then they would have the consolation of reflecting that they had not been set aside in favour of the avowedly incompetent, and they would have, what now they want—the hope of being employed. “Hope must be the portion of all that resolve upon great enterprises. For this was Cæsar’s portion when he went first into Gaul, his estate being then utterly overthrown with largesses. And this was likewise the portion of that noble prince, howsoever transported with ambition, Henry, Duke of Guise, of whom it was usually said, that he was the greatest usurer in France, because he had turned all his estate into obligations.”†

This, then, is our proposal—Military education in a general College for all Commissioned Officers, in practical classes at Woolwich and Chatham for Artillery and Engineers, in District Schools for Regimental Officers, in a Staff School for Staff Officers.

The principle of competition pervades the whole: it opens the door of the profession, it introduces to the higher rooms and upper seats. We regard competition as the salt of the system, purifying and preserving it; as the governor of the engine—adjusting its propelling force to the resistance it has to overcome. But we feel that it is just here that the first resistance will be made, which will be all the more damaging, as proceeding, not from avowed ill-wishers to the cause of military education, but from its candid friends. They will admit, that the ignorance of our officers is deplorable,—that the necessity of general and professional knowledge is undeniable,—and that examination as a test of it is admissible: but they will ask, Why admit officers by means of competition? This is a great change, an absolute

* How interesting, for instance, a visit to Salamanca and its neighbourhood, for the purpose of tracing on the ground, not only the battle-field, but the operations which preceded; particularly that wonderful march of two armies, side by side, often within pistol-shot, from the Douro to the Tormes, in which both generals made mistakes, and both displayed the highest tactical skill; and which both have described: Wellington in his Despatches; Marmont in *Esprit des Institutions Militaires*, p. 159. Marmont also (p. 6) gives the results of a study of this kind on another memorable field. “J’ai visité, en 1826, pendant un jour entier, le champ de bataille de la Moskowa, avec plusieurs officiers Français et Russes qui avaient assisté à la bataille: j’ai lu sur le terrain les trois relations connues de Ségur, de Chambray, de Boutourlin; d’après mon opinion, c’est la première qui seul rende un compte exact de la manière dont les choses ont du se passer.”

† “Advancement of Learning.”

novelty, unknown to the clerical, legal, medical, or any other liberal profession. This system is not applicable to military men. Great commanders have been entirely wanting in literary knowledge: Turenne, for instance, Marshal Saxe, Cromwell, Marlborough, Lord Clive. This shows it is not necessary; and, if not necessary, to insist on it is mischievous. The adventurous spirit which carries men into the army is, in its very nature, at variance with the scholastic disposition. Place a schoolmaster at the gate, and you turn such persons back. Why not admit by patronage, as before, and examine according to a fixed standard as sharply as you please?

We must answer at some little length.

We have great respect for long-established custom, and appreciate the difficulties and embarrassments consequent on any change: "*Mutatio consuetudinis, etiam quæ adjuvat utilitate, novitate perturbat.*" But we regard these inconveniences as the necessary price we must pay for our past neglect; and we are content to pay it, when we contemplate the social disorders among our officers at home, and their proved want of professional knowledge abroad. At Windsor they assault each other and the provincial Thespis; at Canterbury they themselves act in low comedy and farce,—they get up mock duels, and shave horses' tails; at Preston their vein is tragic,—they are fined in the Police-court for pelting the gas-lamps with rabbits: they play coarse and violent practical jokes everywhere. At Malta the game is more serious; the Commander of the Forces there promulgates a general order, reminding the young officers sojourning for a time on their way to the Crimea, that a course of debt, rioting, and drunkenness, will not qualify them for sustaining the honour of the British flag before the enemy. We are willing to believe that all this is folly, not vice; that it comes from sheer want of occupation among young men void of intellectual resources: they are full of energies, for which, in time of peace, no safety-valve has been provided; what wonder that they sometimes explode. Place these same youths in the midst of dangers and privations, and they turn out gallant fellows, with sound hearts, though with empty heads. War lays a rough hand on wanton indolence, but it exposes the weakness of our officers in another way.

Everybody was in the habit of saying, a few years back, that if ever England went to war again, it must not be expected, considering the withdrawal of her agricultural population to the towns* and the colonies, that her armies would be as large, or the

* Perhaps Marmont (p. 142) may account for our not perceiving any inferiority on this ground. "Les soldats fournis par les grandes villes, où l'amour propre est plus actif, mais qui sont moins forts et moins robustes, dépassent souvent de beaucoup en valeur ceux qui sortent des campagnes."

physical force of the men what they had been; but then it was to be expected that the evil, if it were one, would bring with it its own remedy; that England's advanced proficiency in the arts of civilized life would more than make up her deficiencies in numbers and brute force; that her application of all mechanical inventions would greatly facilitate the operations of war; that the enlightened education of that class from which officers are taken, would multiply them many times. These expectations were not unreasonable in the presence of recent discoveries, and of the wide developments of our industry and intelligence. Nor have they been disappointed in all those circumstances of war to which civilians could apply the arts of peace. We have brought the camp within a few minutes' reach of the War Office; we convey our troops and stores three thousand miles in a fortnight or three weeks; we carry them by a railroad from the port. The fame of our personal prowess is as high as ever, though our agricultural population has decreased. Our military genius, Marshal Marmont told us, lay in defensive warfare; *solidité* was the characteristic of our troops: the heights of Inkerman proved that we are not inferior to our fathers. Nor in that *élan prononcé*, which offensive operations demand, and in which Marmont thought us wanting,* have the hill of Alma and the plain of Balaklava seen the degeneracy of our infantry and cavalry. Still, *c'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre*. The charging armies, entrenched or in position, with foot or with horse, is mere want of strategy. Alma was a contradiction to one of the first principles of war,† Balaklava a mistake, Inkerman a surprise, the Redan a repulse. We have had to trust, as before, and not in vain, the honour of our arms to the chivalry of our gentlemen, —to a gallantry devoted, but unintelligent; and, consequently, attended with fatal consequences to themselves, and with irreparable loss to their country.

In the actual operations of war, requiring military knowledge in skilful strategical combinations, in clever handling of troops, in scientific and mechanical applications conducive to the comfort and safety of their men, in all that regards *le métier des armes*, "our gentleman officer" has again shown himself, as the Duke said of him in the last war, "but a poor creature in disciplining his company, in camp, quarters, or cantonments."‡ The indignation of England has been roused, we have been made a spectacle to Europe, our military reputation has been lowered throughout the world, through no fault of our officers,

* *Esprit*, &c., part iii. c. 8.

† Operate by the flanks, not by the front, was the maxim of Wellington, of Napoleon, and of every skilful commander.

‡ Memorandum on the Discipline of the Army.

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but purely through the disastrous obstinacy of our chiefs, who have maintained, and some of whom do now maintain, that military duties can be adequately discharged without any military education.* We wise men of the West have shown ourselves mere novices in the art of war, compared with the Eastern barbarians. The Russian officers, either promoted from the ranks, or taught in different military schools the whole theory and practice of their profession, specially educated for the staff and for each branch of the service, knowing by heart Jomini's *Précis de l'art de la guerre*, say of us, that we are a nation of lions led by asses.† Austrian and Prussian officers have visited our camp, and scrutinized our operations: they proclaim, in every society they enter, the excellence of our materials for a good army and the astounding ignorance of our officers. The United States' men are of opinion, as expressed by one of their oldest generals, that nothing but the generalship of the French has saved us from irreparable disaster.‡ The French themselves offer their condolences, which are more hard to hear than the taunts of our open or concealed foes. Their polite excuse for us is, that we have had no Algeria. But we cannot accept this apology. The war in the Crimea is of a totally different character. Algeria had no Sebastopol: the war there never taught the French to plant

* See Sir John Burgoyne's evidence, *passim*; and Lieut.-Col. Adams, p. 85.

† "With regard to the Russian officers, I don't believe there are men of higher military instruction in the world. All the energies of the state are directed to heighten their instruction, and we found them very formidable antagonists at Sebastopol. And there is no more highly instructed body of men, for they have certainly shown themselves very able officers."—Lord Ellesmere's Speech at Worsley, *Times*, Oct. 25.

Again, an English officer, an eye-witness, writes in the same number of the *Times*—"The scientific principles displayed in the defences of the place surpass all that ever has been done before at sieges, and totally eclipse our best engineering tactics. I hesitate not to say, and I mean it with no malice or disparagement, that were the Russian engineer officers to see our works, they would laugh at them." The writer describes in detail the construction of the Russian batteries, and the auxiliary works, bomb-proof shelter for the men—positive barracks, not huts, all along the line of batteries and under them. The whole letter is well worth reading.

Again, "Nothing has come out more clearly in the course of this war than the high military and scientific character of the Russian officers. Ardent in attack, undaunted in retreat, full of skill, energy, and resource under all circumstances, masters of the three languages of the belligerent Powers, it makes one shudder to reflect what such a band of officers might accomplish, if supported by troops worthy of such leaders. Their scientific defences was a silent satire on our rude attack, and the superiority in skill of the champions of barbarism over those of civilization is written in our best blood."—*Times*, Nov. 9.

‡ We, the conquerors of Waterloo, have been obliged to confess our inferiority, and to submit our army (in numbers not much below the French) to a certain subordination to the French commander. We are now playing a secondary part in this mighty game. Contentedly to acquiesce in such a sacrifice of honour is to abandon the safeguard of nations.

600 guns in position ; to make approaches, frequently by blasting the solid rock, extending fifty miles ; to carry their sap up to within twenty yards of the salient of the Malakhoff, so that their mines at last blew in the counterscarp ; to provide that remarkable collection of all things, great and small, detailed in General Neil's dispatch, which could possibly be wanted to storm and to occupy the fortress they were about to attack ; to handle 80,000 men in the trenches, and launch them 10,000 at a time into the embrasures, without crowding or confusion. These lessons were learnt in their military schools, and applied for the first time in the Crimea. Antwerp is the only siege in which the present generation of Frenchmen have been engaged. Marshal Marmont considered Algeria as a camp of instruction on a large scale, *un plus vaste lieu d'exercice*.*

We regard the unhappy failures of our present system, and the proved efficiency of Russian and French college-bred officers as a sufficient justification of the inconveniences of change. Nor is the change so great as is supposed, either in the army or out of it. When people say, You do not admit clergymen, barristers, and doctors into their professions by competition, they give the fact truly as regards the ministry of the Church ; where, owing to the abuse of patronage and the embodiment of religion in a parish in the *persona* of the incumbent, there is not, and possibly there cannot be competition, as elsewhere : though it must be remembered that every clergyman passes three general literary examinations at his university, and two professional ones before his bishop. But the fact is not stated correctly with regard to other liberal professions. A distinction should be made between formal admission to a profession, and admission to its practical exercise. A man may eat his way through inns of court to the bar, and walk his way through hospitals to physic ; he may have without much trouble all the titular and outward marks of his profession ; but he will get no employment, except he win it in a fair field of competition with his fellows. He may make, indeed, a holy alliance with an attorney's daughter, or an unholy one with a chemist ; but his patrons can do no more than introduce him to the public, who will assuredly exercise their own independent judgment on his merits. Were it wished, there would be no great harm in having honorary officers, men who had bought titular distinctions of rank, who might wear the Queen's uniform on certain occasions, and who might have their names in the army list, printed in italics, as is now permitted to field-officers after selling out, to distinguish them from effectives, but without pay, employment, or responsibility of any kind, like briefless barristers or feeless physicians.

* *Esprit*, &c., part iv. c. 1.

The last year has seen the principle of selection by competition very largely applied. Any British subject may aspire to serve the East India Company in the civil service who can prove his superiority in a purely literary examination. The Queen's Speech promised to re-organize our own civil service on the same basis; and we actually have in operation a system of examining candidates proposed by the heads of the different departments, who may nominate as many as they please to a single vacancy, and thus introduce competition, as has actually been done in the War Office and in the Office of the Committee of Council for Education.* But to come nearer still. In the army itself this principle has been introduced into those branches of the service which have always maintained a high intellectual reputation, and that too with a severe disregard of existing interests. Previously to Lord Panmure's accession to the Ministry for War, appointments to the Woolwich Academy were by nomination; and the scientific education there given has yielded excellent fruits. He, however, last summer set up as prizes to be contended for in a literary examination, by all comers who could produce certificates of age, moral character, and physical ability, without any nomination or inquiry, twenty provisional commissions and forty appointments to the senior Practical Class at Woolwich. The results are before us in a published report. Forty-six candidates presented themselves for the provisional commissions, one hundred and five for the Practical Class. They came from universities, colleges, and schools, in the United Kingdom, in our North American Colonies, Liege, and St. Omer. The subjects of examination were those which form the staple of the instruction in our public schools and universities, with the addition of fortification. The classical examiners were more than satisfied with the candidates who came under their notice: the mathematical were much dissatisfied, and took a most unmerciful revenge on some of the best classical, though bad mathematical scholars, to the corresponding advantage of other candidates who were good in nothing.† Nor is this a temporary expedient to provide for an exigency in the public service. Lord Panmure has again invited candidates to compete for provisional commis-

* This was done in the War Office under Mr. Herbert's administration; and very lately the Lord President of the Council has nominated three candidates to each vacant clerkship, and proposes to appoint that one which shall pass the best examination.

† Merit was indicated by marks. One candidate got 142, and stood sixth on the list; and yet he was rejected to admit another candidate who got no more than 25·8 marks, and stood fortieth on the list. Why? Because No. 6 did not get ten mathematical marks. We cannot but fear that injury has been done to this individual and to the service. No. 6 got nearly six times the marks that forty did, and must have far greater powers of mind for mathematics and everything else.

sions and appointments to the Practical Class, with certain alterations in procedure, all of which are not improvements, but with perfect openness. And it is understood that for the future all the Ordnance Corps appointments will be thrown open to the like unrestrained competition, without any regard to the promises made by the late Master-General of the Ordnance.

In the Navy there are stringent pass-examinations both before admission and on promotion, on foreign stations, and at the Naval College: there are naval instructors on board ship, and commanding officers "are expected to take particular interest in filling up the half-yearly reports of the scientific acquirements of their junior officers;" which are no mere form, for they "remain as a permanent record of the attainments, qualifications, and conduct of the officers of the Royal Navy."*

Our proposal, then, is no such absolute novelty. Appointment according to merit tested by competition has long prevailed and flourished at our universities, it is the recognised mode of advancement in the liberal professions generally. Patronage has been regulated and considerably modified by literary and professional examinations in our own civil service, in the ministry of the Church, and in the navy: it has been utterly abolished in the India civil service and in appointments to the corps of Artillery and Engineers. Why should it remain in full vigour, neither regulated nor modified, in the other branches of the army?

All officers require a certain amount of general and professional knowledge,—some arms more than others. If the principle of competition is thought applicable to the more scientific branches of the service, why is it denied to the less, though in a measure scientific? Why not distribute all commissions according to the demands which will be made on the officers in the discharge of their future duties? Why is there one mode of procedure at the War Department and another at the Horse Guards? *Detur digniori* has been inscribed on the banners of the Artillery and Engineers: let not *Mercurio presenti* remain on those of the Line. Such an anomaly cannot long endure the light. Change brings inconveniences; but we have seen far greater changes, of which the benefit is undoubted and the inconveniences insignificant. We have witnessed a whole board, of many historic associations and of long-established usage, connected with the glories of our arms for centuries, spreading its ramifications into all the departments of the army, swept away by no Act of Parliament, but by the mere breath of a minister.

* Circular from the Admiralty, 1st April, 1851. Very recently also the principle of competition among a certain number of nominees, as candidates for naval cadetships, seems to have been introduced. The first examination will be in January, 1856. We imagine the arrangements somewhat similar to those made by the Lord President of the Council in appointing clerks.

That many great men have not been great scholars was long ago remarked, and the inference to the disparagement of letters long ago answered:—"Quæret quispiam, Quid ? illi ipsi summi viri, quorum virtutes literis proditæ sunt, istâne doctrinâ, quam tu laudibus effers, eruditi fuerunt ? Difficile est hoc de omnibus confirmare : sed tamen certum est quod respondeam. Ego multos homines excellenti animo ac virtute fuisse, et sine doctrinâ, naturæ ipsius habitu prope divino, per se ipsos et moderatos et graves exstitisse fateor. Etiam illud adjungo, sæpius ad laudem atque virtutem naturam sine doctrinâ, quàm sine naturâ valuisse doctrinam. Atque idem ego contendo, cum ad naturam eximiam atque illustrem accesserit ratio quædam conformatioque doctrinæ, tum illud nescio quid præclarum ac singulare solere existere. Ex hoc esse hunc numero, quem patres nostri viderunt, divinum hominem, Africanum."*

There are dispositions so happy, capacities so innate, as to dispense with the lessons of the schools. Where genius begins, rules end. But are our adventurous youths generally Turennes or Marlboroughs ? Is it safe that they should all command, without being taught to command ? Is the adventurous spirit another name for intuitive capacity ? Tests are perfectly unnecessary for the eminent few, but must be insisted on for all ; because, before experience, you cannot distinguish genius, and you know it to be rare. We must frame our plans for the many, not for the few ; for the rule, not for the exception. "*L'art de la guerre se compose de deux parties distinctes ; le métier proprement dit, et la partie morale, apanage du génie.*"† It is with the profession generally—ordinary, not extraordinary men, that we have to do.

We need not fear the rejection of any who are worth having, whose adventurous spirit rests on any foundation of capacity. Where this is wanting, the sooner adventurers are stopped, before they bring themselves and others into scrapes, the better. The standard of admission, be it remembered, is not to be fixed by the schoolmaster, but by the candidates themselves, and must therefore be adapted to ordinary powers. How can it exclude those who are extraordinarily gifted ? Original natures are ever true to the principles of their organization, and will vindicate their native superiority in any field of competition. If distinguished commanders have been wanting in literary qualifications, it is because no demand for these has ever been made on them. Nor is it proposed to apply this test to generals, but to subalterns only. The highest commands must ever be disposed of, as heretofore, by a practical competition in the business of life. We simply contend for the application of the competitive principle

* Cicero, *Pro Archiâ*, c. 7.

† Marmont, *Esprit*, &c., part iv. c. 2.

throughout, at the commencement as well as during the progress of the military career. The first application of the system must be of a literary character, because it concerns youths, the business of whose life has been mental improvement by means of a literary education. Before we entrust a young man with a responsible command over his fellow-men, we would see how he has performed the duties of life hitherto—whether he have improved his opportunities; whether he have, not merely the spirit of adventure, but an intellect which burns with an even rather than a brilliant flame—a steadiness of effort—a fixity of purpose—a patience of labour. Literary examinations are not proposed for the sake of literature, but as a test of moral and intellectual qualities, which ensure success in the school and in the field alike. There is no variance between the grounds of scholastic and military success. Wellington “sometimes was indebted to his fortune, sometimes to his natural genius, but always to his untiring industry, for he was emphatically a painstaking man.”*

Some eminent commanders have not been scholars. But the three greatest generals the world has ever produced—Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon—were all men of letters. The first an annotator on Homer, the second a classical author, the third a philosopher, if he had not been an Emperor. “Do you think,” said Napoleon, “if I had not been General-in-Chief and the instrument of Fate to a mighty nation, that I would have accepted place and dependence? No! I would have thrown myself into the study of the exact sciences; my path would have been that of Galileo and Newton; and, since I have always succeeded in my great enterprises, I should have highly distinguished myself also in my scientific labours. I should have left the memory of beautiful discoveries.”

But this question has passed from the region of discussion into that of fact. What was an experiment, is a proved success. Napoleon, with a marvellous prescience, introduced into France, and applied to the army, that very system which we propose. The scheme is not ours, it is Napoleon’s. If we are wrong in putting up commissions to literary competition, Napoleon was wrong; France, faithfully following his plans for the last half century, has been in error, and the reputation of her arms a mistake. The law which reorganized the Polytechnic on its present basis is remarkable as being the first indication of the great designs of the First Consul. This law, promulgated thirty-seven days after the 18th of Brumaire, declares that the purpose of the new institution is to train pupils for all the public services, and particularly for the more scientific branches of the army. The mode of admission by open literary competition among all

* Napier’s *Penin. War*, vol. vi. c. 6.

young Frenchmen of the required age, their appointment to certain branches of the public service also by competition, the object, manner, and duration of the instruction, the regulation and discipline of the pupils, the different boards for teaching and administration, were all laid down by this remarkable decree, the leading principles of which have been respected and enforced by all succeeding governments, and which at this moment regulate the school.* Himself educated at the military school of Brienne, military education ever engaged the attention of Napoleon. He never took his hand off the schools. Consular and imperial decrees established and regulated the Prytanée Français, now the junior military school at La Fleche; *l'école spéciale militaire*, now at St. Cyr; *l'école spéciale militaire de cavalerie*, now at Saumur; the artillery school at Châlons; the engineer school at Metz. In fact, every existing military school, except that of the staff, owes its origin to Napoleon; and the same system of competition, where applicable, pervades them all. After the peace of Tilsit, Napoleon lent the Emperor Alexander ten professors for the purpose of establishing a Polytechnic in Russia. To the last he insisted on military education. He dictated to Montholon, at St. Helena, these words: "Brought to France when fourteen, Louis entered on the life of a man at the siege of Toulon, on hearing me say to him, in the midst of the corpses of 200 grenadiers, slain through the ignorance of their commander, at the assault of an impregnable side of Fort Pharon:—'If I had commanded here, all these brave men would be still alive. Learn, Louis, from this example, how absolutely necessary instruction is to those who aspire to command others.'"[†]

But why not examine sharply according to a standard of your own fixing? Simply because you cannot fix a standard; you never can keep it up without competition. Whenever you endeavour to test by examination mere competency, you must fix a *minimum*, and that *minimum* is continually getting lower and lower. It is like singing without an instrument; you cannot keep up the pitch; you get flatter and flatter the longer you sing. The temptation to be good-natured at the public expense is irresistible. If examiners are to determine whether a certain line has been reached, they are most ingenious in devising excuses for evading their duty, when it involves an act of rigorous, hard-hearted justice. An intellectual line is so difficult to define: it is not without breadth, it does not lie evenly between extreme points. "Robinson and Jackson were far above the mark: *they* must not fix the standard; we cannot expect all like them.

* *Cours d'Administration Militaire*, Vauchelle, vol. i. p. 175.

† A curiously similar instance happened at the battle of Nivelle; it is given by Napier, book xxiii. c. 1.

Fitzmaurice was perhaps a trifle below, but we gave him the benefit of the doubt and let him through. There is but a shade of difference between him and Fitzgibbon. We really cannot pluck the latter after passing the former. It is a severe thing to ruin a man's prospects, in order to make a public example. He may improve; he seems well disposed; we will tell him it was a near shave; that will quicken him." This is not jobbery. Fitzmaurice and Fitzgibbon are accepted, not because they happen to have Norman instead of Saxon prænomena, but because, when the alternative is presented to the mass of examiners of rejecting the candidate at a certain damage to him, or of accepting him at a merely possible damage to the State, the interests of the individual who is before them is sure to prevail over those of that abstraction—the public. The examiners must be more than Rhadamanthi to act otherwise. That severe and impartial Cretan judges the dead, and is assisted by the guilty conscience of the accused, and by Tisiphone with her whip and scorpions.* But the rejected candidate and his friends are alive, and burning under a sense of injured innocence: they hold the instruments of torture, and are ready to sting the examiner to death. On the other hand, if the young man be accepted, the *Times* and the public will know nothing, and can say nothing.

We may, however, turn this natural unwillingness to hurt and injure a fellow-creature to good account. Let the question be presented to the minds of examiners in another light, as one of preference between two or more candidates; then easiness of temper and amiability will have no place; strict justice will be done to the State in doing it between two individuals.

There is another and a numerous class of objectors, who will say that the qualities you want in an officer are not to be tested in a literary examination. You want physical qualities, and a good seat on horseback. In his Italian campaigns, Napoleon was sixteen hours in his saddle for days together. He galloped from Bayonne to Vittoria in two days, on an emergency. He himself attributed his error in not advancing by his left, early in the morning of the 17th, after the battle of Sombref, on Quartre Bras, to his being obliged to rely on the reports of others. The Duke in the Peninsula was often eighteen hours together on horseback; frequently rode fifty miles between breakfast and dinner. There ought to be examination in athletic sports, throwing the sledge-hammer, and the broad-sword exercise, to test personal activity. Such men as Harry Smith of the Wynd ought to be professors. Again, how are literary examinations to prove self-reliance, self-possession, resource, promptitude, courage

* Æn. lib. vi. 566.

—all those moral qualities which General Windham displayed in the attack on the Redan?

The answer is not difficult. Our combats are not now those of the clan Quhele and clan Chattan by the North Inch of Perth. Each man does not now "fight for his own hand," hewing his way with his sword to his foe's life. The bullet has very much equalized the strength of men: οὐ πολὺ ἄνθρωπος ἀνθρώπου διαφέρει. "*De nos jours*," says Marmont, "*le général combat par la volonté et la pensée; son habileté a manier le glaive est sans importance; l'esprit embrasse un bien autre espace que celui offert aux regards*."* The same physical exertions are not required from all, as from the commander-in-chief. Some great generals have not been remarkable for personal powers. Agesilaus was lame and small of stature; Hannibal had but one eye at Trasimenus and Cannæ; our William III. was decidedly weakly; Frederic the Great was not strong.

Nor is any considerable part of an officer's life spent under canvas.† We should select and educate rather with a view to the general than the exceptional life of a soldier. It is a mistake to consider an officer wholly as a fighting animal. In point of fact, probably very little, possibly none of his service, will be before the enemy. In the monotony of transports, in the weariness of colonial duty, in the listlessness of hot climates, in the solitariness of remote stations, either at home or abroad, a man's greatest enemies are his own thoughts—a mind preying on itself for want of food. We would furnish an officer with weapons enabling him to gain the greatest of all victories—one over himself: we would minister to a diseased and hungry mind by supplying intellectual resources. We would guard against sensual temptations by creating a taste for rational enjoyments. In a new country, now, an officer has no resource but his gun. How valuable to himself and others would be a liking for natural history and physical inquiries, for drawing and surveying.

"Generally speaking," says Lieutenant-Colonel Adams, "the officers of the army have no education at all, and they have nothing to interest them. If they know anything, it is a little Latin, nothing more; and how are they to amuse themselves? They do not take any interest in any reading; they do not know surveying; nor are they interested in military matters at all. But I have observed officers who know anything, instead of engaging in racing and billiards, they will say, 'Let us go out, and take a sketch of such and such an object to-morrow.' If the colonel is a man of education at all, he would say, 'I should be very much obliged to you to go out and take a sketch of such and such a country.' Another man would have a dis-

* *Esprit*, &c., p. 2.

† Si la guerre est l'état naturel de l'armée, elle n'est pas son état le plus habituel.—*Cours d'Administration Militaire*, vol. i. p. 12.

cussion on the comparative merits of the Duke of Marlborough and the Duke of Wellington and the Earl of Peterborough, and they would read on the subject. If a man joins a regiment without any education at all, he does not know what to do."—*Evidence*, p. 77.

It should be remembered, also, how large a portion of an officer's life is spent on half-pay, or in retirement. Directly he reaches field-officer's rank, his chances of employment are largely diminished, from the very constitution of a regiment. There are ten ensigns, ten lieutenants, and ten captains; and so far the steps are easy from the equality of numbers in each rank: but of the ten captains, only two can be employed as majors, and of the majors only one can be employed as a lieutenant-colonel. The consequence is, that the captains sell out or go on half-pay. The majority of officers, before they reach to be major-generals, spend ten years in retirement, in many cases twenty, in some upwards of thirty. The average number of years' service by colonels and lieutenant-colonels, actually with regiments, as majors is about four, as lieutenant-colonels about five.* A well-educated man could spend these long periods of compulsory military inaction with comfort and advantage to himself and to those about him; he might engage in other pursuits in life. Few things now are more melancholy than the idle, purposeless life which our retired officers lead—hanging about clubs and haunting watering-places.

In truth, this physical force objection proceeds on the false assumption, that there is an antagonism between a good intellect and a good constitution. Why cannot a long head be set on broad shoulders? Are educated men wanting in personal activity? Are wise men less brave—they may be less rash—than fools? Surely you can secure at once bodily and mental strength: in point of fact, they are very generally united. You can test and improve the one by medical inspection and by athletic exercises, and the other by a literary examination. This is the practical question—On what principle are officers to be selected? for their heads or for their bodies? "The old-fashioned officers" say, for their bodies. The Horse Guards say, for neither. We say, for both. We would not reduce the profession of arms to a level with the navvie and day-labourer.

We would meet the objection as to the possible want of moral qualities, by professing our faith in that law of Providence which so generally unites, especially in the young, moral and intellectual excellence; and for the discovery of this blessed agreement, which it were distrust of God in the bestowal of His best gifts to

* "Report of Commissioners to Inquire into Promotion," p. 11. Appendix, p. 23. 1854. These admirable State papers should be studied by all who would understand the working of the system of promotion in our army.

doubt, we would trust to an intellectual struggle between those whose previous character and conduct have been thoroughly sifted through a sieve much finer than any ever used by the Commander-in-Chief. The attainment of intellectual eminence involves considerable moral restraint, self-discipline, industry, application, aptitude: success implies not only scholarship, but general powers of mind capable of direction into any channel of life.

The Queen has a right to demand for the service of the Crown, for the defence of our empire, for the guardianship of our honour, the best men she can procure. Where the competition is, there will be the glory; where the glory is, there will be gathered together the noblest and the most generous natures, as athletes in a worthy arena. ἄθλα γὰρ οἷς κείται ἀρετῆς μέγιστα, τοῖς δὲ καὶ ἄνδρες ἀριστοὶ πολιτεύουσι.*

ART. VI.—ATHENIAN COMEDY.

Menandre Etude Historique et Littéraire sur la Comédie et la Société Grecques. Par Guillaume Guizot. 8vo. Paris. 1855.

THE essay of M. Guillaume Guizot upon the "Life, Writings, and Age of Menander," belongs to that order of studies of classical antiquity in which Germany and France abound, but which are in little esteem at our own universities. We have so recently expressed our regret at the poverty of English scholarship in this and similar departments of learning, that we shall not, on the present occasion, advert to the contrast between foreign and native productions, but proceed at once to introduce M. Guizot's lively and learned work to the notice of our readers.

While the tragic drama and the Aristophanic comedy of the Athenians have attracted their due share of notice both from those who amended their text, and those who entered into their dramatic or philosophical spirit, the new, or as we may venture to phrase it, the Genteel Comedy of Athens has elicited little attention comparatively. This partial neglect may be ascribed to two causes—(1), to the fragmentary condition in which the latest off-

* Thucyd. ii. 46.

spring of the Attic theatre has come down to us ; and (2), to the grander forms of imagination and art embodied in the elder drama. Through every disguise, through the change of creeds and ethical ideas, through the resisting medium of a dead language, through mutilation of parts and corruption of texts, through the mists of an extinct religion, and the veils of obsolete party feuds, the presence as of a great spirit standing before us is perceptible in the Athenian drama. Never, in our opinion at least, was the indestructible life of Grecian genius more apparent than when, some years ago, Mendelssohn's "Antigone" was produced on the London stage. The music alone was worthy of the story: the *libretto* was alternately tumid and feeble in its language: the actors were encumbered by the stilted sentiments put into their mouths, and baffled by the slow and sculpturesque evolutions and situations of the plot: the choruses looked and sang like minor canons gone distracted: and the costume bore about as close a resemblance to the original as the Eglinton tournament bore to the lists of Ashby. Yet through every disadvantage and deformity, Mendelssohn's music was not the only impressive portion of the performance. If it did not transport the spectator to "Athens or Thebes," it brought him at least within ken of an august Titanic power from whose countenance not even the decay and dishonours of the grave had effaced all its primal beauty. For from beyond the tomb, and from a distant shore, and through the glare and dissonance of a modern theatre, came authentic voices of passion, and gleams of grandeur and loveliness, that rolled back the mists of centuries and revealed at least a portion of the "original brightness." Uncrowned and deposed, the majesty of Sophocles was still "right royal," and asserted its claim to the homage of the spectators.

The Aristophanic comedy has never been put to a similar trial; and even with the aid of music, could hardly be rendered intelligible to a modern audience. The ethical principles of tragedy are the property of mankind: they rest upon our fountal passions; they resolve themselves into extant results. If "the woes of old great houses" formed the staple of so many Athenian dramas, they have also furnished the plots of Lear and Hamlet; if fights fought long ago "were rehearsed by the author of the Seven against Thebes and the Phœnissæ, the wars of the Roses and the Barons no less filled the historical canvas of Shakespeare. The Nemesis in Macbeth is not less appalling than the Nemesis of the "Œdipus:" and the vaticinations of Margaret of Anjou "strike as cold" as those of Cassandra of Troy. But comedy enjoys no similar privileges. Its life is the life of the present; it catches the Cynthia of the minute; its mirror, unlike Agrippa's, reflects only the spirit of its own age. The Lord Burleigh of "The Critic" is a pleasant burlesque; but

the historical Lord Burleigh is inadmissible in comedy. An Athenian playwright would have revelled in impersonations of Chatham's gout and flannels; of Pitt's crane's-neck; of Sheridan's ruby nose, and Fox's shrill tones and bushy eyebrows. The modern dramatist who should reproduce them, would not cause even the injudicious to laugh, and would be rewarded for his attempt by a general sibilation. We leave to Gilray and Leech this department of the "comic business" of politics; and although our pantomimes occasionally indulge themselves in allusions to the Commissioners of Sewers and Sabbath-Observance Bills, such matters are excluded from comedy and even from farce. Such was not the usage of "Eupolis, Cratinus, and Aristophanes;" nor did either the government of the day or the public demand from them any such abstinence. The news of the moment was mostly the theme of their dramas; and the poet of the Old Comedy who should have preferred general to local and contemporaneous topics would as certainly have been hooted from the stage, as Mr. Douglas Jerrold would now be, if he brought before the public the Convocation of the Clergy, or committed a breach of privilege, by parodying, at the Princess's Theatre, a Maynooth debate. "The Clouds" or "the Birds" would consequently not affect a modern audience like the "Medea" or the "Antigone." The satire would be pointless; the allusions unintelligible; the choral songs, in immediate connexion with the broadest farce, would seem to us a Mezentian union. We should desire to consign the one to Grisi and Mario, and banish the other to some suburban saloon. The Aristophanic Comedy cannot be transplanted from Greece at all, and hardly from the precincts of Athens. The poet and his audience were nearly as local as many of the interludes of Molière, expressly composed for an occasional fête at Versailles. It is difficult to conceive an audience more thoroughly absorbed in the business of the scene, or less disposed to be easily pleased, than an Athenian audience in the time of Aristophanes. Usually it is sufficient to secure the applause of spectators, if the plot of a comedy be skilfully contrived, the manners faithfully copied from the life, the morals at least conventionally sound, the dilemma probable, the passions intelligibly evoked and directed, and the humour and situations strange or absurd enough for surprise and laughter. But these conditions of success are as far from exhausting the powers of Aristophanes, as they would have been from contenting his susceptible and critical countrymen. It was not enough for the author of a popular comedy to be a wit of the first order, he was required, in the Old Comedy at least, to be a poet also of the first rank. The songs of "the Birds" and the choruses of "the Clouds" were not less essential to his "first night," than the fun of Trygæus and Strepsiades. We know not, indeed, whether the comic, like the

tragic dramatist, were necessarily a musician and a ballet-master ; but he certainly must have possessed in no ordinary measure the gift of suiting his words to the music and his situations to the dance, and we can hardly conceive Aristophanes to have entrusted any leader of the orchestra, or the professional Vestris and D'Egville of his days, with either his complicate songs or his grotesque ballets. Neither was it enough for him to be a perfect master of his own art and its scenic or pantomimical accompaniments. He must have felt, or affected to feel, an intense interest in whatsoever interested his countrymen at the moment, whether it were the war in Sicily, the most recent play by Euripides, or the last frolic of Alcibiades. That Aristophanes himself was an active party-man we know. He was a zealous member of the Peace Society, and a hearty opponent of Young Athens and the philosophers. Under the régime of the Old Comedy, indeed, the dramatic poet was not only author, manager, musician, ballet-master, and perhaps actor also, but he was the Athenian Times and Punch, wielding alike the scourge of invective and ridicule, as regarded politics, and the Athenian Quarterly and Edinburgh, the Minos and Rhadamanthus of current literature.

And as was the poet so was his audience. The Athenians were essentially a dramatic people ; sudden and quick in their emotions, gifted with a keen perception of the beautiful and the ludicrous, with fine organs of sense, and surrounded by objects the best calculated to train, sharpen, and mature them. They were, moreover, a gossiping, scurrilous, and news-loving race, delighting in novelty, and impatient of uniformity either in their business or amusements. But predisposed as they were, in virtue of these qualities, to dramatic entertainments, they enjoyed only brief opportunities, at least, so long as they adhered to their old customs, of indulging this taste. Their theatres were not open all the year round. Their opera-house—the Odeum—was closed after a brief season ; and their theatre royal—the Temple of Bacchus—was licensed only during the greater and the lesser Dionysiac festivals—that is, during a few weeks in the spring of each year. Neither, as in Rome, were their susceptibilities blunted by the exhibitions of boxers, fencers, or wild beasts ; and the Athenian manager would have been fined by the Court of Areopagus, if he had not indeed been previously stoned by the people, who should have affronted their taste with the spectacle of Earthmen, African children, or professors of the art of walking on the ceiling. Into two little months was condensed every species of dramatic entertainment, from that of “gorgeous Tragedy,” rivaling in its pomp and earnestness the ceremonials of St. Peter’s in Easter-week, to the satiric afterpiece, resembling in its extravagance the modern pantomime. Tightly was the vessel hooped

in; and effervescent accordingly were its contents. Neither must we measure an Athenian theatre in the season by any modern comparisons. San Carlo, La Scala, and Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket, must hide their diminished heads beside the theatre of the Athenian Iacchus. Four thousand spectators would have "no room for standing, miscalled standing-room," in the most capacious European playhouse. Twenty thousand spectators were easily accommodated in the huge oval of the Temple of Dionysus. And how discordant were the ingredients of this enormous mass. There was little respect for persons in these assemblages. Cleon would find himself seated beside his enemy the sausage-seller; an elbow of stone divided Socrates from Anytus; and the noisiest brawler of the Pnyx might be comfortably niched beside the decorous and respectable Nicias. The government and the opposition occupied indiscriminate benches. There was the party clamorous for war, because it supplied the arsenal at the Piræus with hemp, timber, and salt pork, mixed up with the party for peace, because it could no longer vend its figs and honey in the markets of Thebes and Megara. The high-temple party, which denounced the philosophers as atheists, was cheek by jowl with the free-thinking party, which derided the priests as impostors; and there were the young men, who cried up Euripides as the father of wisdom, close packed with the old men, who abominated him as the father of lies.

For every class of the spectators, and to nearly every individual among them, the Old Comedy yielded entertainment and excitement. The demagogues applauded the caricature of Nicias and Demosthenes, the aristocrats hailed with equal applause the portraiture of Cleon in "the Knights." The Sophists were "shown up" in Socrates, pale, unshaven, meagre, and meditative; the mathematicians in Meton; the soldiers, full of strange oaths, and crested like game-cocks, in Lamachus. And, like the modern Parisians, the Athenians laughed heartily at themselves, as represented in the old dotard Demus, the victim of every adviser who would take the trouble to pick his pockets.

But for such dramatic saturnalia, not freedom only, but a high degree of external prosperity was indispensable. So long as it waxed fat, the Athenian *Demus* kicked lustily; so soon, however, as serious reverses befel it, came a long farewell to the licence of the stage, and to the zest for the Old Comedy. After the disaster at Syracuse, the people began to look grave; after its prostration at Ægospotami, jesting was not to be thought of. The tyranny of the Thirty was indeed short lived; yet although Thrasybulus restored their freedom, he could not give back to his countrymen their former cheer and alacrity. They had become a sadder, if not a wiser people, and indeed thenceforward there was little

cause for extraordinary mirth. The assembly of the people shouted as of yore, when Demosthenes evoked the memory of the men of Marathon; but the contemporaries of Demosthenes no more resembled the heroes of Marathon and Salamis than John Bright resembles Sir Philip Sidney. Athens had wrestled with and been thrown by Sparta, backed by the gold of the "great king." But a more formidable foe than either Sparta or Artaxerxes was now undermining Athens with his gold, and gathering round its borders with "war-in-procinct." A man of Macedon—whom Pericles would have deemed unworthy of a vote in the agora, was now busy in the councils of the Athenians. Abroad they were ill served by impotent generals, at home they were betrayed by unjust stewards. The people had ceased to feel any strong or perdurable interest in the honour and dignity of the commonwealth. It hired soldiers to fight its battles, and mariners to row in its galleys. Indolence whispered peace: and peace seemed to bring with it its own warrant, in the shape of exemption from invasion, of a steadier influx of money, of an increasing population, and greater leisure for amusement. The promptings of indolence were confirmed by the precepts of philosophy. The science of Theophrastus and the doctrines of Epicurus contributed equally to transform the jealous, irascible, and ambitious Athenians into a placid and studious people. The only eager contests henceforward raged in the philosophic schools: and it was thought more worthy of intelligent beings to define the "summum bonum," or to reconcile the cravings of sense with the principles of duty, than to fix their yoke on Sicily and Carthage, or hold the balance between Thebes and Lacedæmon.

In every nation, one stage of society brings men of impassioned minds to the contemplation of manners, and of the social affections of man as exhibited in manners. With this propensity there doubtless co-operates some degree of despondency, whether as regards the political or the intellectual present. For politically, a nation must despond when it has become conscious to itself that its sinews of action are relaxed; and intellectually it cannot fail to droop, when it has arrived at the conviction, that the nerves and compass of its powers are shrunk and contracted. At this stage Athens had arrived in the fourth century before the Christian era, and under such circumstances arose the altered form of its dramatic literature.

We shall not pause upon the period of transition, the Middle Comedy. Like its predecessor, it dealt largely with personal satire; but the objects of satire were for the most part different. The laws and the altered feelings of the Athenians alike forbade the dramatic poet to ridicule the pillars of the State. He accordingly fell foul of the philosophers who perplexed the young men

with their paradoxes : or of the courtezans who ruined them by their extravagance. Plato stood in the place of Pericles ; and Phrynè and Theano in those of Cleon and Nicias.

The audience at a representation of Menander's comedies differed in nearly every respect from that which had applauded Aristophanes and his rivals. In the course of half a century the political life of Athens had become nearly extinct, at least political sentiments were banished irrevocably from the stage. It was safe, so long as the *Demus* was in good spirits, and kept the purse of all the islands, to hold up to ridicule the great party-leaders : but it was ill-jesting at the expense of a Macedonian prefect, or at statesmen whom the prefect would at any moment accommodate with a company of the guard. The freedom of the theatre and of the assembly of the people had indeed expired together : and if Demosthenes had been forced by Antipater's agent to drink poison, a cup of hemlock was the least a poet could expect, who should presume to handle Antipater as Eupolis had treated Pericles. Moreover, the spectators who laughed at the licence of the old comedy were almost exclusively Athenian, or such subjects of Athens as had made the city their permanent or casual abode. Most of them had dwelt long enough in Attica to imbibe in all their virulence both local and personal prejudices, and attended the theatre as partisans. The number also of the citizens was carefully limited ; the meanest and poorest freeman plumed himself on his pure Ionian blood, and was chary of extending the franchise to aliens. His comedy was as national as himself ; and like himself dealt in gross personalities. But after the Macedonians were established in Greece, the barriers of the Athenian franchise were thrown down. The people, ceasing to respect themselves, became prodigal of their privileges ; and every adventurer who could bully or bribe them was certain of a statue and the freedom of the city for himself and his followers. Even kings had grown respectable in the estimation of the Athenians. The day had been when Dionysius of Syracuse had much ado to gain admission to the Olympian games : that point, however, was conceded in consideration of the splendid carriage-and-four he sent thither : the appearance and condition of his cattle subdued the tamers of horses. When, however, the same Dionysius sent a tragedy royal for representation at the Athenian festivals, the critics were inexorable ; and the play was withdrawn under a perfect tempest of hisses and cat-calls. But in the second or third generation after, the citizens of Athens, or rather the mixed multitude that represented them, had become more polite. They allowed kings to court them : they came at last spontaneously to court kings. Presents of corn and wine from the Syrian Antiochi were thankfully

accepted : the gold and the compliments of the Egyptian Ptolemies were exceedingly welcome : there was time, they thought, for all things : a time to refuse, and a time to receive favours : a time to tread on the neck of kings, and a time to erect statues to them in the Pnyx. And in the age of Menander the latter of these seasons had arrived.

The revolutions in the public life of Athens affected the character of its literary men. A century before the birth of Menander its historians had been statesmen, its philosophers legislators also, and its poets generals or magistrates. With the Sophists began the separation of the lives practical and contemplative. As regarded Athens the Sophists were mostly aliens by birth, who could exercise no function of the state ; and their gains as lecturers *de omni scibile* were increased by their independence of secular business, and by their privilege of locomotion. Socrates, the most practical of teachers, took his share bravely in all civil and martial duties ; but on his disciple Plato the mantle of the Sophists, in one respect, descended. For the chief of the Academy was the first who broached the questionable doctrine that it was the duty of the philosopher to abstain from political employments, and the precepts of the master were carried out by his scholar, Aristotle, both in spirit and in letter. The poets were not behindhand in claiming the privilege of seclusion. Euripides, who, as we shall see presently, approached the new comedy in proportion as he receded from the elder drama, was an author by profession ; and in the age of Demosthenes, as we learn from the reiterated complaints of the orator himself, there was an increasing scarcity of men willing to devote their wealth and talents to the service of the State. When Menander began to write, the separation of the literary from the political world of Athens was complete.

In Menander's generation, accordingly, we encounter a new phase of Athenian society—a phase familiar enough in our own days, but unknown, or at least so unusual as to have escaped record, in the high and palmy days of the democracy. We then meet for the first time with the well-born and wealthy Athenian gentleman, whose public duties were fulfilled by the regular payment of his rates and taxes, by an occasional “turn-out” with the city militia, and an occasional attendance as juryman. Coarser or more ambitious spirits might wrangle in the public assembly, or covet diplomatic errands to Pella and Rhodes, or impair their patrimonies by equipping a troop of horse or a trireme. The utmost that a gentleman could be expected to do for his country's service was now and then to present one of its philosophical institutions with a talent or so, or to subscribe handsomely to a tragic chorus. Nor did his seclusion from public offices expose him to the charge of lukewarm patriotism. That virtue indeed had

pretty nearly expired with Demosthenes; and there was little in the external or internal condition of Athens after the battle of Chæroneia to prompt or sustain self-sacrifice for the commonwealth. The Athenians sought a master, and found many masters: like estates with damaged titles, they rapidly changed owners; Demetrius the Phalerian was their idol one day, and Demetrius the "Town-taker" their idol the next: until their mutability was fixed and congealed for ever by the preponderance first of Macedon, and afterwards of Rome.

The career of Menander, so far as it is known, illustrates the political decay of Athens. His father, Diopeithes had done the state some service as a general; and had been honoured equally by the friendship of Demosthenes, and the enmity of the Macedonian party. The son, however, trod not in his father's footsteps. His paternal uncle was a dramatic writer of no mean repute, and from him Menander probably imbibed his predilections for the stage. His means were ample; his education was carefully superintended by his relative; and from Theophrastus, the favourite pupil of Aristotle, he learned not only to prefer the service of the Muses to that of the State, but also to mark the qualities of mankind with a learned eye. The "*characters*" of Theophrastus, the original parent and model of Earle, La Bruyère, and so many prose satirists, were admirable lessons for one destined to hold up the mirror of life to his contemporaries: while the encyclopædic studies of his tutor were well adapted to cherish the faculties of observation and comparison. The poet was equally felicitous in the choice of his friend. The elder tragic drama had dealt with the sublime truths or hypotheses of religion; with the struggles between fate and free-will; with the opposition between man and destiny; or with the strife between the gods of Olympus—the established creed of Greece—and the earlier worship of the elements. The elder comedy had disported itself equally with the superstitions of the multitude and the theories of the philosophers. It laughed at Jupiter; it laughed at Socrates; and it inculcated generally that it was better to eat, drink, and be merry, than to burn incense or to sacrifice calves, or go pale and unshaven in quest of speculative truth. The New Comedy, while it reserved to itself the indispensable privilege of ridiculing all and sundry, whether their abode were on Olympus, or in the Academy, required a system of morals differing alike from that of Æschylus or that of Aristophanes. Fate and free-will were too grave for it; mirth and physical enjoyment too coarse and indiscriminate. Dealing principally with the domestic life of man, it demanded also an ethical system which rested mainly on the domestic affections. The philosophy of Epicurus, apart from its physical speculations, afforded such

a system; and Epicurus was the bosom-friend of Menander. The poet had entered his second year when the philosopher was born: their friendship was uninterrupted; their studies converged towards a common centre, since the object of each was man; and Menander, with real or affected enthusiasm, compares his friend to Themistocles; since the one had given *freedom*, and the other *wisdom* to Athens. The writings of Aristotle confirmed the oral instructions of Theophrastus and Epicurus. The critical and ethical doctrines of the Stageirite were embodied in the comedies of Menander; and we can trace in his verses the influence of his tutors, for while he insinuates or enforces the milder sentiments of the Garden, he indulges in occasional sallies against the doubts of the Academy and the eccentricities of the Porch.

Menander, however, did not derive his knowledge of human character from philosophic sages alone; he studied it in the more attractive form of refined female society. We do not mean to imply by this phrase that Menander was either in the main a person of strict life and conversation, or blessed with a good wife. Of such conversation we believe there was little enough in Athens at the time; and a good wife was not to be had for love or money. The condition of women in Greece nearly forbade the existence of such a prodigy. The wife was the mistress of the servants, and the head nurse of the children; but she was not, and she could not be, the companion and friend of her husband. Born, educated, and kept through life in a state of almost oriental seclusion, the Greek wife was necessarily illiterate, unintellectual, and, except for her beauty or her dower, unattractive. To dress, to gossip, and to eat confectionery were her highest pleasures; she would have subjected herself to divorce, had she appeared at the theatre, the games, or the philosophical schools; and her partner would have deemed it an inexpiable portent, if his better half had cited a verse of Sophocles, or questioned him concerning an opinion of Zeno's. The blue-stockings of Athens were for the most part of servile origin, but selected in childhood for the promise of their beauty or their gifts; and, according to the prejudices of the age, *unsexed*, before they became the equal companions of man. Hence arose a capital defect in the Athenian drama. In the *répertoire* of female characters, the women are either furies, vixens, or statuesque abstractions. Of all Shakspeare's women, Lady Macbeth, Goneril, and Regan would alone have been intelligible to a Greek spectator. Juliet, Imogen, and Hermione would have been enigmas to him. He would have approved Petruchio's discipline, and Iago's insinuations. Beatrice and Rosalind he would assuredly have put down for Hætareæ—no better than they should be.

While Menander was writing verses under his uncle's tuition,

or noting with Theophrastus the fops, bullies, and misers of his native city, a lady of this order was creating no slight sensation among the fashionable circles of Antioch. She was the all-potent mistress of Harpalus, the Macedonian prefect of Syria. He had raised to her a statue of bronze in the laurel groves of Daphne by Orontes; at Tarsus he allotted to her apartments in the palace of the Pasargadæ; for her sake he had relieved her native Athens during a season of dearth by a liberal donation of corn; and he had publicly announced that he would refuse every votive crown from the provincials, unless a similar offering adorned the fair brow of his companion. The antechamber of the beautiful Athenian was crowded with suitors; heads were bowed and knees were bent as her chariot passed through the streets; and so long as Harpalus retained the favour of Alexander, Glycera was hailed as a queen throughout Syria and the Lesser Asia.

To descend from a prefect's palace to a poet's lodging may argue some decline of fortune: yet if we may credit the scandalous chronicles of the day, Glycera was not ill-lodged under Menander's roof. Assuredly, though he produced at least one hundred and five comedies, he did not live by his wits; for he is recorded to have fared sumptuously every day, and to have been prodigal in his dress and fond of exquisite perfumes. Long after Menander and his mistress had done with the cares or luxuries of life, a writer of imaginary letters composed in their names certain epistles which we agree with M. Guizot in thinking entitled to some degree of credit, so far at least as regards the traditions embodied in them. Alciphron, the author of the letters, possessed ample means of learning the literary gossip of Athens, and so celebrated a poet as Menander, who was besides a man of fashion and a wit, certainly left behind him some rumours of his manners as well as of his genius. And we are the more inclined to allow to these letters a semi-historical credit, in consideration of the genuine tenderness and delicacy exhibited in them. A mere forgery is generally very clumsy work. The Epistles of Phalaris, for example, and most of those ascribed to Plato, betray their spuriousness by their stupidity. But through the language of Alciphron appear gleams of natural feeling that argue something beyond the invention of an entire stranger to the correspondents. And even historically they are valuable, inasmuch as they presuppose circumstances illustrative of the literary condition of Greece in that age. It was no new thing for a Greek historian or poet to be a banished man. Æschylus was the victim of ostracism, and found refuge at the court of Hiero: Euripides paid the penalty of his philosophic speculations by exile under the roof of the Macedonian king Archelaus: and Thucydides wrote his account of the defeat of Athens at Syracuse, under

a plane-tree on the coast of Thrace. But these were enforced absences from the neighbourhood of all that was dear in the world to an Athenian, and the bread was bitter which they eat, even though a king ungrudgingly gave it. Although however the guests of monarchs, they were not invited guests. Nor until the Macedonian conquests had extended Greece over Asia, and erected libraries and academies in barbaric Syria and Egypt, do we meet with any traces of royal patronage to the learned. In Menander's age Athens was no longer the University of the civilized world. Egypt strove with Syria in inviting, and what was still more to the purpose, in pensioning poets and historians, and the Ptolemies especially had drawn around them a galaxy of wits. Ptolemy Philopator with his own royal hand indited letters to Philemon and Menander: and the latter exultingly tells Glycera that the invitation to Philemon was the less pressing of the two. The king was indeed liberal, since he promised Menander "all the wealth in the world." But the poet gallantly assures his mistress that for all the gold under the moon he will not quit Athens, since Athens alone contains Glycera. She might indeed accompany him: the court of Egypt was in no respect prudish or particular: but he will not expose her to perils by water, nor to the discomfort of dwelling in a strange land. Glycera replies with equal warmth and *abandon*; but as we have not room for more of these effusions, we heartily recommend our readers to peruse them, either in the choice Greek of Alciphron, or in M. Guizot's version. They are by many degrees more entertaining than the Grenville Correspondence, and have in them a certain flavour of *Eloise* that renders them none the worse.

The invitation of Ptolemy is authentic, even if the constancy of Menander to Glycera be apocryphal; and it points to a revolution in the literary condition of Greece. It indicates, indeed, the *third* phase of Hellenic literature. At first, like the race which produced it, that literature was broken up into distinct nationalities. The Ionians appropriated to themselves epic poetry; the Bœotians, an uninventive practical people, applauded the sound didactic good sense of Hesiod, who gave them excellent advice when to sow and when to reap, when to expect fair weather and when to look out for ruin, or catalogued their gods as methodically as if he had meant to put Zeus, Herè, and Kronos up to auction. The Æolians and Dorians reflected their national characteristics in lyrical composition—yet with a difference—the susceptible Æolians running over every chord of passion, the earnest and warlike Dorians touching only the sublimer strings of religious emotion. Paros gave birth to the sharp-edged Iambic verse, hereafter appropriated to dramatic dialogue, but at first confined to satirical invective. The Dorians of

Megara and Sicily, softened and enlivened probably by their commercial intercourse with strangers, relaxed their "Dorian mood" and invented comedy. Tragedy, by an equal anomaly, originated with the cheerful and volatile Athenians; while Miletus enjoyed for many years a monopoly of historians and philosophers.

The era of nationalities in literature was broken up by the results of the Persian war. Athens sprang up so vigorously from her prostration by Xerxes, that henceforward she became for a century and a half the intellectual centre of Greece. Paris in the eighteenth century was not more entirely the *arbiter elegantiarum* for Europe, than Athens during this era was for Greece. No other dialect than pure Attic was endurable in civilized speech or writing. The broad tones of the Dorians were derided by the critical world, as the broad Scotch of King James's courtiers was derided by the Elizabethan Euphuists. The Bœotians bleated; the Arcadians brayed; the Ionians whistled; the Macedonians spoke like the barbarous Triballians; and the language of every Asiatic people was compared to the shriek of bats or the bellowing of kine. The literature of Athens was no less exclusive than its language. If the fables of its dramas were borrowed from the legends of Thebes or Mycenæ, the *dénouement* of the plot usually centered in Athens itself. Œdipus must die, and Orestes be cleansed from blood in the grove of the Attic Eumenides, or at the tribunal of the Attic Areopagus. Thither is Medea borne in her dragon-car; there Danaus and his daughters at length find rest, after "their weary wanderings long." The central figure in the historial groups of the Dorian Herodotus is the city of Pallas; and the security or redemption of her greatness is the theme of all the orators. Sparta, Thebes, and Argos have no historians. Are not their wars and their revolutions written in the books of the Athenians alone?

But the monopoly of Athens, intellectually as well as politically, ceased so soon as Greece once again poured itself forth upon Asia, and re-acted the destruction of Troy in the conquest of Babylon and the East. The Attic dialect was thenceforward the dialect of learned purists alone. The Ionian and Dorian speech was revived and modified by Callimachus, Apollonius, and Theocritus; and the fellows of the Alexandrian University prided themselves upon their familiarity with the archaisms of Homer and Pindar. For all ordinary purposes, men were content to write in the language which they spoke, and although, for their convenient and subtle mechanism, they adhered to Attic forms in dramatic compositions, even the learned no longer recoiled from Hellenistic phrases as from the *patois* of the workshop and the market-place.

One or two anecdotes of Menander's life remain to be noticed before we proceed to the consideration of his writings. We are afraid that either his or Glycera's constancy did not last to the end of their lives. Mention is made of a lady named Bacchis ; and of her, if Alciphron did not maliciously invent the slander, Glycera was decidedly jealous. She writes a very urgent note to Bacchis, conjuring her by their friendship not to be too gracious to her lover, who is perversely bent on accompanying Bacchis to the next Isthmian games. She adds—"He is so devilishly given to fall in love, that if you *can* manage to bring him back from Corinth tolerably affectionate to me, I shall always consider myself your deeply obliged." Whether Menander returned as desired, we do not know. But a worse matter than the journey in Bacchis's company is intimated. There is an awkward fragment in which the poet speaks plainly of Bacchis as very dear to him. And then Philemon, Menander's rival in public favour, must needs take to commending Glycera on the stage as a good kind of woman ! Whereupon her lover as publicly replied, "She is nothing of the sort." And so, after these almost unmistakeable symptoms of a quarrel direct, Glycera and Bacchis vanish into utter darkness.

Once, though prudently abstaining from politics, Menander appears to have got into a decided scrape with great men. He had been in high favour with Demetrius of Phalerum : but unluckily that Demetrius had his day, and his namesake, who bore the terrible appellation of "Town-taker," became lord and master of Athens. The "Town-taker" knew not and cared nothing for Menander. Here was an opportunity for taking the conceit out of a popular author. And it was not lost. For incontinently an information was laid against Menander as a member of the Opposition : and it would doubtless have fared ill with him, since the "Town-taker" was by no means scrupulous about fines, imprisonment, or even a dose of hemlock, when a certain cousin of Demetrius the Second interceded for him, and the information was quashed.

He was not, however, destined to die in the course of nature, or to complete his 106th comedy : for in the fifty-second year of his age, he was drowned in the harbour of Piræus. There was no Poet's Corner in Athens : but his countrymen erected to him a tomb on the road from the sea to the town, and it was seen in the second century of our era by Pausanias, who, like Weever, delighted in noting down the "Funeral Monuments" of Grecian worthies.

"To be read by bare inscriptions like many in Gruter, to be studied by antiquaries who we were, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity," says Sir Thomas Browne. Menander's

fame, so far as regards his writings, rests upon little more than a few disjointed fragments preserved by the grammarians as examples of Attic diction, or cited incidentally by heathen moralists and Christian divines. Yet his reputation is as authentic as if we held in our hands a succession of his scenes, or even some of his entire plays.

Superstition has ever been a greater foe to letters than barbarism. We owe the loss of Menander's plays to the stupidity of the Byzantine priests. Until the very end of the 12th century it was possible to procure nearly a complete copy of them: but after that period they disappear. A holocaust of precious manuscripts was offered to the fanaticism of the Emperors: and Menander and the new comedy, Alcæus and lyrical poesy, were destroyed in order that the tedious verses of Gregory of Nazianzum might be alone read in the schools. The vitality of Menander's name is owing chiefly to his having been the model of Terence, who translated, combined, and modified his dramas for the Roman theatre. The Terentian Menander, which, with all its elegances, bears about the same relation to the Greek original that Schlegel's version of Shakspeare bears to the English text, after delighting the aristocratical circles of Rome, passed with Roman literature into the library of modern Europe. There it became the parent of an innumerable progeny, and reckons among its descendants Molière's "*Tartuffe*" and Sheridan's "*School for Scandal*."

The New Comedy of Greece, indeed, was much better suited than its elder drama to planting offsets in theatrical literature. It was, as we have already seen, much less national in its texture, both as regarded the manners which it portrayed and the ideas which it developed. The habits and opinions of refined society are nearly alike in every nation at similar periods of civilization: the number of characters is limited, since conventionality produces few varieties. The *répertoire* of the Menandrian comedy is restricted to the following generic forms: the severe and the indulgent father, the cunning and the stolid slave, the son who is his father's favourite and a scapegrace, and a less-favoured son, who is a respectable character: the extravagant courtesan, the shrewish wife, the bragging soldier, the parasite whose business is to flatter for his dinner, the freed woman who is generally a nurse or a procuress, and the free or slave-girl who is the subject of the love intrigue, but who, from the difficulty of representing female characters on the Greek stage, is often a mute person, and sometimes does not appear on the scene at all. As the Greeks lived so much in public, nearly all the theatrical business is transacted in the street or the market-place; for it would have been inconsistent with the manners of Menander's age to

represent scenes within the house at a period when there was hardly any domestic life, except at the lodgings of the *Hetæraë*.

A history of Greek manners might indeed be almost compiled from the fragments of the New Comedy, aided by the unmutated dramas of Plautus and Terence. In the first place, the *Bobadils* of the Greek stage represent a class of soldiers which in the piping times of peace overran and infested every Hellenic city. As national feeling died out in the republics, the employment of mercenary soldiers became a general practice; who, when not enlisted by any leader of *condottieri*, sauntered about—the fashionable guardsmen of the day. To parents and guardians these captains and colonels were of course objects of dread and aversion: they were the victims of the *Hetæraë* so long as they had money in their purse: and they were the prey of all who lived by their wits, of the parasite who flattered for a dinner, and of the cunning slave who delighted in the *rôle* of the unjust steward. The later wars of Athens had not only brought with them sweeping social changes, but also had materially affected its commerce. Hence, though individuals were richer, and less exposed to the arts of informers than formerly, the mass of the Athenian people were poorer, since they could no longer find employment in the wharves of Munychium or the dockyards of Piræus. The public *largesse*—the profits of her dominion over the islands—was also greatly curtailed, and where men can find no honest employment, nor be supported as state-paupers, the dull must starve, while the clever will live by their wits. The buffoon of Aristophanes became the parasite of Menander: and each represents in his respective age a different epoch of manners. The free Athenian was gluttonous, sensual, and obtrusive; the degenerated Athenian retained the sensuality of his forefathers, but bowed, lied, and flattered in order to indulge in it.

A common *dénouement* in the New Comedy is the discovery that the slave-girl, whose intrigue with the heir of the family forms the staple of the plot, is really the daughter of a respectable household, who had been carried off by corsairs in her infancy, and then sold in the slave-market. The Greeks were in all ages addicted to robbing on the high seas. Even now the Archipelago swarms with petty pirates, who plunder the farms and vineyards of the islands; lie in wait for the market-boats, and carry off Greek children to the harems of the Asiatic Turks. The naval supremacy of Athens for more than a century kept these water-rats in tolerable order: but so soon as that supremacy declined, the *Ægean* again swarmed with marauders. Hence no casualty was more common in Menander's age than the loss of a child, or even of an entire nursery. And the recurrence of such discoveries of offspring on the stage, though

it is one of the pleasant absurdities of Sheridan's "Critic," appeared a matter of course to the spectators of Menander. Lastly, in proportion as Athens ceased to be a maritime and commercial power, the agricultural habits of the population returned, and hence we meet in the New Comedy with so many allusions to the farms abounding with pigs, honey, and millet, and find so many traces of a bucolical turn of mind in fathers of families.

The Athenians were in all ages a sententious race, loving curt ethical maxims, proverbs, and epigrammatic conceits. The plays of Euripides, who in some respects was the model of the later comic writers, abound in aphorisms, and are often tedious from their dialectic point and formality. Perhaps no peculiarity has more tended to the preservation of the fragments of the New Comedy than the frequency of gnomic sentences. Its aphorismal wisdom or sagacity recommended it equally to the practical Romans and to the saints and fathers of the Church. Here at least the new religion might borrow from the old, since good sense or good morals benefit all mankind. In the absence of any entire drama of this period, it is rash to speculate upon the leading characteristics of its authors; but to judge from the fragments, we are inclined to think that shrewd observations on the motives and principles of men in daily life were quite as remarkable as skill in dramatic plot, or as the powers of fancy or imagination. Menander, in spite of his luxurious mode of living, appears to have been a man of conspicuously sound sense, and to have studied all human qualities with a most learned eye. His opportunities for observation were of the first order. His days were passed in the highest circles of a city whither flocked, even in its decline, persons from nearly every quarter of the civilized world, in pursuit of gain, instruction, or pleasure. The philosophical schools alone yearly attracted hundreds of students to the lecture-rooms of the four greater sects. Hither resorted also the amateurs of art, and the professional sculptor and painter. In a dialogue of Lucian's, written nearly three hundred years after the latest of Menander's comedies, we meet with a Roman gentleman congratulating himself upon having in his youth quitted the noise, the smoke, and the tumult of the metropolis of Italy for the seclusion of Athens. From the same writer, who is among the best historians of social life, we learn that the Piræus was second only to Alexandria as a common centre for the various races of mankind. To that port came the Syrian silk-merchants of Antioch, the corn-factors of Egypt, the Parthian with his cargo of Indian spices, the negro in the train of the Roman prætor or pro-consul, the Iberian with his consignment of silver and iron, and the Massilian Gaul with the wines of Narbonne. In Menander's days, the crowd was less diversified,

but hardly less numerous; and there are vestiges in his fragments of a liberal employment of these human groups in his comedies.

We had intended to lay before our readers an outline at least of one of Menander's comedies; but our space is exhausted, and we must content ourselves with referring them to the treatise of M. Guillaume Guizot. To our apprehension the history of wars and treaties is often tedious and uninteresting, representing one phase only, and that among the most uniform, of the human species. Much more interesting and instructive is it to trace the identity of man under the thin disguises of manners and costume; to discern under the tunic and the toga the passions, follies, and virtues which still actuate Mayfair and Whitechapel; and to discover that the distinction between Christian and Pagan life consists rather in the development of man's moral and intellectual nature, than in the superficial and accidental aspect of new creeds and new forms of society. If our readers agree with us on this point, we have rendered them some service in directing their attention for a few moments to the "Life and Times of Menander."



ART. VII.—LIONS AND LION HUNTING.

1. *Le Tueur de Lions.* Par Jules Gérard. Paris: 1855.
2. *La Chasse au Lion et les autres Chasses de l'Algérie.* Par Jules Gérard. Paris: 1854.

WE know very little about lions, considering our centuries of observation, and the abundant examples on which that observation has been exercised; and the reason is that we have known the lion only in captivity, under very deceptive circumstances. Even travellers and naturalists, perfectly aware of the fact that he belongs to the feline race, describe him as if the broad daylight, and not the stormy midnight, were his element; and because sometimes a traveller has found himself in daylight face to face with a half-sleepy lion moving from his couch on account of the flies or the sun, and because this lion in a state of beatific digestion (having the night before devoured an ox), does not smite the traveller to the earth, the idea of his magnanimity and generosity have become circulated, or because in this

state he generally declines combat, especially if fired at, the idea of his cowardice has also gained acceptance. Had naturalists studied this majestic animal in the mountain gorges from twilight until dawn, had they watched him coming to drink at the stream, or in the forests when the moon has risen, or dashing among the tents when beef will not satisfy his epicurean taste, eager for man's flesh,—in a word, had they watched him, as Gérard has, rifle in hand, lonely, with the intense eagerness of a hunter whose life depends upon his minutest observation being accurate, we should have another conception of the lion from that to be derived by a study of books or an inspection of menageries. Jules Gérard, whom the French with just pride, surname "*Le Tueur de Lions*," has given in the two works placed at the head of this paper, the results of his observations, and the recital of his encounters; works of fascinating interest, from which we propose to condense a few details.

Let us first sketch the story of the lion's life, beginning with his marriage, which takes place towards the end of January. He has first to seek his wife; but, as the males are far more abundant than the females, who are often cut off in infancy, it is not rare to find a young lady pestered by the addresses of three or four gallants, who quarrel with the acerbity of jealous lovers. If one of them does not succeed in disabling or driving away the others, Madam, impatient and dissatisfied, leads them into the presence of an old lion, whose roar she has appreciated at a distance. The lovers fly at him with the temerity of youth and exasperation. The old fellow receives them with calm assurance, breaks the neck of the first with his terrible jaws, smashes the leg of the second, and tears out the eye of the third. No sooner is the day won, and the field clear, than the lion tosses his mane in the air as he roars, and then crouches by the side of the lady, who, as a reward for his courage, licks his wounds caressingly. When two adult lions are the rivals, the encounter is more serious. An Arab perched in a tree one night, saw a lioness followed by a tawny lion with full-grown mane; she lay down at the foot of the tree, the lion stopped on his path and seemed to listen. The Arab then heard the distinct growling of a lion, which was instantly replied to by the lioness under the tree. This made her husband roar furiously. The distant lion was heard approaching, and as he came nearer the lioness roared louder, which seemed to agitate her husband, for he marched towards her as if to force her to be silent and then sprang back to his old post, roaring defiance at his distant rival. This continued for about an hour, when a black lion made his appearance on the plain. The lioness arose as if to go towards him, but her husband, guessing her intention, bounded towards his rival. The

two crouched, and sprang on each other, rolling on the grass in the embrace of death. Their bones cracked, their flesh was torn, their cries of rage and agony rent the air, and all this time the lioness crouched, and wagged her tail slowly in sign of satisfaction. When the combat ended, and both warriors were stretched on the plain, she rose, smelt them, satisfied herself that they were dead, and trotted off, quite regardless of the uncomplimentary epithet which the indignant Arab shouted after her. This, Gérard tells us, is an example of the conjugal fidelity of milady; whereas the lion never quits his wife, unless forced, and is quite a pattern of conjugal attentions.

Our lion then is married, let us say. He is the slave of his wife. It is she who always takes precedence; when she stops he stops. On arriving at a *douar* (the collection of tents—what we call a “village”) for their supper, she lies down while he leaps into the enclosure, and brings to her the booty. He watches her while she eats, taking care that no one shall disturb her; and not until her appetite is satisfied does he begin his meal. When she feels that she is about to be a mother, *i. e.*, towards the end of December, they seek an isolated ravine, and there without the aid of chloroform or Dr. Locock, she presents her lord with one, two, and sometimes three puppies, generally one male and one female. If the reader has ever seen and handled a puppy lion, he will understand the idolatry of mother and father. She never quits them for an instant, and he only quits them to bring home supper. When they are three months old their weaning commences. The mother accustoms them gradually to it, by absenting herself for longer and longer periods, and bringing them pieces of mutton, carefully skinned. The father, whose habitual demeanour is grave, becomes fatigued by the frivolous sports of his children, and for the sake of tranquillity removes his lodging to a distance, within reach, however, to render assistance if required. At the age of four or five months the children follow their mother to the border of the forest, where their father brings them their supper. At six months old they accompany father and mother in all nocturnal expeditions. From eight to twelve months they learn to attack sheep, goats, and even bulls; but they are so awkward that they usually wound ten for one they kill; it is not till they are two years old that they can kill a horse or a bull with one bite. While their education is thus in progress, they are ten times more ruinous to the Arabs, since the family does not content itself with killing the cattle required for its own consumption, but kills that the children may learn how to kill. At three years old the children quit home and set up for themselves, becoming fathers and mothers in their turn. Their places are occupied by another brood. At eight years old the lion reaches

maturity, and lives to thirty or forty. When adult he is a magnificent creature, very different in size, aspect, and disposition from the lions to be seen in menageries and zoological gardens—animals taken from the mother's breast, bred like rabbits, deprived of the fresh mountain-air and ample nourishment. As an indication of the size attained by lions in a state of nature, we may cite the fact mentioned by Gérard, that the strongest man in the cavalry regiment to which he belonged, was unable to carry the skin and head of the lion Gérard had killed.

It is quite clear, on comparing the works of Gérard and Gordon Cumming, that the lion of Northern Africa is a far more formidable enemy than the lion of Southern Africa. Not only does Cumming seem to have triumphed without difficulty, but he had to combat lions who ran away from dogs, and generally avoided coming to blows with him. This is quite contrary to Gérard's experience. The lion of Northern Africa is but too ready to attack; hungry or not, the sight of an enemy rouses his fury at once; and as to cowardice, Gérard's narrative leaves no room for such a suspicion. Indeed the lion, so far from running away from the hunter, attacks a whole tribe of armed Arabs, and often scatters them to the winds. No Arab thinks of attacking a lion unless supported by at least twenty muskets; and even then, if the lion is killed, it is not until he has committed serious damage in their ranks. For a long while they suffer him to devastate their *douars*, and carry off their cattle in helpless resignation. It is not until their losses have driven them to desperation, that they resolve on attacking him in his lair, and then they always choose the daytime. Having ascertained his lair, and having decided in full conclave that the attack is to be made, they assemble at the foot of the mountain, and in groups of thirty or forty march towards the lair, shouting at the top of their lungs. On hearing the noise, the lion, if young, at once quits his lair; the lioness does the same unless she have her infants with her. But, as he does not fly, he is soon in sight, and a discharge of musketry brings him down upon them like a thunderbolt. If the lion is adult he knows the meaning of this noise, which wakes him, and he rises slowly, yawning and stretching his limbs, rubbing his sides against the trees, and shaking back his majestic mane. He listens; and the approaching cries cause him to sharpen his claws, with certain premonitory growls. He then stalks slowly towards the first ledge of rock which commands the country, and espying his enemies from this height, he crouches and awaits. The Arab who first sees him, cries, "There he is!" and deathlike stillness succeeds. They pause to contemplate him, and to look well to their arms, while the lion slowly licks his paws and mane, thus making his *toilette de*

combat. After a long pause, an Arab advances in front of the group, and in a tone of defiance, shouts, "Thou knowest us not, then, that thus thou liest before us? Rise and fly; for we belong to such a tribe, and I am Abdallah!" The lion, who has before this eaten more than one warrior who apostrophized him in precisely the same terms, continues passing his enormous paws over his face to beautify himself, and makes no reply to the challenge, nor to the second challenge, nor to the epithets of "Jew!"—"Christian!"—"Infidel!" liberally bestowed on him, until the voices swell in a chorus, which makes him impatient. He then rises, lashes his sides with his tail, and marches straight towards the insulters. The timid are already in flight; the brave remain and await his attack—muskets ready, hearts beating. He is beyond their reach, and walks leisurely towards them. They now begin to retreat slowly, in order, their faces turned to him, until they rejoin the horsemen waiting at the foot of the mountain, who immediately commence galloping about, brandishing their muskets and yatagans, and shouting defiance. The lion, on seeing the horsemen on the plain, pauses to reconnoitre. No cries or insults move him. Nothing but powder will do that. It is heard at last, and then he changes his leisure march for a charge which scatters the little army. No one is ashamed of flying now; each tries to secure a favourable position from which to fire as the lion passes. The horsemen then advance. If, as is usual, the lion has clutched one of the retreating troop, it is only necessary for a horseman to approach within reasonable distance and discharge his gun, the lion at once quits his victim to charge his assailant. After awhile, the lion, wounded and tired, crouches like a cat and awaits his end. This is a terrible moment. He is fired at, and receives all their balls without moving; but should a horse gallop near enough to be reached in two or three bounds, either the rider or the horse is doomed, for the lion is upon him in an instant, and never quits his hold. It will astonish European hunters to hear that thirty balls, at a distance of twenty paces, are not always enough to kill the lion; it is only when the heart or brain is touched that death is certain; and the nearer he is to death the more dangerous he is. During the fight, but before he is wounded, if he clutches a man, he is satisfied with knocking him down; and the man, probably protected by his burnous, gets off with a mere flesh wound from the terrible talons. But after the lion has been wounded, he tears his victim, mangles him in his jaws, till he sees other men upon whom to spring; and when mortally wounded his rage is something awful. He crushes the victim under him, and crouches over him, as if rejoicing in his agony. While his talons slowly tear the flesh of the unhappy wretch, his flaming eyes are fixed on the eyes of

his victim, who fascinated by them is unable to cry for help, or even to groan. From time to time the lion passes his large rough tongue over the face of his enemy, curls his lip, and shows all his teeth. Meanwhile, the relatives of the unhappy man appeal to the most courageous of the troop, and they advance, guns cocked, towards the lion, who sees them coming, but never moves. Fearing lest their balls should miss the lion and hit the man, they are forced to approach so close, that they can place the musket in the ear of the lion. This is a critical moment. If the lion has any force left him, he kills the man lying beneath him, and bounds on the one who has come to the rescue; and as he lies motionless on the body of his victim, it is impossible to know whether he will bound or not. In case his strength is too much wasted, the lion crushes the head of the man beneath him the moment he sees the musket approach his ear, and then closing his eyes awaits death.

Such is the lion of Northern Africa, and the terror he inspires in the brave Arabs who know his power is intelligible. Before quitting our descriptive notices, we must call upon Gérard for an account of the lion's roar, as he first heard it while awaiting in a hiding-place the approach of the king of beasts. After waiting for an hour, the first grumblings reach his ear, as if the lion were talking to himself, and these grow louder and louder till the very roof of the hiding-place trembles at the sound. The roarings are not very frequent; sometimes a quarter of an hour or more elapses between each. They begin with a sort of sigh, deep and guttural, yet so prolonged that it must have cost no effort; this sigh is succeeded by a silence of a few seconds, and then comes a growl from the chest, which seems to issue through closed lips and swollen cheeks. This growl, beginning in a very bass note, gradually rises higher and louder till the roar bursts forth in all its grandeur and finishes as it commenced. After five or six roars, he finishes with the same number of low, hoarse cries, which seem as if he was trying to expel something sticking in his throat, the last being very prolonged. Nothing in Gérard's remembrance presented a fitting point of comparison with this terrible roar of the lion. The bellowing of a furious bull is no more like it than a pistol-shot is like the sound of a thirty-two-pounder. Imagine what terror such a roar would inspire, heard in the lonely mountain passes under the silent stars. On this occasion the lion roared for two hours without quitting his place, and then descended into the valley to drink; a long silence followed, and then he began again more vigorously than ever. Soon after, Gérard saw the fires blazing in the distance, and heard the men, women, and dogs yelling as if possessed with devils; for one instant a roar covered all this tumult like a thunder-clap; and

then the lion seemed to continue his route quite tranquilly, not in the least disturbed by all this noise, which only seemed like triumphant music accompanying the powerful monarch on his march. He probably knew the terror his presence inspired; at any rate he knew no terror at the presence of Arabs.

We have no space to tell Gérard's own story here. The lions are our subject, and to them must be given all our attention. The curious reader is referred to the two books named at the commencement of this article, for further information.

Gérard describes at great length the death of his first lion; but although he learned several useful details by which he afterwards profited, the campaign was not one which can be abridged here with interest. His second lion was nearly the victor. He had tied up the dogs in the tents in order to preserve silence. Saadi-bou-Nar, his companion, slept behind him on the ground, while he, rifle in hand, awaited the appearance of his enemy. Suddenly the sky, which had been brilliant, was overclouded; the moon disappeared; the thunder began to mutter in the distance, like a distant lion; large drops of rain falling on the Arab, awakened him, and made him urge Gérard to retire within the tents. At this moment the Arabs shouted, "Be on your guard; the lion will come when the storm is at its height." Protecting his rifle with the burnous, Gérard waited, smiling to observe the heroic resignation with which Saadi-bou-Nar draped himself in his burnous. The rain, like all storm-rains, rapidly subsided. The sky was once more lighted by the brilliant moonbeams occasionally piercing through interspaces of cloud; at the horizon a few flashes of lightning were seen. Gérard, grateful for this fitful light, peered anxiously into space, and in one of the sudden flashes, there stood the lion, motionless, only a few paces from the enclosure of the *douar*. Accustomed to find fires lighted, dogs howling in terror, women frantic, and men throwing lighted brands at his head, the lion was perhaps meditating on the meaning of this silence and calm. Turning carefully, so as to take deliberate aim without the lion's perceiving him, Gérard felt his heart beat as the last cloud passed over the moon. He was seated with the left elbow on his knee, the rifle at his shoulder, looking alternately at the lion, which presented only a confused mass to his eye, and the cloud which travelled slowly over the moon. At last his heart leapt—the moon shone in all her splendour. Never was sunlight more prized. There stood the lion, motionless as before; a magnificent creature, superbly majestic, with his head aloft, his mane tossed by the wind, and falling to the knee. It was a black lion of the grandest species. His side was turned towards his enemy. Aiming just underneath the shoulder, Gérard fired, and at the same time that the explo-

sion was re-echoed by the mountains, rose the roar of rage and pain, and through the smoke the lion bounded on his assailant. It was an awful moment. The lion was within three paces; there was no time to aim; the second barrel was fired at hazard, and struck him in the breast; he rolled expiring at the hunter's feet. "At first," says Gérard, "I could not believe that the animal I had just seen bounding upon me in fury, and rending the air with his cries, was that monstrous inert mass lying at my feet. On looking for my balls, I found the first, which had not been mortal, placed exactly where I had aimed it; and the second, fired almost at random, had been the one which proved fatal. From this moment I learned that it is not sufficient to aim accurately to kill a lion; and I began to see that lion hunting was far more serious than I had imagined."

The terror inspired by the lion is vividly depicted in the narrative of events succeeding this encounter. Although the Arabs heard the firing they would not approach lest the lion should still be living; for more than half an hour they remained within their tents, after which three of the bravest came out of the enclosure, bringing the jug of water Gérard had demanded: the leader came cautiously, looking round him every moment, his gun ready to fire; the second bearing the water came after, holding by the burnous of the leader and pausing when he paused; finally, the third held in one hand the burnous of the second, and brandished a yatagan with formidable vigour. In this order they came up to the lion; on seeing him they halted, and would not approach till Saadi-bou-Nar struck his corpse with his hand to reassure them. And these were men who in battle would fight like lions! Five minutes afterwards, men, women, and children rushed out to see their vanquished foe whom they apostrophized in eloquent insults. As the morning broke, hundreds of Arabs came from all sides; but even in presence of their dead enemy their terror was not quite allayed; they kept within ten paces of his corpse, the women standing behind, timid and curious.

Gérard soon found that bullets were but an uncertain resource against an animal whose frontal bone sufficed to flatten one fired at no greater distance than five paces, and who, when mortally wounded, had still strength and ferocity enough to despatch half a dozen armed men. He, therefore, exchanged bullets for ingots of iron, and even with these he ran terrible risk, as we see from his first employment of them. At midnight, under the light of a full moon, he met a young lion, a mere puppy of two years old, who, on seeing him, lay down across the path, and did not move even when Gérard was within fifteen paces. Believing this to be the animal's tactics, he thought better not to advance nearer; kneeling on the ground, he fired, aiming just beneath the

shoulder. How it happened, he knew not, so sudden was the onslaught; but before he could see anything he was knocked down, and his hand touched the leg of the animal standing over him. "Luckily for me I wore my thick turban, which he tore with his teeth: slipping from it and leaving him my burnous, I blew out the brains of this foolish youngster while he was spending his wrath upon my clothes. My first ingot had passed right *through* his body, below the shoulder; the second entering at his left ear came out at the right." Europeans imagine it a very simple thing to vanquish the lion; "you have only to be a good shot and to be perfectly cool." To be a good shot is not rare; but when you have to meet such an antagonist, to await him, perhaps not to see him until he is about to attack, and then to know that your first ball, however well aimed, will only wound him, the "coolness" so lightly spoken of will be a very rare quality. However adroit your first aim, you have little time for your second; the first shot hits him while he is motionless; the second must be fired as he bounds upon you. Gérard soon learnt this, and he says with *naïveté*, perfectly French, that he always commenced the struggle with mingled doubt and confidence: *doubt* in the effect of his shots, *confidence* in the "protection divine qu'accorde à sa créature l'Être suprême"—as if the poor lion were not equally "sa créature!" That, however, is a thought never entering the minds of the hunter or Arab. We were amused at the lamentations and imprecations of a disconsolate woman, whose lamb had been eaten by a lion; she spoke with bitterness of the "heartless wretch" who had eaten a lamb, which she herself would have eaten had not the lion anticipated her!

Such being the terror and the hatred inspired by the lion, we can understand the frantic demonstrations of joy over his corpse. They triumph over their dead foe, insult him, call him "assassin," "thief," "son of a Jew," "Christian," and "pagan," pluck his beard in scorn, and kick him contemptuously. It is a relief to their hatred,—the reaction of terror. In reading this we are naturally reminded of that scene in Homer, where the Greeks crowd round the dead body of Hector, marvelling at his great stature, and each inflicting a wound on the terrible corpse:

ἄλλοι δὲ περιδραμον νίεσ Ἀχαιῶν
οἱ καὶ θησαντο φῆν καὶ εἶδος ἄγχιον
'Ἐκτορος' οὐδ' ἄρα οἱ τις ἀνουνήτι γε παρῆσθη.—*Il.* xxii. v. 396.

And we think translators and commentators fall into a blunder when they translate and understand the phrase applied to Achilles meditating the vengeance of dragging Hector round the walls, as if Homer by it meant to stigmatize Achilles. The phrase *αικεα μηδετο εργα* does not mean "he meditated *unworthy* deeds,"

"but he meditated *unheard-of* deeds:" *αἰκρός*, although meaning "unworthy," derives that meaning from the primitive "unlike," or unusual. Things which are unusual, are often unseemly, unworthy, but are not necessarily so. Homer evidently did not think the vengeance unworthy, nor did the Greeks. They felt towards the dead Hector as the Arabs feel towards the dead lion.

Very picturesque is the scene of triumph. The fires are lighted in the forest; moving amidst the snow and trees are groups of men and women, looking by the firelight like phantoms, in their white burnouses, as they distribute the pieces of lion-flesh roasted on a brasier big enough for an elephant. The women chatter on their universal theme; the men talk of powder, bloodshed, and lions; Abdallah, the singer, yells improvised couplets, while a flute-player charms the savage ear. They have insulted the lion, and now they eat him!

If the reader has ever had the pleasure of playing with a puppy lion he will comprehend the fascination of such a favourite in the Arab tents. The delight created by such a playfellow is not simply the delight which any fat joyous puppy, gracefully ungraceful, and sublimely careless, will excite in all well-constituted minds; it is that, and *with* it the feeling of all the ferocity, power, and grandeur which lie nascent in this innocent child. This feeling will of course be intensified by the terror felt for the grown lion; and as that terror is very great among the Arabs, we can imagine the interest Gérard excited by bringing into their tents a lioness of about a month old, no larger than an Angora cat, and a lion about a third larger. The young lady had all the timidity of her sex, slunk away from every one, and answered caresses with blows of her little paws; her brother, whom they christened Hubert, had more manly *aplomb*. He sat quiet, looking with some astonishment at all that passed, but without any savageness. The women idolized him, and were never tired of caressing him. A goat was brought to be his nurse. At first he took no notice of her, but no sooner had a few drops of milk moistened his lips than he fastened upon her with leonine ardour. The goat had of course to be held down—she by no means fancied her illustrious foster-son! But although the lioness had seen her brother take his meals in this way, she could not be seduced to follow his example. She was never quiet or happy except when in concealment. Hubert passed the night under Gérard's burnous as tranquilly as if with his mother; and indeed throughout his career Hubert showed a sociability which speaks well for him. His sister died the death of many children—*teething* was fatal to her! Nay, Gérard assures us that teething is a very critical affair with young lionesses, and often carries them off, there

being no kindly surgeons to lance their little gums. Hubert was taken to the camp, where of course he became the idol of the regiment, always present at parade, and gambolling with the men during the idle hours. As he grew up his exploits became somewhat questionable. He had early strangled his nurse, the goat. He then showed a propensity for sheep, donkeys, and Bedouins, which made it necessary for him to be chained up, and, finally, having killed a horse and dangerously wounded two men (owing to some difference of sentiment) he was caged. Gérard of course continued to pet him. Every night he opened the cage. Hubert sprang out joyously and began playing with him at hide and seek; embracing him with an ardour which was more affectionate than agreeable. "One night, in high spirits, he embraced me so fervently that I should have been strangled had they not beat him away with their sabre-sheaths. That was the last time I cared to play hide-and-seek with him. But I must do him the justice to say, that in all our struggles he scrupulously avoided using teeth or talons; he was the same to all whom he liked, and to whom he was really very affectionate and gentle." Hubert was sent to Paris, and placed in the *Jardin des Plantes*, where some time afterwards Gérard went to see him. He was lying half asleep, gazing with indifference on all the visitors, when suddenly he raised his head, his eyes dilated, a nervous twitching of the muscles of his face and agitation of the tail showed that the sight of the well-known uniform had roused him. He recognised the uniform, but had not yet identified his old master. His eyes eagerly interrogated this vaguely-remembered form. Gérard approached, and, unable to resist his emotion, thrust his hand into the cage. It was a touching moment which followed: without taking his eyes from Gérard, he applied his nose to the outstretched hand, and began to breathe deeply; with every breath his eye became more affectionate, and when Gérard said to him, "Well, Hubert, my old soldier!" he made a terrible bound against the bars of his prison, which trembled beneath his weight. "My friends alarmed, sprang back, and called to me to do the same. Noble beast! thou art terrible, even in thy love! He stood up, pressed against the bars, striving to break through the obstacle which separated us. He was magnificent as he stood there roaring with joy and rage. His rough tongue licked with joy the hand which I abandoned to him, while with his enormous paws he tried to draw me gently to him. No sooner did any one approach the cage than he flew out in frightful expressions of anger, which changed into calmness and caresses on their retreating. It is impossible for me to describe how painful our parting was that day. Twenty times I was forced to return to reassure him that he would see

me again, and each time that I moved out of sight he made the place tremble with his bounds and cries." Poor Hubert! this visit, and the long *tête-à-têtes* of subsequent visits, made captivity a little less painful to him, but the effect seemed to be injurious on the whole. He drooped, and the keepers attributed it to these visits, which perhaps made him languish for the camp and his old days of liberty. He died, leaving Gérard firmly resolved to kill as many lions as he could, but to capture no more: death in the forest, by a rifle, being infinitely preferable to a pulmonary disease bred in a prison.

Has the lion a power of fascination? The Arabs all declare he has, and that both men and beasts are forced to follow him when once he exercises that power over them. The royal aspect and the piercing splendour of his tawny eye, together with all those associations of terror which his presence calls up, may suffice to paralyse and fascinate an unhappy victim, although Gérard says, for his part, he never felt the slightest inclination to follow and exclaim—

"Où, de ta suite, ô roi, de ta suite, j'en suis."

For our own parts, we can believe in any amount of fascination. We were once embraced by an affectionate young lioness, who put her paws lovingly round our neck, and would have kissed our cheek, had not that symptom of a boldness more than maidenly been at once by us virtuously repressed. The fascination of this tawny maiden, by whose embrace we were haunted for a fortnight, was equalled by the humiliation we felt on another occasion in the presence of the forest king. All visitors to the Zoological know and admire the noble lion who occupies the last den; and most visitors have seen his wrath when the keeper approaches the den before the bone he is gnawing is thoroughly clean. The sight of his wrath and the sound of his growls greatly interesting us, and the keeper not being at hand to excite them, we one day got over the railing opposite his den, and began dancing and *hishing* before him, in a wild and, as we imagined, formidable manner. Instead of flashing out in wrath and thunder, the lion turned his eye upon us, and in utter contempt continued licking his leg of beef, perfectly untroubled by our *hishing*, probably asking himself the meaning of those incomprehensible gesticulations. We felt small. He evidently did not think us worth even a growl; and we were forced to get back over the railing, utterly discomfited by the quiet dignity of his majesty.

However, on this subject of fascination, let us hear the story which Gérard heard from the Arabs. Some years ago, Seghir, the hero of this adventure, was denied the hand of his mistress from no worse crime than *impecuniosity*, which has cut many a true

love-knot, and he thought it simpler to elope with his beloved. He did so ; but his path was dangerous, and he armed himself to the teeth. In this path he suddenly espied a lion walking straight towards them. The girl shrieked so fearfully that she was heard in the tents, and several men rushed out to the rescue. When they arrived, they saw the lion slowly walking a few paces in front of Seghir, on whom his eyes were constantly fixed, and leading him thus towards the forest. The young girl in vain tried to make her lover cease to follow the lion, in vain tried to separate herself from him. He held her tight and drew her with him, saying, "Come, O my beloved, our Seigneur commands us ; come." "Why don't you use your arms ?" she cried. "Arms ? I have none," replied the fascinated victim. "Seigneur, believe her not ; she lies ; if I am armed, I will follow you wherever you will." At this moment eight or ten Arabs came up and fired. As the lion did not fall, they took to their heels. With one bound the lion crushed Seghir to the earth, and taking his head within his enormous jaws, crunched it ; after which he lay down by the side of the young girl, placing his paws upon her knees. The Arabs now, finding they were not pursued, took courage, reloaded, and returned. At the moment their guns were pointed, he sprang into the midst of them, seizing one with his jaws and two with his claws, dragging them thus together, so that the three formed as it were but one mass of flesh ; he pressed them under him, and mangled them as he had mangled Seghir. Those who had escaped ran back to their tents to relate what they had witnessed. None dared return ; the lion carried off the girl into the forest. On the morrow the bodies of the four men were found. That of the girl was looked for, but they only found her hair, her feet, and her clothes. Her ravisher had eaten the rest.

We have said that Gérard declares never to have felt the fascinating power of the lion in his own person, but in one of his adventures he testifies to the fact as regards a bull, whom the lion caused to walk slowly before him to the spot where it should please his majesty to devour him. The lion, on seeing Gérard approach, stopped ; the bull, ten paces in advance, stopped at the same time. Who will explain this ? We dare not attempt it ; the more so as our limits are already touched.

To the Editor of the "Westminster Review."

Oct. 18, 1855.

SIR,—I feel it necessary to the justification of my own character for consistency, to call in question the accuracy of two statements made to my disadvantage, in the Article entitled "The Physiological Errors of Teetotalism," in the July number of *The Westminster Review*. I should not have troubled you on the subject, had it not been that those statements have recently served as the basis of a charge of unprincipled venality, publicly made against me by a reverend champion of "Moderation,"—charges the utter baselessness of which it now becomes imperative upon me to prove.

The first of the passages alluded to, is the following (p. 104):—

"Dr. Carpenter, whom we are combating, knows better than most people that Alcohol gives force, but from not perceiving that Food is, strictly speaking, Force, he denies that Alcohol is Food. At least he denies it in his 'Prize Essay.' In his 'Principles of Human Physiology,' he holds somewhat different language; he is there addressing men of science, and we find him tolerably explicit. * * * How is this Poison suddenly elevated to the rank of a Food by its energetic persecutor? We leave others the explanation of the contradiction; we have only to show that in his work addressing men of science, he regards Alcohol as Food. * * * Unless Dr. Carpenter retracts his own language, unless he withholds the name of Food from all substances not forming tissue, he is himself to be cited as maintaining that Alcohol is Food, not Poison."

To this I reply:—

1. I have *nowhere denied* Alcohol to be food either in my "Prize Essay," or in my "Physiology of Temperance." On the contrary, I have no less explicitly recognised its capability of serving as a producer of Heat, than I have in my "Human Physiology," where its function as food is expressly limited to that capability. Further, in my "Human Physiology," as in my "Prize Essay," the reasons are pointedly stated, which (in my opinion) render its use even for this purpose undesirable.

2. In contrasting my "Prize Essay" and my "Human Physiology," the Reviewer seems to imply that, while I address "men of science" in the latter, I wrote for some different class in the former. If he had ever seen my "Prize Essay," he must

know that it was addressed to the Medical Profession; and that the adjudicators of the Prize were—not Teetotalers,—but three distinguished Physicians, two of them eminent for their special knowledge of *Toxicology*.

The second passage to which I refer, is the following (p. 118):—

“Perhaps the reader will learn with surprise that Dr. Carpenter, who in his ‘Prize Essay’ has not a word to say in favour of daily moderate use, though he admits its occasional medicinal use, has in another place admitted that the daily use of beer may be desirable when the stomach is weak.” (*Extract from the “Scottish Review.”*)

I cannot but think that the readers of *The Westminster Review* will “learn with surprise,” that my “Prize Essay” *does* contain a full discussion (§§ 188—194) of the very condition to which the paragraph cited from the “Scottish Review” relates, as “one of those special modifications of the bodily condition of man, short of actual disease, in which the occasional or habitual use of alcoholic liquors may be necessary or beneficial;” and that precisely the same doctrine is taught in the one place as in the other,—a doctrine for which my “Prize Essay” was denounced in several quarters as “doing as much harm as good to the cause of temperance.” Further, in my “Physiology of Temperance and Total Abstinence,” which is expressly stated *not* to be a reprint of my “Prize Essay,” but to which I suspect that your Reviewer has referred as if it were, the same opinions are more concisely expressed (§ 220), almost in the words of the “Scottish Review,” with reference to “a class of individuals who can scarcely be regarded as subjects of *disease*, but in whom the conditions are essentially different from those of *health*.”

I have no other wish, in thus addressing you, than to set myself right with the readers of your “Review;” and I trust that I shall not be considered as having unnecessarily brought a matter of merely personal concern under their attention.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM B. CARPENTER.

In reply to Dr. Carpenter’s letter, we beg, first, emphatically to disown having had any intention of implying a charge of venality. Our object was to point out a contradiction between two separate works, such as may be pointed out in any writer without affecting his integrity. If our expressions really point to the construction which some person appears to have put on them, we can only regret that our language was not more rigorously precise.

In making this statement, we must also explain an error which

runs through our article ; namely, that of supposing the "Physiology of Temperance," which was the work reviewed by us, was the same as the "Prize Essay," which we had never seen. It now appears that, although the "Physiology of Temperance" is addressed to the general public, the "Prize Essay," from which it was remodelled, is addressed to the medical profession. Between the "Human Physiology" and the "Prize Essay," then, there is no difference in the audience addressed. The correction, such as it is, we willingly make ; but as the book reviewed by us, and miscalled "Prize Essay," *was* addressed to the general public, Dr. Carpenter does not remove the accusation of inconsistency by pointing out that in the book we did *not* review no such inconsistency appears. He says, that he has "nowhere denied alcohol to be food." But he has done so *implicitly* throughout the book addressed to the general public, the book we reviewed, namely, the "Physiology of Temperance." The fundamental proposition of that book is this : "The action of alcohol upon the animal body in health is *essentially poisonous*, producing such a disturbance in the regular current of vital action, as, when a sufficient dose or succession of doses is administered, becomes fatal." Against that proposition our article was directed ; for on that proposition the whole argument in favour of total abstinence rests.

The second passage in our article to which Dr. Carpenter refers, not only contains the error previously noticed ; namely, the "Prize Essay," mentioned instead of the "Physiology of Temperance," but is also worded with a want of precision which we regret, since it has been so misunderstood. His explanation will, however, remove any doubt on that point.



CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

EVEN during the lifetime of Hegel, his disciples had become divided into a "right" and "left" party; the former maintaining the consistency of the philosophy of the Absolute with the doctrines of Christianity, while the other aimed only at the development of philosophical thought. This latter followed its course independently of the teaching of Christianity, and issued more and more in opposition to it. After the death of the master this divergence continued; and Göschel endeavoured again to subject philosophy to doctrine, thus representing the extreme "right." The Hegelian centre was occupied by Marheineke, who took as an hypothesis the equal right of philosophy and doctrine, whence emerged, as a problem, the necessity of reconciling them. In like manner, the prime principle of religious philosophy, according to Rosenkranz, is, that true Christianity is rational, and that Reason is Christian. And he recognises in Christ a personality which, in him alone, has realized itself in perfect correspondence with its Idea. But it must be admitted, that neither do all the lineaments of the character of Christ, as drawn in the Gospel Histories, correspond to the perfect Idea of his Person, nor do the traits of it, as given in the several evangelical histories, altogether assimilate. These contradictions being allowed, the way was prepared for Strauss. When Strauss, by his destructive criticism, had shown that the Gospel Histories, by reason of their contradictions, could not be the product of one unerring revealing Spirit; and that many things related in these concerning Christ, could not, as related, be true; the historical personality and identity of Christ appeared to fade; he substituted for it the idea of Humanity; and by combining the ideas of God humanizing himself, and of man raising himself to divinity, he obtained a subject of which might be predicated, in terms, the orthodox formulæ of confession respecting the Son of God and the Son of Man.

Certainly, to the English mind, this Hegelian reconciliation of critical result with doctrine will be no better than a make-believe; but if the critical result or the dogma must give way, it will not ultimately be the critical result. And though the critique of Strauss be too diffuse, too anatomical and minute, that admission will not suffice to re-establish the authenticity of the details of the Gospel narratives. Into the critique itself, the late Professor Norton,¹ in his work on the Gospels, which professes to review Strauss's "Life of Jesus," altogether avoids entering; nor is his method very clear, in his general discussion, of the genuineness and authenticity of those histories. Thus,—

¹ Internal Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels. Part I. Remarks on Christianity and the Gospels, with particular Reference to Strauss's "Life of Jesus." Part II. Portions of an unfinished Work. By Andrews Norton. Boston: 1855.

"In treating of the evidence which the Gospels themselves afford of their genuineness and of their authenticity, it is not worth while to attempt to make an artificial separation between those arguments which bear more directly on the one subject, and those which relate more particularly to the other. They run into each other, and are intimately blended together; and the ultimate purpose of both is the same. If the Gospels be authentic, that is, if their contents be true, they are genuine works of their supposed authors; for, if true, they were written by early and well-informed disciples of Christ, and it would be idle to ascribe them to any other disciples of Christ than those to whom the Christian world have ascribed them from the beginning."—p. 10.

The arguments for the genuineness and authenticity cannot *run into each other*, except by *arguing in a circle*, proving the genuineness by the authenticity, and the authenticity by the genuineness. Extremely feeble and confused is what follows:—

"In arguing from their contents to prove their genuineness, it is not practicable; and if it were practicable, it would not be desirable, to separate the arguments for their genuineness from those which establish the great truth, that they contain the authentic history of a miraculous revelation of God."

If the authenticity of the narratives could be independently established, there need be no argument at all about their genuineness, that question would become unimportant; on the contrary, if the genuineness could be proved independently, it would have a very weighty bearing, but not more, on the discussion of their authenticity. The argument which floated in Professor Norton's mind, must have been a circular hypothetical of this sort—If the narratives be authentic, they must have been written by well-informed disciples, and then, no doubt, by the particular disciples to whom they have been attributed "from the beginning;" but if they were written by these disciples, *which there is thus reason to think*, there can be no doubt of their being authentic narratives. Norton's deficiency in clearness and precision rendered him incapable of grappling with an elaborate criticism, or even of defining to himself where the pinch of his difficulty really lay in respect to the "Evidences;" for he is apparently quite unconscious of the gap which there is in the tradition, as in tracing upwards the external testimonies to the authorship of the Gospels, we approach what he vaguely calls "the beginning." But besides this, his peculiar theological position, and the narrow standing-ground which that affords, placed him at the greatest disadvantage as a critic of Strauss. Giving up "Inspiration," but assuming that the Gospels are a "Revelation;" repudiating "mysteries," but making "miracles" the basis of Christianity," he cuts off arbitrarily, as not genuine, such portions as could not be received as part of a revelation—for instance, the two first chapters of Matthew—without carrying with them some doctrine which his own reason disowns; but he expects the rest of a supernatural narrative, which happens not to shock himself, to be received according to its letter; he has no sort of perception that the Christianity with which Reason is capable of reconciliation is not that of the letter of the Gospel Histories, but a series of intelligible facts, a doctrine of refined Theism, a teaching of most philanthropical morality, which lie wrapped up in that curiously embroidered envelope.

But Professor Norton's theological position, and the traditional habit into which he had formed himself of appealing to the words of Scrip-

ture as decisive—as “revelations”—in the Trinitarian and Unitarian controversies, led him into still worse errors; so distorted his judgment and warped the application of the little critical ability and Greek knowledge which he possessed, as to make his “Translation of the Gospels”² altogether unreliable. Except in the substitution of modern for antiquated grammatical forms, which is a mere matter of taste, it is very seldom that his version is an improvement upon the old one, upon which he poured forth his contempt as the work of a priesthood. It is easy for little men mounted on the summit of the present to sneer at greater men than themselves who have descended into the vale of bygone years. Wycliffe was a “Priest,” and so was Luther, and so were even the translators of the “Authorized Version.” In their respective times and places there were none but priests learned enough for those works. We flatter ourselves that we have advanced beyond the days of “Priesthoods.” But we should be sorry to think that Norton’s Translation of the Gospels is a fair measure of that advance; that it exhibits the whole improvement of which the English version is capable, or that his criticisms are to be taken as a sample of the English and American Greek scholarship which can be brought to bear upon it.

We should not pursue this notice further in the case of a posthumously published work unless we felt it necessary to show, that a theological school, which sets very high its own claims to enlightenment and freedom, is, in fact, as defined and as stereotyped as those with which it is in controversy; that if it was once fluid, it has now become fixed; that if it be not as high, it is as dry as more “orthodox” communions; but, above all, that the scholarship of its prominent men is not to be trusted much in texts indifferent, and never where the unconscious bias of preconceived opinion can lead it astray. Any schoolboy learning Greek might glorify himself over the translators of the English Bible by renderings such as “food” instead of “meat,” “at the root of the tree” instead of “unto,” “without his cloak” instead of “naked;” but while an imperfect education may account for some of Norton’s renderings, it is almost impossible so to account for all. Turning to St. John’s Gospel, we take at hazard—

Chap. i. 1. The translation of *ὁ λόγος* is worded “the Logos.”

Now there is conveyed some sense, though for the most part an erroneous one, in the English version rendering of “the Word;” there is none to English readers in “the Logos,” beyond the implication that this Logos is some individual subject or thing. But the article in Greek, though it individualizes common names, does not individualize abstracts, it generalizes them. Thus no one would render *ἡ σοφία* in many places of the Book of Proverbs, parallel more or less with this passage of St. John, by “The Wisdom.”—“The Lord by the Wisdom hath founded the heavens;” or “The Wisdom crieth in the streets.” So in John i. 1, not “In the beginning was the Reason,” but, “In the beginning was Reason, and Reason was with God, and Reason was [no other than] God.”

Ver. 3. *πάντα δι’ αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο*. Norton retains, “All things were

² “A Translation of the Gospels. With Notes. By Andrews Norton. Vol. I. The Text. Vol. II. The Notes. Boston: 1855.

made by *him*," &c.; yet there is no more a quasi-sexual masculine gender to the Divine Reason of St. John, than a sexual feminine gender in the Divine Wisdom of Solomon. Why should not Norton, as a scholar free from Trinitarian traditions, have rendered, where there is no poetical personification, "it"?—"All things were made by it, and without it was not anything made that was made."

i. 4. ἐν αὐτῷ ζωὴ ἦν, κ. τ. λ.—"In him was the source of blessedness, and the source of blessedness was the light for man."

Ver. 14. ὅξαν ὡς μονογενοῦς παρὰ πατρός,—"*the glory of the only-begotten of the Father*," English version. Norton is better, but feeble—"Such as an only son receives from a father;" rather "*a glory as of an only-begotten one from a father*."

Ver 15. Ὁ ὅπισθ μου—ὅτι πρῶτός μου ἦν. "He who was to come after me *has gone before me*, because he was *my superior*." So avoiding violently the theological inference from πρῶτος, "*before*," English version; i.e. "*prior*," or "*previous*."

Ver. 16. ἐκ τοῦ πληρώματος, "*of his inexhaustible store*." Why not simply "*fulness*?"

Ib. χάριν ἀντὶ χάριτος, "*favour upon favour*:" an impossible rendering of ἀντὶ.

Ib. ἡ χάρις καὶ ἡ ἀλήθεια, "*the favour and the truth*." Norton is utterly helpless with the Greek article; it ought not to be rendered into English when placed before abstracts absolutely taken; just as in French, *La sagesse*, Wisdom, *Le bonheur*, happiness; although, *la sagesse de l'homme*, the wisdom of man, &c. We really beg pardon for these rudiments. Let us turn here on.

x. 18. οὐδεὶς αἶρει αὐτήν—ἐξουσίαν ἔχω θεῖναι αὐτήν, κ. τ. λ. "No one takes it from me, but I lay it down of my own accord. I am *commissioned* to lay it down, and I am *commissioned* to receive it again," πάλιν λαβεῖν αὐτήν. Ἐξουσία is full power and liberty of action, as 1 Cor. vii. 4, "The wife hath not power (ἐξουσίᾳ) of her own body, but the husband." So 1 Cor. viii. frequently ἐξουσία, "*this liberty of yours*,"—"have we not *power* to eat and to drink?"—"we have not used this *power*:" and particularly 1 Cor. vi. 12, "All things are lawful for me (ἐξεστίν), but all things are not expedient: all things are lawful for me (in my power), but I will not be brought under the power of any," ἐξουσιασθήσομαι. There is thus in ἐξουσία an absence of all restraint from without—nothing whatever like a *commission*; but the inference in John x. 18, from Christ's *full power* to lay down and take up his life, did not square with Norton's particular theology.

xv. 26. παράκλητος is "*the Teacher*" entirely without authority.

xvi. 13, 14. Thus translated—"When he the Spirit of the Truth comes (missing the 2 aor. subj. ἔλθῃ), he will be our guide to the whole truth, for he will not speak from himself, but will speak what he hears (missing the exhaustive ὅσα, and the aor. subj. ἀκούσῃ), and he will explain (ἀναγγελεῖ, rather announce, declare) to you the events which are coming. He will glorify me, for he will take what is mine (ἐκ τοῦ ἐμοῦ, omitting the partitive force of ἐκ), and communicate it (ἀναγγελεῖ) to you. Whatever (πάντα omitted) the Father has is mine; hence I said, he will take of mine (ἐκ τ. ἐ.), and communicate it to you," (ἀναγγελεῖ).

xvii. 17. "Consecrate them (*ἀγιάσον*, "Sanctify," English version, and so below uniformly) to thyself by the knowledge of the truth, thy doctrine is *the Truth*" (*ὁ λόγος ὁ σὸς ἀληθεία ἐστι*, improperly inserting the definite article). But in ver. 19, "For their sakes I *devote* myself (*ἀγιάζω ἑμαυτόν*), that they all may be devoted to thee" (*ᾧσιν ἡγιασμένοι*): apparently so rendered to avoid any doctrine of *Sanctification*.

Biblical criticism will then become honest, when Christian theology is content to regard the writings of the New Testament as products rather than as sources, but not before; the hands of criticism are guided or tied by dogmatism. And those who adopt the views of Norton, must be content to be warned against dogmatism, for they too may be enslaved to it; though they have revolted against a dogmatism more ancient—it may be more complicated and astounding—it may be more perfectly developed, more consistent and more logically constructed than their own. And if Reason is to be conciliated with Christianity, it is not with the Christianity of the letter, but with that which lies on the other side of the letter; and the Gospel-revelation is to be sought not *in*, but *through* and *beyond* the words of Scriptural histories.

Mr. Heywood deserves our thanks for putting the valuable work of the late Dr. Von Bohlen, within the reach of the general English public. Peter Von Bohlen was born at Wüppel, in Oldenburg, in 1796; the poverty of his parents' circumstances seemed to exclude him from all possibility of qualifying himself as a schoolmaster, which was the object of his early ambition; his low stature disqualified him for the army. In 1814, he obtained an engagement in a mercantile house in Hamburg, where he learned English; he was afterwards admitted as a free scholar to the school in that city, and received encouragement in his studies from English and other friends. As he showed a natural taste for oriental languages his patrons assisted him in the necessary expenses for pursuing his University education at Halle, under Gesenius and others. Von Bohlen also studied at Bonn, Arabic under Freytag and Sanscrit with Schlegel; in 1824, he proceeded to the University of Berlin, where he attended Bopp. In the following year he removed to Königsberg as a private teacher, with a government salary of 60*l.* a-year, rising afterwards, through the usual grades of extraordinary and ordinary professor, to an increase of 15*l.* a-year in his stipend. It is owing to the necessity, real or supposed, for justifying the aspirant's elevation through these several gradations, that "private teachers," "extraordinary" and "ordinary professors" in the German Universities, are so prolific in literary works. The same cause which accounts for the multitude, accounts also for the very varied merit of these productions. And so miserable is the endowment of the chairs, or, to use the far more appropriate Teutonic word, the "stools" of the professors, that it is a grievous temptation to the more eminent men, when once they have engaged the attention of the public, to neglect more or less the proper duties of their offices, for the prosecution of literary undertakings and employments, on which a wider fame depends. This, however, was not the case with Von Bohlen, and in 1836, he had at Königsberg "forty-seven pupils in his class on

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archæology, nineteen scholars on his exposition of Job; and some students either in Sanscrit or Arabic." He died in 1840.

Von Bohlen's greatest work was the "Ancient India," published at Königsberg in 1830; the work now translated was published in 1835. The happiest, and perhaps that which will prove the most influential of his conjectures, is that which traces the origin of the Jewish tradition concerning an universal deluge to the phenomena presented by the floods of Mesopotamia, the original seat of the Hebrew race. Others of his results do not approve themselves to us so obviously—and there is not unfrequently a want of definiteness and of consistency in the way in which he presents them. Thus, concerning the date of the so-called Books of Moses, he sums up:—

"It has been shown, that the errors of the Pentateuch in regard both to geography and history, its mythical chronology and anachronisms, as well as its fictitious names and numbers bring it very nearly to the reign of Josiah; and that the peculiarities of its more recent language and express allusions to the so-called captivity concur in pointing to the same date."—Vol. i. p. 277.

Here the Pentateuch is spoken of as though it were one homogeneous composition of the date of the reign of Josiah, or thereabouts; and again:—

"The Pentateuch makes its first appearance about the period of the Babylonish exile."—Ib. p. 289.

But then he says,

"The Pentateuch forms a complete work in itself and (leaving out of view the different degrees of antiquity possessed by particular parts and the earlier appearance of *Deuteronomy*) the portions of which it is composed have been so arranged," &c.—P. 290.

And afterwards inconsistently enough concerning the book of *Deuteronomy*, that it

"Shows more internal connexion than those which precede it; it is written in a diffuse and rhetorical style and not unfrequently adopts a moralising tone, or that style of paternal admonition which characterizes the later prophets. The language is clearly that of the later literary period, as De Wette and Gesenius have completely succeeded in showing. In short, both the style of expression and the mode of conception belong completely to the period of the Babylonish exile."—Page 296.

The style of *Deuteronomy* cannot be both earlier and later; it cannot belong to the later literary period, while the other books, which do not show those characteristics, are later than it. That the book of *Deuteronomy* is later than the rest of the Pentateuch we think to be evidenced both from the style and from the treatment of its subject; and it seems to us most probable, that the book said to have been found in the temple by Hilkiah the priest, in the reign of Josiah, was not the Pentateuch, or the whole of the law, but the Book of *Deuteronomy* only. It consists apparently of a condensation of the law, together with certain elaborate promises and threatenings suitable to the policy of those who then produced it; it contains also evidence of a transition to a purer conception of the dealings of God with men and of a recognition of his equity and justice towards individuals, which is found in the later prophets, particularly Ezekiel (see chapter xviii.), but not found in the older law. It is clear from

internal evidence that Deuteronomy must have been a development upon Exodus and Leviticus. Thus, we read Deut. xxiv. 16:—"The fathers shall not be put to death for the children, neither shall the children be put to death for the fathers: every man shall be put to death for his own sins."

This sentiment is expressly quoted, 2 Kings xiv. 6, and 2Chron. xxv. 4, when Amaziah destroyed the murderers of his father, but would not destroy their children. The common date of Amaziah himself is about 830 B.C., but the compilation of the Books of Kings and Chronicles is of the time of the return from the captivity, not before the age of Ezekiel. We cannot, it is true, infer with certainty anything concerning a whole book, from the occurrence of such a quotation, for the passage in Deuteronomy may have been interpolated to suit the history, or both may have been interpolated to suit the more spiritual preaching of the later prophet. Yet the sentiment is not foreign to the book of Deuteronomy, though it is foreign to the rest of the law, and however late Deuteronomy be placed, we cannot see that it by any means carries with it the rest of the Pentateuch.

Some other of Von Bohlen's arguments, though acute and critical, are equally inconclusive. Thus, even if the imagery in the three first chapters of Genesis, and particularly in the third, betrays an oriental origin, it will by no means follow, that those images and the doctrines they signified were learnt by the Hebrews at the time of the captivity; for if there be any thread of truth in the traditional history of that race, its original seats were, as we have noticed, on the borders of the Tigris and Euphrates; and if Solomon be not altogether a mythical person, there was intercourse with the East in his day, which would enable the importing of such allegorical representations.

There cannot thus be given a fair view of Von Bohlen's merits, which are those of a learned, acute, and ingenious critic, nor of his demerits, which are, that he is too impatient and conjectural. This book is much to be recommended to those who will take his statements, not as conclusions, but as hypotheses, and who have learning and patience sufficient to verify or modify them; it is not to be recommended to rambling readers.

In this edition, Hebrew words are reduced into the common European character, with the introduction of the aspirate (') for א and the lenis (̣) for נ and י; we do not think that the latter mark should be made to represent two distinct elements, and that it would be a slight improvement on the Hebrew-English alphabet employed, to express י by *anuswara*, or by a simple dot.

The "Second Series of Sermons,"³ by the late Mr. Robertson, of Brighton, surpasses the former volume in the interest of the subjects treated, and even in the excellences of the author's peculiarly rich and forcible style. Religion, to be worth anything, must be applicable to the affairs of the human world as they move on; it must be concerned with and affect relations as well as individualities. From the

³ "Sermons preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton." By the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, M.A., Incumbent. 2nd Series. London: 1855.

first Sermon on Christ's Judgment respecting Inheritance on Luke xii. 13—15, we make room for one extract:—

—“The great problem which lies before Europe for solution is, or will be, this—Whether the present possessors of the soil have an exclusive right to do what they will with their own, or, whether a larger claim may be put in by the workman for a share in the profits? Whether capital has hitherto given to labour its just part, or not? Labour is at present making an appeal like that of this petitioner, to the Church, to the Bible, to God. ‘Master, speak unto my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me.’

“Now, in the mere setting of that question to rest, Christianity is not interested. That landlords should become more liberal, and employers more merciful; that tenants should be more honourable, and workmen more unselfish; that would be, indeed, a glorious thing—a triumph of Christ's cause: and any arrangement of the inheritance thence resulting, would be a real coming of the kingdom. But whether the soil of the country and its capital shall remain the property of the rich, or become more available for the poor, the rich and the poor remaining selfish as before—whether the selfish rich shall be able to keep, or the selfish poor to take, is a matter, religiously speaking, of profound indifference.

Mr. Robertson did not avoid any theological controversies of his day, and frequently cut through the disputations of opposite parties with a *tertium quid*, striking and effectual. Those who feel any remaining interest in the Gorham controversy, should read the fourth and fifth Sermons in the present volume on the subject of “Baptism.”

Always glad to meet the accomplished author of “The Signs of the Times,”⁴ we may confess that we would prefer to meet him on any other subject rather than on that which has suggested his present Letters; rather in the field of critical history or of philological investigation, than on that of ecclesiastical differences. It may be true that other labours entered into by himself, or by others under his auspices, may have their connexion in his own mind with one plan of illustrating the religious history of the great human family, and of contributing materials for the solution of speculative and practical problems which that history has rolled on unsolved to the present day. But if there be this comprehensiveness of design in the works of Dr. Bunsen, the interest which attaches to them severally is derived to most readers, not from the plan, if there be a definite one, to which they belong, but from their separate execution. And if there be this comprehensiveness in the mind of the learned author, it is some matter of regret, that its range should be comparatively narrowed, even for a while, by the application of his attention to local and temporary polemics, although these in themselves embrace a tolerably large field.

The Letters, of which the present work consists, have been suggested partly by the observation of a recently growing strength in the hierarchical principle in the West of Europe generally, evidenced in

⁴ “Die Zeichen der Zeit. Briefe an Freunde über die Gewissensfreiheit und das Recht der christlichen Gemeinde.” Von Christian Karl Josias Bunsen, Kön. Preuss. w. g. Rath, Dr. d. Philos. u. d. Theol. Zwei Bände. Leipzig. 1855.

the open manifestation of a persecuting spirit on the part of the Church of Rome, and in the development of the Anglican Puseyism, and partly and more especially by the proofs which have been for many years accumulating, and the meaning of which is no longer to be mistaken, of the failure of that great royal ecclesiastical experiment—the United Evangelical Church of Prussia. The congregational principle, which is founded on the personal Christian consciousness, will alone, according to Dr. Bunsen, be able to counteract the hierarchical spirit elsewhere, and enable the re-construction on a sure and popular basis of an Evangelical Church of Prussia.

The persecutions of the Madii and of Domenico Cecchetti in Tuscany, and of Vorezynski in Prague, are not very impressive to the general mind in England; and the contest abroad, particularly in Baden, between the Papal power and the state, has not awakened in this country generally an apprehension that Rome may exercise here an authority over marriages, over the education of children superseding the natural authority of the parent, over the free disposition of property. And much as the Pope is traditionally abhorred, few Englishmen consider practically how it may be feasible to place legal restraints upon the exercise of his power in this realm, without impeaching the doctrine of liberty of conscience and of religion; the national mind is too hazy or too inert to draw around that liberty to particular persons the limitations which are required by the common safety of all and the liberties of others—the limitations of public policy, morals, decency, and convenience. One considerable portion, therefore, of these letters may not be read in England with the interest which in fact they deserve, by reason of the nearness of their subject to ourselves. Another considerable portion likewise, concerning a matter foreign altogether to ourselves, will not invite so much attention in this country as it deserves for its intrinsic importance. It is respecting this latter that we shall venture to say a few words.

The King Frederick William the Third entertained a hope, that it might be reserved for him to accomplish a work, at least in part, which many able and excellent men since the time of the Reformation had laboured at in vain. He thought that he might be able, if not perhaps to reunite the whole of European Christendom, at least the whole of European Protestantism, or if not the whole of European Protestantism (we use the word Protestant in its general English sense) at any rate the Lutheran and Reformed Communions of Prussia into one Evangelical National Church. The fusion which was inaugurated in the Royal Chapel in 1817, was well received at first, and inasmuch as the separate creeds and separate catechisms of the original confessions were not interfered with, it was hoped that differences would subside of themselves, without anything being given up by one party to the other; that they would receive the Eucharist together, and join together in a common, though meagre, liturgical form. It would be too long to trace the several royal ordinances issued in this and the last reign, by which a church or rather a church order was constituted, under which the two confessions should work, and by acceptance of which they should become welded into one national institution. It

is sufficient to notice that the effect has been not to unite two communions into one, but to multiply two communions into three. Thus in 1852, Stahl, and afterwards Cappell, members of the high consistory (Oberkirchenrath), declared themselves as pure Lutherans, Von Uchtritz, Neander, Strauss, Von Mühler, Twesten, Richter, as Lutherans "according to the form expressed in the order of the privy council of February 28, 1834." The Chaplain-general and Dr. Snethlage declared themselves as "Reformed," with a similar explanation. But Dr. Nitzsch announced himself to "belong to both confessions, that is to say, to the consensus of the two."

How is it, asks Dr. Bunsen, that the purpose of two pious kings is thus frustrated? The answer is to be found in the strength of the hierarchical principle, which has shown itself particularly in the old Lutheran party of which Stahl is the head: it is to be found also, in part, in the absence of a sufficiently popular element in the foundation itself of the National Church.

It is easy to criticize plans which their friends and projectors acknowledge with disappointment to be failures, and we have no right to trouble our readers with observations on the condition of the ecclesiastical affairs of Prussia in their political relations. But we may venture to observe, that sufficient attention can scarcely have been paid by the founders of this United Church of Prussia to the attempt and failure of Calixtus to effect a syncretism or aggregation between the very same confessions, the Lutheran and the Reformed. His designs embraced, indeed, at one time of his life, a still wider range; but the inflexible opposition which he encountered on the part of what we may call the high and dry Lutherans, should have been a warning to any ecclesiastical reformer, that the Lutheran creed is essentially exclusive, and that that communion can admit of no fusion with any other until she is other than she has been as yet.

In the course of these discussions the term confederation has been used, which does not seem to meet with much favour from Dr. Bunsen; but it deserves serious consideration whether a confederation might not be possible, where a fusion is impossible; nay, whether something less than confederation—mutual recognition—would not be all which is required by Christian charity between distinct communions, and be much more likely to serve the cause of human amelioration, by the common action of churches for moral ends, than a forced and unnatural alliance between bodies having many points of difference, which become more irritating the closer they are brought into contact.

In international relations it is common for states mutually to recognise each other as states,—as members of the great human family,—even when their constitutions are utterly dissimilar, and their policy in many things altogether antagonistic: between other nations there may be found alliances of varying degrees of intimacy, but the cause of peace and civilization would be no gainer by the attempt to ally closely all states which recognise each other, or to confederate for all purposes those which are allied for some. In like manner the experiment yet remains to be tried of a recognition of churches, with for-

bearance of any attempt to improve that recognition into fusion, confederation, or even what is called full communion.

Dr. Bunsen thinks that the remedy for the present distracted state of ecclesiastical affairs in Prussia, as well as an antidote to the hierarchical poison elsewhere, is to be found in the congregational principles grounded on liberty of conscience and personal conviction. No doubt that would be a self-sustaining form of Church, which should be founded on the perfect convergence of the personal convictions of its members. But until the objects of Christian conviction shall be acknowledged to be other than they are at present, we see no probability of such convergence being realizable. Of Dr. Bunsen's own stand-point with respect to those objects we cannot presume to speak with certainty. But it may be gathered, we think, from these letters, that he does not stand upon the dry theology of the three creeds, nor upon the Augustan confession as a whole; nor upon the central doctrine of it, justification by faith, as a doctrine; nor upon the subjective realization of justification by faith in Christ's *merits*; nor upon a sense of election in the Calvinistic sense; nor upon union with Christ's mystical body through divine sacraments; he seems to approximate very closely to the Moravian type, but without running into the extravagances of the "*Blut-Theologie*;" to be penetrated with an ardent love for the *person* of the Saviour, yet leaving in uncertainty or rather in vagueness what are the predicates which properly belong to that person; and, above all, he is actuated with the most sincere desire for the benefit of the whole human race, warmed with an especial love towards those who number themselves in that society which Christ came upon earth to found. It is not for the sake of intrusion, or for the sake of throwing what to some may seem a slur, upon an eminent and excellent person, that we put such hypotheses, but because it is not possible to form any definite conception of the frame which Dr. Bunsen thinks the Christian society may take, or of the probability of his hopes being realized, unless some opinion be formed concerning his own views. We have said that the failure of the projects of Calixtus might have served as a warning to the founders of the Evangelical Church of Prussia, not to be sanguine concerning their design of union; for to be crowned with success it would require the admission, tacit or express, on the part of one or both of the confessions, that the differences which parted them were in non-essentials,—which would be to abjure their own historical antecedents and their own corporate life; or an acknowledgment that, though their differences were in essentials, they were willing to forget those essential differences and reduce themselves to ministries of separate *cults* under a state order,—which would be to commit a suicide on their own conscience and voluntarily to abdicate the highest functions. And if the failure of Calixtus should have suggested these reflections, the failure of Zinzendorf should inspire equal misgiving in the mind of the philanthropic Christian, whether it be feasible to form brotherhoods, either across different communions or within their several boundaries on the moral basis of the personal conscience, until the general Christian in-

tellect is much more enlightened than it is at present. The Moravian Brethren have become nothing else than a sect in Germany and in England, failing to continue themselves as an inner nucleus of life in separate communions according to a different *Tropus* in each; and in saying this no dishonour is intended to a brotherhood eminent for its labours of love, and which obtained in England, about a century ago, a Parliamentary and even an ecclesiastical recognition for missionary services in the colonies, at a time when neither Churchmen nor Dissenters had life in their communions for such undertakings.

But if the objects of the Christian faith are thought to lie beyond the range of the ordinary perception, and if, with respect to those objects, there cannot be differences of *opinion* without a presumption of moral guilt in the holders of all opinions but one; if a spiritual insight be ultimately appealed to as the test of the truth by those who worship God as an Unity, and those who worship him under a Trinity of Persons, by those who venerate Christ as a man, and those who pray to him as God-man, by those too who worship Mary as an immaculate woman and Queen of Heaven; if there be no common sense of humanity which can decide between such differences or override them, then it is hopeless to expect that Christians will ever think together, or work together long, or well, even for non-doctrinal purposes; then it is inevitable, that the attempt to found Christianity in a permanent form, upon individual consciousness, will lead to more and more subdivisions of the Christian name. States may negotiate concerning a little more and a little less of material and temporal interest; but churches, whether hierarchical or congregational, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, or Independent, claiming to be in possession of divine truth, cannot negotiate for the surrender of any part of so precious a treasure; there can be a Peace of Westphalia concerning endowments of churches, and toleration of worship, private or public, and the external rights of communions acknowledged, honoured, or dominant; but no such peace can be accepted by churches as to their doctrines, as long as they esteem their doctrines to be a sacred deposit, and it is a weakness in any statesman to meddle with such intractable matter.

If, however,—as that which was the church of the future to Dr. Bunsen ten years ago, is not now about to be,—he thinks that he sees another future of union and peace in Germany, which as yet we do not see in England, we shall listen with attention to the further revelations of the seer; and according to his word, that “History, as she is the judge of the past, so is she the prophetess of the future,” we shall look with interest for a forthcoming work on the world’s history, that we may obtain more insight than is yet given to ourselves concerning the world’s prophecy.

A theology of a very different kind from Dr. Bunsen’s is presented in “*Lights and Shadows in the Present Condition of the Church*,”⁵

⁵ “Schatten und Licht in dem gegen wartigen Zustande der Kirche. Neun Abhandlungen über christliche Wahrheiten für unsere Zeit von Charles J. J. Böhm. Mit einem Vorwort von Dr. H. W. J. Thiersch.” Frankfurt a.M. und Erlangen. 1855.

by Herr Böhm. It is confessed by Dr. Thiersch not to be of native growth, and was probably learnt in England, where the author, a Dane by birth, had for some time resided. The subjects treated of, and in a way to satisfy the highest possible Anglo-Catholic, are Holy Baptism and Regeneration, the Holy Catholic Church, the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist and the True Presence of Christ's Body and Blood therein, the Christian Altar, and Christian Priesthood, with the Divine Right of Tithes. Some apology is made by Dr. Thiersch in the Preface, for defects of style, which are attributed to the foreign extraction and residence of the author.

Viewing the immense area over which it spreads, the numbers of human beings who for many centuries have been subjected to its influence, the permanent hold which it has taken on society, the mighty and influential institutions to which it has given rise, and which in turn lend strength to it, there is no phenomenon in the religious history of mankind more striking than that of Buddhism. We say advisedly no phenomenon, for we cannot except Christianity itself, from the philosophical point of view. Buddhism, which dates apparently from the seventh century before the Christian era, has been more catholic than Christianity in the numbers of its followers (estimated at present by some at 300 millions), and in the immensity of the regions submitted to it, and which it has occupied for ages undisturbed—lands where the foot of no apostle ever penetrated, and where the faintest echo of the gospel was never heard. But Christianity has been more catholic than it in the greater variety of races which it has subjected, and which have developed its several forms, and in the higher intellectual and moral attainments which it has won to its kingdom. This phenomenon, however, old as it is in the world, is comparatively new to our observation, for it is only within the last quarter of a century that the researches of Orientalists have gathered the materials for any knowledge respecting it. A most interesting *résumé* of the results already obtained, is to be found in M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire's work on that subject;⁶ it consists, with little variation, of articles which have recently appeared separately in the *Journal des Savants*. M. St. Hilaire first treats of the age of Buddhism, and following principally M. Eugène Burnoux, fixes a minimum date for the birth of the Buddha in the seventh century B.C. It is true that the contents of the Buddhist works themselves supply no dates, and the inferences are uncertain by which any date of the lifetime of Çakya-mouni himself can be deduced. If the indications of the Cingalese documents be followed, the death of the Buddha is placed in B.C. 543. According to deductions from Chinese authorities, it might have taken place much earlier; and if the Buddhist character of the rock inscriptions at Guirnar, Delhi, and Bhabra, be acknowledged, the spread of the religion in those countries, from 200 to 400 years before the Christian era, is established. Megasthenes met with Buddhists on the banks of the Ganges; and time must be allowed for the rise of

⁶ "Du Bouddhisme." Par M. J. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, Membre de l'Institut. Paris. 1855.

Buddhism in its original seat in Central India, for its expulsion as a heresy from the bosom of Brahmanism, its development as a specific religion, and its distribution, not in a line, but on an immense arc of countries conterminous with India proper. M. St. Hilaire then treats of the life and character of Çakyamouni, and endeavours to elicit the historical element from the absurd legends in which it is enveloped. But the most interesting part of the work is that in which the author discusses the morality and doctrine of Çakyamouni, and endeavours to estimate them fairly, both with reference to the circumstances under which the Reformer appeared, and to our own better knowledge. Çakyamouni intends to be a benefactor, and in some sort a redeemer of the human race, not by immolating himself for them, but by showing them the way of escape from the evil which is their inheritance. To appreciate his doctrine, we must presuppose not merely a state of society degraded by caste institutions, or debased by ordinary selfishness, but one in which misery was felt to be distinctly predominant, and evidently the lot of man. With this overwhelming sense of human wretchedness is to be coupled the Brahmanical doctrine of the transmigration of souls, each migration from form to form and condition to condition depending as effect upon cause, upon that which has preceded it. It is the work, therefore, of the great benefactor, not only to teach man how to alleviate the miseries of his present state, but how to cut the thread of destiny which binds him to a perpetual succession of conditions, in each of which he will pay the penalty of the faults which he has committed in that which went before. The moral precepts, therefore, of the Buddha alleviate present misery, and prepare the ascetic for the method of contemplation whereby he is to attain hereafter to a state of *nirvana*, or perfect detachment from the universe. In the hope of recurring at some future time to this interesting subject, we can now only recommend the work of M. St. Hilaire, as embodying information to be met with otherwise in many different and not always accessible publications, and in the transactions of learned societies; while suitable for the perusal of the learned orientalist, it is also engaging to the general reader.

Under a title of rather too large a pretence, Mr. Robins⁷ investigates the evidence for the claim of Papal supremacy and infallibility. He considers that to be the pivot question in the present state of the controversy with Rome, and he is bold enough to follow the Roman controversialist to the battle-ground of his own choosing. For many purposes this work will be found very useful; a great store of facts is collected in it, and the authorities on the Romish side are carefully investigated; the statements are temperate and lucid; the style is not ambitious of ornament, but is not destitute of force.

We have to notice the very able work of Mr. Herbert Spencer on Psychology,⁸ to which, however, we fear justice cannot be done within

⁷ "The whole Evidence against the Devices of the Roman Church." By Sanderson Robins, M.A., Rector of St. James's, Dover. London: Longmans. 1855.

⁸ "The Principles of Psychology." By Herbert Spencer, Author of "Social Statics." London: Longmans. 1855.

the utmost space that we can assign to it. And we must say, that not only does the treatise spread itself over a very wide range of subject, but its bulk is increased beyond ordinary limits by an over-elaborateness of statement, an excess of illustration, and an accumulation of argument which oftentimes becomes wearisome without aiding conviction. In abstract speculations, precision and terseness are excellences especially to be aimed at, and he will most effectually reach the understandings of his readers who can express his meaning in the fewest and the simplest words; he will not easily succeed in convincing them who dissipates his argument into innumerable replies and rejoinders and artificial logical dichotomies.

Mr. Spencer thus lays down as the basis of a strong realistic doctrine, that which he calls the "Universal Postulate." "That beliefs exist is the fundamental fact, and beliefs which invariably exist are those which both rationally and of necessity we must adopt," and "the *inconceivability of its negation is the test by which we ascertain whether a given belief invariably exists or not.*" If the belief can be thought away, it is not necessary or invariable; and thus beliefs are seen to be graduated. Some can be thought away easily, when we may be said to have a weak belief; some with more or less of effort, in which case our belief is stronger; but if it be impossible to change our belief, it is one of the highest order.

"Mean what we may by the word truth, we have no desire but to hold that a belief which is proved by the inconceivableness of its negation to invariably exist, is true. We have no other guarantee for the reality of consciousness, of sensations of personal existence; we have no other guarantee for any axiom; we have no other guarantee for any step in a demonstration. Hence, as being taken for granted in every act of the understanding, it must be regarded as the Universal Postulate."—p. 31.

But it is acknowledged that beliefs, the negations of which were once deemed inconceivable, have since been shown not to be true beliefs and *vice versa*—as when the ancients thought the existence of antipodes impossible. Mr. Spencer considers the solution of this difficulty to be met by distinguishing between those appeals to the "Universal Postulate," in which the act of thought is *decomposable*, and those in which it is *undecomposable*: and that in proportion to the number of concepts in a proposition, to the number of transitions from concept to concept, the fallibility of the test increases; we lose faith in a long series of steps, as even in the result of simply adding a tall column of figures—hence "*that must be the most certain conclusion which involves the postulate the fewest times.*"—p. 33. These positions being granted, it follows that the current realistic belief has a higher guarantee than any other belief whatsoever; that "Realism is the only rational creed; and that all adverse creeds are self-destructive."—p. 59. As a basis of psychological science, a canon of belief is insufficient; certain *things believed*, assured to us by the immediate application of that canon, must be assumed for that purpose; and these are no other than the facts acknowledged by Realism; that we exist, and that the external world has an objective existence.

The second part is devoted to a Special Analysis of the reasoning process, which ultimately, in its most complex forms as well as in its most simple, is resolved into "*the establishment of a definite relation between two definite relations*;" the connexion between reasoning and classification is pointed out, which leads to speak of the Perception of Objects and their Attributes. The consideration follows of the Perceptions of Space, Time, Motion, and Resistance; and it is concluded that

"Perception is a discerning of the relation or relations between states of consciousness, partly presentative and partly representative; which states of consciousness are themselves known only to the extent involved in the knowledge of their relations. Under its simplest form—a form, however, of which the adult mind has few if any examples—perception is the consciousness of a single relation. More commonly, a number of relations are simultaneously presented and represented; and the relations between these relations are cognised. Most frequently, the relations of relations of relations are the objects of perception. Unable as we are to transcend consciousness, we can know a relation only as some modification of consciousness. The original modifications of consciousness are the feelings produced in us by subjective and objective activities; and any further modifications of consciousness must be such as result from combinations of these original ones. In all their various kinds and compounds, what we call relations can be to us nothing more than the modes in which we are affected by the comparison of sensations, or remembered sensations, or both. Hence, what we have next to do, is, first to resolve the special kinds of relations into the more general kinds; and then to ascertain what are the ultimate phenomena of consciousness which the primordial relations express."—p. 285.

As all reasoning and all perception is ultimately resolvable into consciousness of likeness and unlikeness, these states of consciousness can only be further resolved, or rather described, as *change* and *no change* in consciousness; and the relation of sequence falls likewise under the same expression of a change in consciousness. Consciousness therefore consists of changes variously combined; change is the very condition of its continuance, and its various phenomena are resolvable into changes—a state of perfectly homogeneous consciousness is a negation of consciousness.

"We have seen that the condition on which only consciousness can begin to exist, is the occurrence of a change of state; and that this change of state necessarily generates the terms of a relation of unlikeness . . . and consciousness can continue only so long as changes continue—only so long as relations of unlikeness are being established. Hence, then, consciousness can neither exist nor be maintained without the occurrences of differences in its state. It must be ever passing from one state into a different state. In other words—there must be a *continuous differentiation of its states*. But we have also seen that the states of consciousness successively arising can become elements of thought only by being known as like certain before-experienced states. Intelligence can only arise by the organization, by the arrangement, by the classification of these states . . . in being known, each state must become one with certain previous states—must be integrated with those previous states. Each successive act of knowing must be an act of integrating. Under its most general aspect, therefore, all mental action whatsoever is definable as the continuous differentiation and integration of states of consciousness."—p. 333.

Having conducted the inquirer to this point, that the combined perception of change and sameness is essential to all consciousness and intelligence, Mr. Spencer opens his *General Synthesis* with some excellent remarks on the method of guiding ourselves towards true hypotheses; he observes,

"That a peculiarity observed to be common to cases that are widely distinct, is more likely to be a fundamental peculiarity, than one which is observed to be common to cases that are nearly related; and it is obviously our policy, when seeking the most general characteristic of any category, not to compare the instances contained in it with each other, but to compare them with instances contained in some allied category."—p. 347.

Following this method, the phenomena of intelligence are compared with those of vital activity in its lower forms; manifestations of change are essential both to intelligence and the lowest life, and the manifestations of change, both in the thinking and living being, correspond to changes in the circumstances in which they are placed, and the environment which surrounds them. The degree of life varies as the degree of correspondence between the organism of a living being and its environment. Thus different kinds of animals live on the same earth and in the same atmosphere, but enter into relations with that which surrounds them in very different ways; all of them may be said to live in the same universe with man, but are not subjected to the same multiplicity of influences from it which he is. The correspondence of living beings with that which surrounds them may be observed as more or less extended in space—that is, according to the greater or less distances at which co-existences and sequences in the environment can act upon the organized being, and these space-relations depend upon the senses. Also the correspondence is observed in relation to time, as in the adaptation of the lower animals to periodic changes, and in the appreciation by intelligent beings of successive experiences. The graduation of vital progress may also be traced upwards from the lowest living forms, through increased correspondences between the beings and their environment in respect both of speciality and complexity. And—

"Thus we find variously illustrated in detail, the truth enunciated at the outset,—that all vital phenomena are directly or indirectly in correspondence with phenomena in the environment. Whether the kind of life contemplated be that embraced by physiology, or that of which psychology treats, it equally consists of internal changes, that mediate or immediately conform to external co-existences and sequences. The assimilative processes going on in a plant, and the reasonings by which a man of science makes a discovery, alike exhibit the adjustment of inner relations to outer relations. That method by which we sought out the fundamental fact on which to base a synthetic psychology, is justified by its results. By comparing the phenomena of mind with the most nearly allied group of phenomena—those of bodily life—and inquiring what was common to both groups, a generalization was disclosed, which we find on examination really does express the essential character of all mental actions. The entire development of intelligence is seen to be nothing else than the progress of correspondence between the organism and the environment in Space, in Time, in Speciality, in Generality, in Complexity."—p. 482.

It is to be observed that as intelligence in all its forms is an adjust-

ment of internal to external relations, no line of demarcation can be drawn between the several degrees or manifestations of Intelligence; and current distinctions such as those between Instinct and Reason are not founded upon any really marked distinctions in nature.

The author then proceeds in the last division of his work to exhibit in a Special Synthesis, that all mental phenomena are results of the correspondence between the organism and the environment; and that this is true as well of the emotional as of the cognitive faculties: that these, therefore, are not distinguished from each other by any true demarcation, any more than the mental phenomena of man from those of the lower animals. Of these chapters, we have only room for extracts from that on "Reason." The conclusions to which Mr. Spencer's investigations have led him, present, as he considers, the only possible means of reconciliation between the "forms of thought" hypothesis and the experience-hypothesis, as to the genesis of human knowledge:—

"The gradually increasing intelligence displayed throughout childhood and youth, is in a much greater degree due to the completion of the cerebral organization, than to the individual experiences—a truth clearly proved by the fact, that in adult life there is often found to exist a high endowment of some faculty which during education was never brought into play. Doubtless, the individual experiences furnish the concrete materials for all thought. . . . But this is quite a different thing from saying, that its intelligence is wholly produced by its experiences. That is an utterly inadmissible doctrine—a doctrine which makes the presence of a brain meaningless—a doctrine which makes idiocy unaccountable. . . . Corresponding to absolute external relations, there are developed in the nervous system absolute internal relations—relations that are developed before birth; that are antecedent to and independent of individual experiences. . . . On the other hand, I hold that these pre-established internal relations, though independent of the experiences of the individual, are not independent of experiences in general; but that they have been established by the accumulated experiences of preceding organisms. The corollary from the general argument that has been elaborated, is, that the brain represents an infinitude of experiences received during the evolution of life in general; the most uniform and frequent of which have been successively bequeathed, principal and interest, and have thus slowly amounted to that high intelligence which lies latent in the brain of the infant—which the infant in the course of its after-life exercises and usually strengthens or further complicates—and which, with minute additions, it again bequeaths to future generations. And thus it happens that the European comes to have from twenty to thirty cubic inches more brain than the Papuan."—pp. 582, 3.

We hope to have given in the above copious extracts not unfair specimens of Mr. Spencer's manner, and as complete a view of his argument and conclusions as our space would at all permit; it shall only be added, that, as will sufficiently appear from what has been extracted, he gives his adhesion with some modification to the development hypothesis. And in conclusion, a few points must be indicated on which we think Mr. Spencer has not sufficiently guarded himself from reply. On this and some other accounts it may be regretted that his work should have run to such an extent as it has; for if hereafter he should wish on any important points either to justify or to modify what he has said, it would be too much to expect that the

work itself on which so much thought and pains have been expended should be altogether recast.

1. First, the basis of the "Universal Postulate," on which is raised an elaborate Realism—and we may say also materialism, without fear of offence, for if materialism be true, Mr. Spencer will not shrink from acknowledging that he holds it—this "Universal Postulate" itself is a subjective basis; the test of reality is, conceivableness, with the impossibility of conceiving of that which appears to be real, otherwise than as it appears. Now if there be in the human being, or rather in *me*—for these inquiries should always be conducted as by an individual—a thinking subject, a mind, not indeed independent of, but not homogeneous with the material organization with which it is in relation, then the verdict of this self as to the reality of its own material clothing and of an external world is decisive, and *to it* what it conceives is true. But if conceptions are nothing else but accidents of a cerebral organization, in which by hereditary transmission, by environing influences, by habit, there are worn certain grooves, in which of necessity such and such conceptions must flow, then Realism has no basis on which to support itself; at best the appeal to the "Universal Postulate" is an *argumentum ad hominem*, and dust in the eyes of the Kantists. On another side it may be remarked, that the test of impossibility of conceiving otherwise, may be admitted a sufficient test, both individually and universally, of the existence of an external world; but the test requires to be worked out with further limitations, before it is sufficient with respect to the details, properties, and phenomena of that world. Omitting observations which would lead too far upon Time and Space, we refer to the chapter on Consciousness. It will generally be admitted, that sense of change along with sense of identity is essential to it, and in this manner of stating it, there would be implied a central point round which the phases of the consciousness revolve, a fixed standard of comparison; but this standing-point disappears in Mr. Spencer's statement, there is an alternation without any *fulcrum*, a continuous *differentiation* and *integration* of conditions, without any permanent faculty to take cognizance of them. The only other point which we will venture to touch upon is the application which Mr. Spencer seems inclined to make of the hypothesis of development. We quite agree that no "myth" ought to stand in the way of legitimate inference from sufficient observation, but we submit that there is no sufficient observation of facts to warrant the two inferences which we think we meet with in this work. First, it is intimated, that the connexion of living beings with their environment is so necessary, that the one implies the other, the mutual adaptations keep pace. Now it is true that the existence of any living being implies, presupposes an environment suitable for it, and if the environment lose its special conditions, the beings proper to it perish. But we are not justified in inferring that there is any power in any mass of matter to generate beings capable thereafter of living in it—as that the sea could produce its fish, or the air its birds,—or as the temperature of the sea in geological periods varied that it could throw out, by a spontaneous generation, species fitted to exist in those altered conditions.

This is one form of the theory of development which we imagine to be hinted at in several places in the chapters on Correspondences. The other form of the hypothesis is that of the transmutation of species. Within certain limits we are all free to admit, with respect to man himself, as with respect to other animals, that the conditions in which he is placed affect the characteristics of the individual, and that to a small extent these characteristics are transmissible. But to amount to any *evidence* for the transmutation theory, there should be produced, not the *supposed* improvement of the Papuan into the European, but the exaltation of one of the *Quadrupeds* into man. And for ourselves, so far from thinking that our Europeans ever were of the same race, that is, born from a common ancestor with the Papuan, we are inclined rather to the opinion, that to the men, the animals, the plants which are distributed in suitable and mutually appropriate distributions over the globe, there have been separate centres of origination, whatever the immediate antecedents of the originations, whatever the immediate originating forces may have been.

In conducting his researches into the philosophies of antiquity concerning the human understanding, M. Emmanuel Chauvet⁹ has been anxious not to interpret former ages by the knowledge and opinions of the present; but to suffer them to speak for themselves, without attempting to supply what may seem to us defects, or to correct what we have discovered to be errors. He observes also with great justice in his introduction, that while analogies between different schools of philosophy are not to be ignored, care ought to be taken not to exaggerate them, and so to confound systems which are in fact distinct. He professes therefore to lean, if anything, rather to the side of observing differences, and to distrust resemblances as slippery places for the foot of the philosopher. He considers especially that the Alexandrian method has been too much perpetuated in the history of philosophy; engendering a disposition to find each school in every other, modern systems in those of antiquity, and the later philosophies of Greece in those of remoter ages. M. Chauvet has well carried out his principle, and his work presents in consequence great clearness of views; he shows also great judgment, independence, and precision. His first book treats of the pre-Socratic Schools; the second of the post-Socratic Greek Schools; the third of the Alexandrian School. As within our compass, let us turn to the chapter on the Sophists. Many of the philosophers of the ante-Socratic period, left no written works, of the works of others only fragments are preserved; the insufficient character of these remains, is probably one reason why the revolution effected by Socrates as to the proper objects of human knowledge, has been overrated. If with Socrates, man was the central and one object of enquiry, with the philosophers who preceded him, man was a part of the universe; and we must not infer, merely from absence of materials, that they made no observations on his nature, or on the phenomena of life and intelligence in him.

⁹ "Des Theories de l'Entendement humain dans l'Antiquité." Par Emmanuel Chauvet, Ancien Élève de l'École normale, Agrégé de Philosophie. Paris: 1855.

The philosophers of the later Ionian, and of the Italic, Eleatic, and atomic schools, in their several degrees, distinguish in man sensation and intellect, and while they throw upon *αἴσθησις* the weight of all our errors, exalt the *λόγος* as the power percipient of truth. The Eleatic school and the atomists carried the farthest the art of reasoning, as applied to the investigation of things; and thence by intellectual and even by scholastic descent arose the Sophists. Protagoras was of Abdera, and according to some, the pupil of Democritus; Diagoras certainly was his disciple, Gorgias of Empedocles.

But if the Sophists are directly descended from the Eleatics, there is this distinction between them and any philosophic school,—that the philosopher uses his reasoning power only as an instrument of discovering the truth: the Sophist discovers that reasoning itself has an instrument, namely, language; and he learns to trammel reason in its own clothing; he thinks to make things change their nature, at least their semblance, as reason is made to contradict itself through the ambiguities of language. Thus the Sophists resembled those professional athletes who wrestled in the presence of spectators in a vain display of their own address. They reasoned not for the refutation of error or for the discovery of truth, but merely for the sake of shining. Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged that the Greek language lent itself with great facility to the ambiguities, without which the Sophistical puzzles would have been no puzzles at all. This much is due to the Sophists, that they sharpened the quickness of the Greek in the use of his language, and, by practically showing the ill-use which might be made of the forms of reasoning, if unaccompanied by precision in the use of words, they prepared the way for, by showing the necessity of, that stricter logic, to which not Greece only, but the world has owed so much. It is often supposed that Sophistic was born of Logic—not so—it was an ill-shaped shadow which Logic cast before itself. By Socrates, who was indeed half Sophist in spite of himself, much was done to improve the use of language as an instrument of reasoning; by Plato, more; and by Aristotle the edge of the weapon was further perfected and sharpened, although even he was sometimes strangely puzzled by ambiguities of his own language. But the order of succession should never be forgotten, Sophists, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle.

“Although the Sophists effected no revolution, they paved the way for one. And, not to give them the honour of intentions which they certainly had not, in fact, they revealed the elevation of man to himself and circumscribed it within the bounds of his own consciousness. Whether they attack the doctrines to which they succeed and shatter them one against the other; whether they assail the human mind itself, and employ reason against reason; whether they proclaim themselves masters of the artifices of governing man, or display the majesty of their eloquence and the art of their dialectic—it is, throughout, the nature of man which supplies their problems or furnishes their evidence. Matter, thrown into the background, leaves the front scene to the play of the human intellect. And then comes Socrates.”—p. 128.

We have no space to follow M. Chauvet, only room for one or two extracts.

[Vol. LXV. No. CXXVII.].—NEW SERIES, Vol. IX. No. I. R

"The Soul." "Three things were well done by the ancients—they gave good definitions of the soul, of the body, of their mutual relation. We moderns have an unhappy facility of making sound pass for sense. When we have demonstrated that the soul is a *spirit*, we really believe that we have said what it is, while we have only said what it is not. The soul is a spirit, means that it is not a body. Certainly it is of consequence to distinguish between these two principles; but when the distinction is made, the question of the nature of the soul is no more solved than would be that concerning the nature of God by the answer, that God is not the world. But the solution given by the ancients is both more positive and more profound. In those beings which move, the soul is the moving force; in those which live, it is the vital force; in those which think and which choose between good and evil, it is the force of intellect and freedom. In a word, the soul is, in every case and always, force. And, in fact, are we not conscious of being force. Do we not feel that we are essentially active—active in the decisions of our will—active in the use and direction of our intellectual faculties."—pp. 601-2.

"It is true the body is a thing extended, and the soul a thing which thinks. Descartes has not the less set modern psychology in a false track. For by this double definition one has been led to make of the body and of the soul two substances, each having essential qualities, not only distinct and separable, but independent and without any natural connexion—even more than that, radically incompatible. Thence the insoluble problem of the communication between the body and the soul. But this problem is of our own invention, and was not present to the ancients. They did not confound the body and the soul any more than we do, but they acknowledged an essential connexion between them."—*id. ib.*

M. Chauvet has so well executed his History of Theories of the Human Intellect in Ancient Times, that it is to be hoped he will continue his labours, and give as a sequel a similar history during the modern period, on the same principle of observing the essential distinctions of different schools, rather than of magnifying their resemblances in order to a feeble eclecticism.

POLITICS AND EDUCATION.

"**TURKEY and Greece**," by Baron Reden, is a book which combines the characteristics of a manual and a political pamphlet; and however opinion may differ as to the political views, the value of the manual cannot be questioned. The author formerly sided with the "left centre," or moderately democratic party in the Frankfort Parliament. He is justly held in high esteem in his own country as a philosophical writer on statistics, and as such, has already been

¹ "Die Türkei und Griechenland, in ihrer Entwicklungsfähigkeit. Eine geschichtlich statistische Skizze." Von Freiherr F. W. von Reden. Frankfurt: Voelker. 1856.

favourably brought under the notice of the English public. Like his former works, the present volume contains a rich store of information, carefully collected and digested. It will contribute much to a better knowledge of the two countries,—of their physical features, the elements of their population, their religious and political institutions, agricultural, commercial, and financial affairs. Paul Louis Courier tells us of a traveller who found a red-haired beauty filling her pitcher at a village spring, and, eager for facts, set down, as part of his volume: *Les filles dans ce village sont rousses*. Our author has travelled in the countries he describes; but, unlike many who are not proof against vivid personal impressions, or who generalize with the bold felicity of the traveller just mentioned, he loses no opportunity of collating facts from all sources, and sifts out his conclusions in the true and comprehensive spirit of statistical science. The long list of books, pamphlets, consular documents, &c., of which he has availed himself, is not a little interesting. We may mention here the fact, apparent from his pages, that the Government of Austria seems to be very methodically and completely informed, by special reports from its consuls, on all questions connected with the agriculture, industry, and commerce of the countries in which they reside. Throughout his task Baron Reden proceeds from the conviction that Turkey—Turkey in Europe, at least—no longer possesses any capacity for development; and that Greece, the kingdom, does not yet possess any, nor ever will, under existing or similar conditions. For the former, he says, as far as regards its Moslem population, it is hopelessly rotten; and the latter has been constructed on such narrow dimensions, and so very little real independence, that it cannot have any internal growth unless the frontiers are first enlarged. Setting out, however, with these premisses, the author does not go the full length of the conclusions that seem latent in his wishes. He declares, indeed, that he is not convinced of the necessity of Turkey's existence; but, considering that Europe does not yet appear willing to expel the Osmanlis, and that the reforms in favour of the Christian inhabitants pressed on the Porte by the Allies, will soon oblige the latter to uphold the Turks against their Christian subjects by force of arms—a course which they will hardly be willing to pursue, the author lays down the following practical advice:—

"The present unnatural situation of the supremacy of the Moslems is no longer tenable, and an essay of the co-existence with equal rights of the confessions of the Cross and the Crescent will prove equally undurable. If, then, it is wished to prevent an approaching violent disruption of the existing state of things, a transitory situation must be created. We are not in this without a precedent; for, truly speaking, since the beginning of the Greek Revolution, such a state of transition has already been ushered in. What *then* was considered necessary, or at least allowable, is still more so at present. Therefore I propose that, in continuance of the measures then taken,

"1. The kingdom of Greece should receive Thessaly, a country with almost entirely Greek population, as well as those Turkish islands whose inhabitants are preponderably of Christian religion. The 'avorton' (Fehlgeburt, abortive child) of the London Conference could then become a political existence, endowed with vitality; and the present guardianship of Greece, as improper and

inconvenient for the so-called guaranteeing powers, as undignified for the government of an independent country, might cease.

"2. With Serbia those frontier districts should be re-united, in which the Serbs are in a majority. Thus an injustice would be corrected which was committed, when, twenty-five years ago, the Servian population living in Turkish territory was disjoined. (What about the Serbs living in Austria?)

"3. Wallachia and Moldavia should, to obtain a better order and greater strength, be placed under one government, which, like Serbia, would remain under the suzerainty of the Porte, but also come into a relation of protection by the Great Powers. It is only by such a measure, that, according to experience, the gradual rise in civilization of these countries so much favoured by nature, could be obtained. A somewhat continued occupation of the Principalities by Austrian troops would essentially contribute towards it.

"4. Bulgaria, with the Balkan as southern frontier, should on account of its greatly preponderating Christian population, be made a tributary state, like the Principalities, reserving to the Porte the right of garrisoning Varna. (That is, Turkey would be deprived of some of its chief defences.)

"5. In Bosnia, too, the number of Moslems is only about one-fifth of the entire population; but its Christian inhabitants belong to different races. This circumstance, connected with the little civilized state, the courage, and the love of riot of the inhabitants, has always made this north-western portion of Turkey one of the most disturbed provinces. In this country, included on two sides by Austria, on the third by Serbia, the influence of the Porte has already been so small, that the Christian emancipation will very soon make the Turkish dominion very questionable indeed. Provision should, therefore, be made in time. (In favour of Austria, of course.)

"6. The other provinces to be left to the Porte as immediate territory; but to facilitate as much as possible the transmigration of Christians there residing into the mediate States, and to take similar measures with respect to the transmigration of Moslems from the Christian States into the immediate possessions of the Porte."

It is curious to observe how much the author's own documentary statements (see especially pp. 139—148, p. 292 *sqq.*) are in contradiction to the hopelessness of Turkish affairs which he contends for. We speak not only of Abdul-Medjid's constitutional acts,—though his love for his people and his noble spirit of reform deserve all praise,—but, from the less-known details given in this volume, it is proved that the exertions of the Porte in stimulating industry and commerce, in providing for public instruction, for the better administration of justice, for military affairs, have been crowned with much success, and leave room to hope for more. Failures there have been; but these occur in the history of reform in all nations. And, despite our own much-vaunted progress, our press and public opinion, an observing stranger might see blots as dark upon our scutcheon as those we, hypocritically, transfer to the Turk. Catholic Emancipation is of no such ancient date. How many religious disabilities do there yet linger in many a Christian community? How long has England demanded Chancery reform? Are not the financial systems of most western countries a curse to the peoples? The Austrian Concordat is not to be compared with the Firmans of the Sultan. We measure foreign nations by an ideal which we rarely apply to our own institutions. Turkey has at any rate far out-done, in civil reform the king-

dom which has of the Hellenes nothing save the name. Baron Reden fails entirely to prove—and this a point of capital interest to Europe—that the Christian inhabitants of Turkey, of whom, from his account, the Greeks form but a small portion, are in a condition for independence; and that their secession from the Porte would not preface their union with a more dangerous despotism. Some little inaccuracies have crept into the book in consequence of the author's compiling from so many sources, as when (p. 149) we are told, that "The only mineral product of Greece that has as yet become important is the celebrated marble of Paros;" and remember reading (p. 138): "The marble quarries of Paros, esteemed in the most ancient times as much as those of Carrara, have not been worked for centuries, and marble is imported cheaper from Italy than obtained at home." A curious nut for future antiquarians it might be, that the book bears the date 1856 on its title-page, while the preface acquaints the reader that Sebastopol is still being unsuccessfully bombarded.

In a comprehensive work² on "Currency," a "British Merchant" wishes to take advantage of the approaching expiry of Sir Robert Peel's Act of 1844, to substitute a system which he considers likely to be more beneficial. In this system it is no mere modification, but a radical change that is implied. The Act referred to proceeded, as is well known, on the idea of looking on gold as a currency, and was designed "effectually to prevent the recurrence of those commercial convulsions, those cycles of excitement and depression which result from the alternate expansion and contraction of an ill-regulated currency." To this end it "obliged the Bank to possess in gold or silver, but chiefly in gold, the amount of all notes issued above fourteen millions (the latter being represented by that amount of debt due to the Bank by the nation), while the Bank should give notes in exchange for gold bullion, at the price of 3*l.* 17*s.* 9*d.* per ounce, and give gold coin in bullion for its notes, at 1½*d.* more. The author, with many others, considers that the provisions of the Currency Act of 1844 aggravate the very evils it was intended to cure. This leads him to inquire "whether there is really any natural connexion between the commercial prosperity of the nation and its possession of a certain quantity of gold." This being negatived, the writer comes to the conclusion "that it is for the interest of every community that the amount of money existing in it should bear one uniform relation to the necessity for it, as indicated by the amount of exchanges to be effected, modified by the greater or less degree of rapidity with which the money circulates from hand to hand." This character, it is affirmed, does not apply to the currency systems now or heretofore existing in Great Britain, in which "the true nature of money has been virtually lost sight of, the supplies of money being increased or diminished without any regard to the extent of the duties to be discharged by it." The author

² "Currency Self-Regulating and Elastic; explained in a Letter to his Grace the Duke of Argyll, with Introductory Chapters on the Nature of Capital and of Money, and an Historical Sketch of British Currency-Systems." London: Longman and Co. 1855.

thereon treats his subject *ab ovo*, and inquires into the nature and the differences of money and capital, adhering to Hume's definition of money as "the instrument which men have agreed upon to facilitate the exchange of one commodity for another." After having reviewed the opinions of all the leading authorities on his subject, he unfolds the history of English currency-systems at considerable length, and, alluding to the existence of a currency-system of a scientific character among the Carthaginians (a point on which he could have quoted Heeren), he leaves the ground of theory, and sets forth his propositions of reform in a draft of an Act of Parliament, "for the establishment of a National Bank, and for better regulating the currency of the United Kingdom." This Act is to do away with that peculiarity of the monetary systems hitherto existing in the world, and especially in this country, which renders them liable to constant vicissitudes, so that prices are at one time raised, and at another time depressed to an extent not warranted by any change in the relation between supply and demand in commodities. The new National Bank would henceforth be the only issuing bank; while to the Bank of England would remain the management of the National Debt, and, along with other banks, the discounting business. This National Bank would be managed by officers appointed by the Crown, and, under the superintendence of a committee of Parliament, would issue notes for *one*, five, twenty, a hundred, and a thousand pounds to every party who should be holder of a considerable amount (the author proposes, *ex. gr.* 1000*l.*), in the national funds to an extent nearly approaching (95 per cent. being proposed) this amount. The price of the stock would be regulated according to the ruling figure on the London Stock Exchange the week previous to the issue; and the stock would be given in trust to the managers of the bank to be sold, so that the notes of the bank would flow back, whenever the price of stock should fall so low in the market as to endanger the security for advances made, insuring interest, &c. Each party, having so transferred his stock, should have an account opened in the bank ledger, against which he might draw, lodge, and re-draw, as often as he might see fit, to an amount not exceeding a certain per-centage of the value of the said stock; interest being charged on the balances of his debit each day, and his accounts being credited with the dividends in such stock. Reports of the amounts of notes in circulation to be published weekly, monthly, and yearly. The bank to have branches in Edinburgh, Dublin, and such other places "as her Majesty shall see fit." If this system were adopted, we are assured that the necessity for the possession of gold, the issuing of notes in the measure in which gold flows in, their decrease in consequence of gold going abroad instead of goods, the over-stocking of foreign markets in consequence of an over-speculation which the previous influx of gold had created—in short, the whole dependence of the country on the merchandise in gold—would be ended. The writer flatters himself in securing thereby "a currency fully adapted to the purpose for which it is designed; a currency which would fluctuate exactly as the transactions to be conducted by it should fluctuate; a currency guarded alike against the possibility

of redundancy, and against the possibility of deficiency ; and a currency which could not undergo depreciation, but which would form a perfect scale for indicating the respective degrees of estimation in which different articles are held, the prices of which would rise and fall with respect to each other, exactly in accordance with the state, for the time being, of the relations between supply and demand ; that is, exactly as they would do under a system of pure barter." Should those, however, who declare themselves unable, as Sir Robert Peel, "by any effort of their understanding, to form any other idea of a pound sterling, but a certain determinate weight of gold or silver ;" should they be too powerful to allow the present adoption of the above system ; then a modification might be made which would still regard gold to a certain extent as the basis of the currency ; but with this difference, as compared with the actual system, that in place of its forming the standard value, it should fluctuate in price like any other commodity—a pound still representing a certain quantity of gold, but the exact quantity depending upon the stock actually held in the country at the time. Thus the National Bank would issue promissory notes, professing to pay in gold according to a fixed sliding scale, as *e. g.* 10*l.* per ounce when the stock of gold in the treasury of the bank should be under 100,000 ounces, 9*l.* when under 200,000, 8*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* when above 4,750,000, but under 5,000,000. The bank would issue notes in purchasing gold, and would be bound to purchase them at 1½*d.* per ounce below the prices just alluded to ; and the interest in advances would rise as the stock of gold diminished. Another feature of the plan would be the establishment of the decimal system, with the pound as unit ; and the great simplicity in the working of the bank, produced by its dealing only with a comparatively small number of persons, and by several other felicitous arrangements, regarded by our author as important features in his plan. In a final review of his subject, he endeavours to overthrow objections, and to show that the establishment of his system would not only be beneficial to the country, but would also satisfy the Bank of England and the other interests in all legitimate claims.

The Second Report³ from the Parliamentary Committee on Adulteration of Food, &c., does not complete the investigation, thought necessary, of this, unhappily, extensive subject. The further evidence of the first witness examined, Mr. Redwood (Professor of Chemistry to the Pharmaceutical Society), tends considerably to modify many statements contained in the previous Report. He takes care to distinguish between incidental impurities of substances—or impurities arising in cheaper processes of manufacture—and that express admixture of foreign elements which we should specially call adulteration. He also further discriminates between *conventional* and *fraudulent* adulterations. Taking carbonate of soda as an instance of impurity, the witness says, first, that out of sixty specimens collected

³ "Second Report from the Select Committee on Adulteration of Food, &c. Together with the Proceedings of the Committee and Minutes of Evidence." Ordered by the House of Commons to be Printed. 1855.

in the lowest localities of the metropolis, the ratio of sulphate of soda was trifling; secondly, that to get rid of it would render the substance vastly more expensive without any positive counter-balancing advantage; thirdly, that so small a per centage of mixture could not materially detract from its value as a medicine. Again, to prepare pickles in a copper vessel, that they may catch the "fatal gift of beauty" imparted to their colour by verdigris, he calls a *conventional* adulteration. Everybody is familiar with the fact; the most reputable cooks are guilty of the same thing in their domestic preparations; and customers have been repeatedly known (so says the evidence of an extensive pickle-manufacturer) to return a pure but badly-coloured article, and require the fresh and tempting tint they know so well. When these persons are told the reason of the difference in colour, and that it is an attempt to supply them with a more genuine article, their demand for the old fashion of manufacture is no whit abated. They think, like the octogenarian coffee-drinker, that coffee seems so very slow a poison, that they may contrive to finish as they have begun, without any sudden or premature snapping of the life-thread. What is to be done in the face of these things? The public hates poison, but loves its green pickles; it has a horror of clogging its vitals with brickdust, but still would rather have its sauce of anchovies red. For such adulterations—and the evidence given throughout this Report, shows that they are a large class of the whole—there is no remedy save an improved state of public opinion. These are conventionalities which reflect disgrace upon the community. There is one manifest evil revealed in evidence, and that is what is called the four-per-cent. system. This may be fairly taken as an example of the third class of fraudulent adulterations. When drugs are sent to the drug-grinder, there is a varying loss of material in the grinding. Sometimes this is ten per cent., or more, or less; but *in all cases*, where this system is adopted, the substance is returned with a loss only of four per cent. The difference is notoriously made up of other and inferior substances. We find that some conscientious dealers have recently attached drug-mills of their own to their works, and we hope the practice may become general, in lieu of any more distant or uncertain method of stopping up the evil. It is disclosed also that alum is often mixed with flour by millers, in order to prevent the detection of ground alum on the premises of bakers. Invalids will find, with satisfaction, from the prevailing testimony of chemists and medical men, that their strong sustainer, cod-liver oil, is far more pure, as commonly sold in town and country than the frantic cautions of rival quacks would lead them to suppose. Calomel, also, is sold in a far purer state in this country, than in any other. Speaking of the sure detection of black-lead, if it were in iodine, Mr. Redwood indignantly rejects the notion that the retail dealers in these articles are either adulterators or passively cognizant of adulteration; and, being asked why he thinks so, replies:—

"I conceive that their position places them, generally speaking, above suspicion. The body of chemists and druggists are a highly respectable body of men in this country; I believe they have done much towards checking and

exposing adulteration ; all that has been done has been principally done through them ; it is they who are constantly finding out cases of adulteration, and exposing them. If adulterations take place, they take place in the goods before they reach their hands, and they are the parties who are imposed upon as well as the public by it."

Mr. Letheby corroborates much of Mr. Redwood's evidence. According to them, the adulteration of drugs has been decreasing of late very fast, and it is ascribed to the fact that "the dealers in drugs are better educated, better informed, better able to make a judicious selection of the drugs which they use, and better able to detect adulterations if they should exist." It may be hoped, from the hitherto very successful exertions of the Pharmaceutical Society, that adulteration in drugs may still continue to decrease. The chief cause of this class of adulterations is to be found in the lust of competition ; and it is fortunate, indeed, that this very evil has furnished, and must continue to furnish, its own remedy. No sooner does a manufacturer, who sells a pure article at the lowest remunerative price, find himself undersold by another manufacturer, than he suspects adulteration, and, if it exists, exposes it by every means in his power. The most flagrant instances which have occurred during the last fourteen years are enumerated in this Report, and in all of these this self-regulating power was sufficiently active to prevent any injury upon the public. Still there are cases in which the fraud is gross ; and, after all deductions and modifications, there remains much unwelcome evidence in this and the former Report. The question of remedy seems to resolve itself into a choice whether there shall be public analysers, who are empowered to inspect, and can fearlessly expose, or whether the public will may give rise to a class of accomplished chemists who are competent to detect frauds and willing to do so as a profession. It is much to be questioned whether the latter system would work either pleasantly or efficiently ; and, as for the former, to be thoroughly effectual, the number of inspectors must be very large. Our chief hope in either case, however, must be reposed in the far more powerful means of a better educated class of men, as dealers, and of more intelligent customers. This Report itself, and the admirable precis⁴ of it published by Mr. Bryce, should be extensively read and distributed ; our journals should exercise their mighty machinery of exposure. It seems that the College of Physicians has the right to inspect medicines in shops, and summarily send fraudulent dealers to Newgate. It has not done so ; either because it could not reach the evil, or had not the necessary spirit and energy. We fear the duties of a board of inspectors would soon shrivel up, in like manner, to the skeleton semblance of activity.

The want of reliable agricultural statistics—more especially with reference to the growth of wheat—has been long acknowledged ; but, hitherto, the few attempts that have been made to supply it have only shown the extreme difficulty which besets the efficient operation of

⁴ "Adulteration of Food, Drink, and Drugs. Being the Evidence taken before the Parliamentary Committee. Arranged and Simplified. With a Comprehensive Index." London : David Bryce. 1855.

Governmental schedules. Most modest interrogatories may be made, and the papers may be left with the blandest of smiles by officials who are at once affable and intelligent; but Farmer Jones grumbles his suspicions, only half answers his category of questions, and wonders why every man cannot mind his own business, and wisely let that of others alone. We cannot but admire his instinctive misgiving with regard to anything which interferes in his private affairs; but within certain limits we think it would be contrary to the British farmer's interests to oppose the correct estimate of our annual agricultural produce. A Report,⁵ which has just issued from a Committee of the House of Lords, shows us at once the existence of this reluctance, and the cogent necessity for its removal. From the testimony of the most competent authorities, it appears that ignorance as to the annual wheat produce of the country leaves the farmers at the mercy of speculators, who themselves import too little or too much, in similar inevitable ignorance as to the excess or diminution of the annual crops over or under the average. Hence, the sudden fluctuations of price in corn; and all the blind gropings of farmers selling in a false fear of loss or in some sudden hope of gain. One of the witnesses, Mr. Buckland, also says (594), that, "By the returns being published at a period which would enable them to decide upon the cultivation of their crops for the ensuing spring, by viewing the number of acres under any particular crop during the season which has passed, the farmers may regulate their future cropping very much, and to that extent, in the spring cropping, there would be a very material advantage derived by the farmers." It cannot be doubted, we think, that a good general estimate of the home corn-crop, with regard to the annual average, must give steadiness and safety to the market, and prove eminently useful to the farmer. Indeed, it is a supplemental desideratum of free-trade, which only requires such legitimate checks or regulations to display itself in its full efficiency. As it is, the same corn is often sold to, and bought of, the foreign markets in the same year. As it is, the market depends upon the enterprise or rashness of a few individuals, who, according to this Report, obtain their information at a time too early, and in a way too superficial, to be otherwise than precarious. The almost unanimous evidence of the witnesses shows, however, that the attempt to collect more data than the general average crop, and afterwards the fact of its rise or fall above that, would be an unwise, because an irritant, and therefore useless policy. So far the good-will of the farmer would extend, and indeed in these general aspects alone are such statistics to be considered of any value. The answers of Mr. Maxwell, the Secretary of the Highland Society, go to show that the Scotch farmers do not like the inspection of their schedules by any of their neighbours, however respectable or well-stationed; and that they would only respond in a spirit of sincerity and

⁵ "Report from the Select Committee of the House of Lords, appointed to inquire into the best mode of obtaining accurate Agricultural Statistics from all Parts of the United Kingdom; and to report thereon to the House; together with the Minutes of Evidence. Appendix and Index. Session 1855." Ordered by the House of Commons to be Printed.

good faith when their answers were addressed immediately to himself, a stranger. This seems to convince us that the recent system of 1854 erred in intrusting the collection of the returns to the respective Poor-Law Boards of the parishes. For, apart from the fact that tenants and their landlords sit there at the same table, and that the former will not be intensely anxious to parade their produce before the latter—the Poor-Law Guardians are all too intimate neighbours of their fellow-parishioners to inspire their perfect confidence in private and personal affairs. What seems best to be done is to observe, from three or four years' experience, the average corn-crop of the country; and from that time simply to ask the farmer whether he considers his wheat-crop and green-crop below or above, the average, and whether much or little below or above. To go beyond this would only be to introduce more false lights in a subject already sufficiently vague and doubtful; and, moreover, to add another suspicion of Government meddling to the Englishman—the man who of all others is best content to believe himself self-governed.

Any book which bears the name of "Margaret Fuller" is certain of an affectionate welcome in England. The fame of her brilliant intellectual gifts, and the romantic story of her life, have, perhaps, assured this, more than any general acquaintance with her few and unequal writings. It was allotted to the authoress of "*Woman in the Nineteenth Century*"⁶ to exhibit in herself those rich elements of character which she claims for her sex in its pages. In this essay we have a faithful reflex of the writer—her solid culture, rich imagination, and untiring enthusiasm. We see everywhere gleams of her own ideal. Those who remember her devotion to the cause of freedom in Italy, will mark an interesting anticipation, when she says of the Countess Emily Plater, the heroine of the last revolution in Poland: "It is a fact worthy of remark, that all these revolutions in favour of liberty have produced female champions that share the same traits, but Emily alone has found a biographer." Margaret Fuller begins her task of examining into the present position of woman, by disclaiming connexion with any special party of reform on this subject. She cannot recognise their watchwords, or pledge herself to the exact circles of feminine duty which they would prescribe. Her only demand is for freedom from unjust legal restrictions, for that precious power of self-help which is the inalienable right of every human soul. With this, she argues, and with this only, will woman really know what she needs, what she can become, what her appropriate duties and aspirations should be. It is refreshing, after all the dreary sentimentalism with which this subject is visited, to find the question stated on the broad basis of an undeniable principle. "All men are created equal," says the American Declaration of Independence; but practically it becomes "equal in all, save sex and colour." We are not surprised to

⁶ "*Woman in the Nineteenth Century, and Kindred Papers relating to the Sphere, Condition, and Duties of Woman.*" By Margaret Fuller Ossoli. Edited by her Brother, Arthur B. Fuller. With an Introduction, by Horace Greeley. Boston: Jenett and Co. 1855.

learn from the book before us, that the earliest advocates of woman's enfranchisement in America were to be found among the Abolitionists. The principle is the same; but whereas to abolish slavery in the Union is a task of unexampled difficulty, it would be easy to give a shape, gradually, to existing institutions more favourable to development of the female character. It is true that the American laws relating to divorce, and the tenure of property, are more accordant with justice since their recent alterations; but, as education spreads, it will be found impossible to deny to women an equal share in all the rights, political, civil, and social, hitherto enjoyed by men. Individuals and institutions react upon each other until they are in unison. It is the most hopeful symptom to see so clear and earnest a plea for women, by one of their own sisterhood. We find here no extravagant idea of the female sex in its mental and moral capacities. Margaret Fuller had held too fond and deep communion with the genius of different countries and ages not to know there was an essential difference between its masculine and feminine aspects. Hence, she does not broach the question of mental equality. It is beside her argument. But she enriches her pages with many graphic little etchings of women, who, at different periods of history, bore witness to the equality of the sexes in hope and duty. Power, also, has never been denied to women, but it has operated through baser channels; it is the power of weakness. Our writer says:—

“Far less has woman to complain that she has not had her share of power. This, in all ranks of society, except the lowest, has been hers to the extent that vanity would crave, far beyond what wisdom would accept. In the very lowest, where man, pressed by poverty, sees in woman only the partner of toils and cares, and cannot hope, scarcely has an idea of, a comfortable home, he often maltreats her, and is less influenced by her. In all ranks, those who are gentle and uncomplaining, too candid to intrigue, too delicate to encroach, suffer much. They suffer long, and are kind; verily, they have their reward. But wherever man is sufficiently raised above extreme poverty, or brutal stupidity, to care for the comforts of the fireside, or the bloom and ornament of life, woman has always power enough, if she choose to exert it, and is usually disposed to do so in proportion to her ignorance and childish vanity; unacquainted with the importance of life and its purposes, trained to a selfish coquetry and love of petty power, she does not look beyond the pleasure of making herself felt at the moment, and governments are shaken and commerce broken up to gratify the pique of a female favourite. The English shopkeeper's wife does not vote, but it is for her interest that the politician caresses by the coarsest flattery. France suffers no woman on her throne, but her proud nobles kiss the dust at the feet of Pompadour and Du Barry. * * * It is not the transient breath of poetic incense that women want, each can receive that from a lover. It is not life-long sway; it needs but to become a coquette, a shrew, or a good cook to be sure of that. It is not money, nor notoriety, nor the badges of authority which men have appropriated to themselves. If demands, made in their behalf, lay stress on any of these particulars, those who make them have not searched deeply into the need. The want is for that which at once includes these and precludes them, which would not be forbidden power, lest there be temptation to steal and misuse it, which would not have the mind perverted by flattery from a worthiness of esteem; it is for that which is the birthright of every being capable of receiving it—the freedom, the religious and intelligent freedom of the universe to use its

means, to learn its secret, as far as nature has enabled them, with God alone for their guide and judge.

"Ye cannot believe it, men; but the only reason why women ever assume what is more appropriate to you, is because you prevent them from finding out what is fit for themselves. Were they free, were they wise, fully to develop the strength and beauty of woman, they would never wish to be men, or man-like."

This extract is at once a specimen of the writer's style and reasoning. Sometimes, indeed, the expression waxes frothy with her impetuous enthusiasm; but still we see the calm, deep flow of the argument beneath. The other papers in this volume are of inferior interest, if we except a few before unpublished letters. While referring to this branch of political reform, we may direct attention to a lively and ingenious pamphlet,⁷ suggested by Mrs. Norton's "Letter to the Queen." It opens thus:—

"We read in the enchanting pages of Ariosto, that, in the days of chivalry, gentle ladies of transcendent beauty, adorned with all the softness and delicacy so exquisitely described by his magic pen, were also favoured by nature with masculine strength and undaunted courage. When their own wrongs or those of their sex called for redress, they flew to arms, and encountered in equal fight the most renowned and doughty champions. Mrs. Norton has revived the memory and equalled the exploits of these charming yet formidable heroines."

In this strain the writer proceeds to describe how some mighty "Giants of the Law" have caused all damsels, travelling by a certain well-frequented road, to be despoiled of all they possess, and be imprisoned, each under her appropriate gaoler. Upon this fanciful basis, the real enormities of the existing law as regards marriage and divorce are constructed. We hope the allegory may wing its way into corners where less nimble treatises have in vain sought admission.

The first number of the "American Journal of Education"⁸ we receive with unmingled pleasure, save in the regret that England has as yet nothing in the same field worthy comparison with it. One of its two editors, Mr. Barnard, we have already introduced to our readers, in speaking of his unique compilation, "National Education in Europe;" and Mr. Peters, his coadjutor, has been for some time favourably known to the American public as editor of the "American Eclectic." The plan of the present journal originated with Mr. Barnard, to whom it seems to have been suggested by the Educational Exhibition held in St. Martin's Hall last year. Like the old blind hen, in Lessing's fable, we seem to scratch up hoards of valuable suggestion only that the keen-eyed American chickens may feast thereon. For, whereas we cannot trace any permanent results of that educational bazaar in England, we find in the Minutes of the American Educational Association, that in consequence of an account of the St. Martin's Hall Exhibition, furnished by Mr. Barnard, it was resolved:

⁷ "Remarks upon the Law of Marriage and Divorce; suggested by the Hon. Mrs. Norton's Letter to the Queen." London: James Ridgway. 1855.

⁸ "The American Journal of Education and College Review." Published Monthly. Editors, Absalom Peters, D.D.; Henry Barnard, LL.D. New York: Calkins. London: Trübner and Co. 1855.

—"That the standing committee be instructed to consider and report specifically at the next annual meeting, upon the important suggestions made by Mr. Barnard, in his report of his late educational tour in Great Britain, respecting the expediency of establishing, in connexion with the Association, a national museum, a depository for books, globes, charts, models, &c., of school apparatus; also, a national educational journal; also, a system of educational exchanges; also, a plan for a series of educational tracts, adapted for circulation throughout the United States; and the employment, by the Association, of a permanent agent." This Association is of very recent origin, having only had six years' existence, but it seems to have attained far worthier proportions, and to have proposed far more catholic aims, than any of the so-called Educational Unions in England. The proceedings of this Society, and some very interesting lectures and discussions connected with its operations, fill up the present number of the journal; but we are to regard it more as an earnest of what their efforts and connexions will hereafter enable its editors to accomplish. The "Introductory Discourse," and the articles on "The Study of Anglo-Saxon," "Classical Education," and "Discipline," are good and useful, as also is a contribution with the startling head-line, "Public Education among the Cherokee Indians." What is said on the Anglo-Saxon language and its study, might have gained in valuable illustration by being brought into some connexion with the study of German—an idea which does not seem to have entered the head of Mr. Hart, the lecturer, or his hearers. As for the subject of "Discipline," we trust that a further inquiry will be made into it in this journal, as the advocates of birch-rod have the question to themselves in the present number.

SCIENCE.

FARADAY'S experimental researches are unquestionably among the most important that the century has produced; and of these researches those described in the volume just published¹ are amongst the most interesting, inasmuch as they have revealed the existence of an entirely new branch of physics, and given a direction to the ablest scientific thought of our day.

It is difficult to determine in what respect this third volume will be most valuable to us, for, in addition to the important results of his investigations, Faraday's method of investigating is exceedingly instructive. As an experimentalist he is, perhaps, unequalled. His descriptions of experiments, too, are always lucid and admirable, and this volume is full of them. Their ingenuity and simplicity, and the conscientious accuracy with which they are interpreted, are as charming to the general reader as they are instructive to the student. Viewed

¹ "Faraday's Experimental Researches in Electricity." Vol. III. London: Taylor and Francis, Red Lion Court, Fleet-street. 1855.

merely as lessons in experimentation, therefore, Faraday's researches are invaluable, if not most valuable.

The third volume commences with the celebrated memoir "On the Magnetization of Light, and the Illumination of Magnetic Lines of Force," the title of which requires a little explanation in order to render it generally intelligible. It is well known that a ray of light falling upon a plane mirror at an angle of incidence equal to about $54^{\circ} 35'$ is polarized by reflection, and that the polarized ray, when received upon a second mirror at the same angle of incidence, cannot be reflected with equal facility on all sides. If the second mirror be turned round the ray as an axis, so as to preserve the same inclination towards it, and a screen be held so as to receive the reflected ray, the corresponding image is most distinct when the mirror occupies either of two determinate positions 180° distant from each other, it diminishes when the mirror is turned out of these positions, and is finally extinguished in two positions at right angles to the first. This fact is expressed by saying that the ray reflected from the second mirror is most intense when the plane of incidence and reflection coincides with the plane of polarization, and is extinguished when the former plane is at right angles to the latter—the plane of polarization being that which coincides with the plane of incidence on the first mirror.

If a prism of heavy glass, or silicated borate of lead, be placed between the two mirrors, so that the polarized ray shall pass along its axis, the same position of the second mirror as before will be found to extinguish the ray, thereby proving that the position of its plane of polarization has not been altered in its passage through the heavy glass. The second mirror being placed so as to extinguish the ray, let a powerful horse-shoemagnet be brought close to the bar of heavy glass so that the latter occupies the space between its poles, or, more strictly, so that the line joining the poles coincides as nearly as possible with the direction of the ray, without obstructing its passage. The image will be immediately restored; and, in order to extinguish it again, the second mirror must be turned on its axis in a certain direction. This proves that by the influence of magnetism the plane of polarization has been made to rotate in that direction. If the magnet be withdrawn, the plane of polarization will return to its original position; if its poles are made to change places, an equal rotation in an opposite direction will be imparted to the plane of polarization. Everything else being the same, the magnitude of rotation will increase with the strength of the magnet, and with the length of the bar of heavy glass traversed by the ray, and will decrease as the angle made by the line joining the magnetic poles and the ray increases; when this angle is equal to 90° , the heavy glass has no action on the ray.

Such is the simplest form of the experiment made by Faraday, and which he called the magnetization of light. Besides heavy glass, many other bodies manifested the same action when exposed to magnetic influence. The results of all the experiments, which were published in 1845, are of great importance in three ways. First, they establish a relation between magnetism and light. Secondly, they may enable us to discover the nature of that peculiar power which

some bodies naturally possess, of causing the plane of polarization to rotate. Thirdly, they establish the general fact that bodies, formerly thought to be unaffected by magnetism, are not so in reality.

In the two first directions, little progress has been made since Faraday's discovery; in the last, great progress has been made. The above experiments suggested an examination of the action of magnets upon *diamagnetic* bodies generally; in other words, upon bodies which were not acted upon by magnets in the manner of iron or loadstone. Hence arose the new branch of science known as diamagnetism. The same prism of heavy glass which had first manifested an action upon light, and which was about half an inch square and two inches long, was suspended horizontally, by means of a silken thread, between the poles of a powerful electro-magnet. When the magnet was excited, the prism turned and set its length *equatorial* or perpendicular to the line joining the poles, and when forcibly withdrawn from this position it always returned to it. When suspended close to a single pole, it was always repelled *en masse*, and set its length perpendicular to the resultant of magnetic force, or to the line joining its centre and the pole. It is scarcely necessary to say, that a similarly shaped magnetic body (*e.g.* soft iron) would, in the first experiment, have set its longest dimension *axial*, or from pole to pole, and in the second experiment, it would have been attracted *en masse*. Every other body, when reduced to a suitable form, and placed between the poles of the magnet, was found to behave either like heavy glass or like soft iron, and thus a method was obtained for dividing all bodies into two classes—the magnetic and diamagnetic, of which classes the latter was by far the most numerous.

Amongst solids, glass, phosphorus, sulphur, resin, sealing-wax, caoutchouc, starch, wood, ivory, all kinds of flesh, leather, bread, and all the common metals, with the exception of iron, nickel, cobalt, and manganese, were found to be diamagnetic. If a man could be suspended between the magnetic poles, he would be found to point equatorially, for all the constituents of his body, his *blood* included, are diamagnetic. Amongst diamagnetic metals, bismuth manifests the most energetic action, so that in diamagnetic experiments it plays an important part.

A great many liquids were examined by enclosing them in tubes of thin glass, which, although itself diamagnetic, obscures but little the action of any liquids the tubes may contain. In this manner water, alcohol, ether, nitric and other acids, solutions of various alkaline and earthy salts, olive oil, oil of turpentine, and blood, were all proved to be diamagnetic. Solutions of the salts of iron, on the contrary, were magnetic.

Experiments on gases, made by enclosing them in glass tubes hermetically sealed, did not at first succeed; the diamagnetism of the tubes masking any action the gases might possess. More delicate experiments, however, made by Faraday in 1850, in which the effect of the glass was eliminated, established the magnetic and diamagnetic properties of several gases. Oxygen is strongly magnetic, and the

more so the denser it is. Atmospheric air, therefore, is magnetic, for its other constituent, nitrogen, appeared to be neutral.

Finally, many extremely instructive results were obtained by observing the action of bodies when immersed in different media, liquid and gaseous, occupying the magnetic field. Substances pointed axially between two poles, and were attracted by one pole, when they were immersed in media less magnetic or more diamagnetic than themselves, whilst they pointed equatorially, and were repelled, when immersed in media more magnetic or less diamagnetic than themselves. When we reflect that the experiments which led to the classification of bodies were all made in air, which is known to be a magnetic medium, the idea at once suggests itself, may not all these actions which were then observed have been of this *differential* kind; may not all bodies be magnetic, and may not those which appear to be diamagnetic be merely *less* magnetic than air, in other words, may not *attraction* be the only effect of the magnetic force, as we know it to be, of the force of gravity? The analogy between the two cases will be evident. A piece of cork in a vacuum, or in air, falls towards the earth's surface, whereas, when immersed in water, it is apparently repelled from the same. The experiment in vacuo suggests the explanation of the actions in air and water. The cork is always attracted by the earth, and the air it displaces is less attracted, whereas the water it displaces is more attracted than itself. May not apparent magnetic attractions and repulsions be similarly explained? Faraday thinks not, or rather he thought not at the time to which we refer, for in a vacuum, bodies are repelled as well as attracted by a magnet, and, rather than attribute magnetic properties to mere space, he then preferred the idea of the existence of repulsion as well as attraction, which, it is needless to say, is in perfect accordance with the differential actions just described. At present, however, Faraday is inclined to believe in the existence of a magnetic medium in space.

With regard to the explanation of the movements of diamagnetic bodies, Faraday suggested that magnets, by induction, might cause in them an opposite state to what they produced in magnetic bodies. Thus he supposed that the pole of a magnet which induces an *unlike* polarity in the nearest extremity of a magnetic particle, might induce a *like* polarity in the nearest points of a diamagnetic particle. This being admitted, the fundamental laws of magnetic action would explain all the motions of diamagnetic, as well as those of magnetic bodies.

An interval of nearly three years elapsed before Faraday published his next series of researches. In the meantime the whole scientific world had read of, and corroborated his experiments. Amongst those who contributed principally to the advancement of the science during this interval, Plücker, Reich, Weber, Poggendorff, and Edmond Becquerel, may be mentioned. The researches of most of them were principally directed towards the establishment of Faraday's suggestion, that "diamagnetic bodies possess a polarity the same in kind, but opposite in direction to that possessed by magnetic ones."

Weber asserted that, by means of a bar of bismuth which was ex-

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posed to magnetic action, he had produced induced currents of electricity exactly opposite in direction to those which would have been induced had iron been used instead of bismuth. The currents with bismuth, however, are so weak, and so many other sources of error are involved in this experiment, that it gave but little satisfaction at the time. Upon trial in 1850, Faraday himself could not obtain Weber's results, and, on that account, the former felt himself compelled to withdraw his first opinion on diamagnetic polarity. We may here state, in order not to have to return to the subject, that Weber shortly afterwards repeated his experiments in a far more accurate and unexceptionable form, and corroborated his former results; indeed, he succeeded in an approximate quantitative determination of the magneto-electric power of bismuth. He also showed that an electro-diamagnet could be formed by sending currents of electricity around a bar of bismuth, just as an electro-magnet is made by sending currents around a bar of iron, and that, all other things being the same, the polarity of the bismuth is exactly opposite to that of the iron. More recently, Tyndall, by numerous experiments, has more than corroborated Weber's results, for he has shown that, "whatever title to polarity the deportment of a bar of soft iron surrounded by an electric current, and acted on by other magnets, gives to this substance, a bar of bismuth possesses precisely the same title;"² so that if the discovery of diamagnetism could have preceded that of magnetism, diamagnetic polarity would have been the rule, and magnetic polarity the exception.

In 1848, at the close of the interval of three years above-mentioned, Faraday published some anomalous results which he had obtained with *crystalline* magnetic and diamagnetic bodies. For instance, he found that certain specimens of crystalline bismuth, without ceasing to be repelled *en masse* by either magnetic pole, set their longest dimensions *axial* instead of equatorial, and that crystals of sulphate of iron, without ceasing to be attracted *en masse*, sometimes placed themselves with their longest dimensions *equatorial* instead of axial. On further examination he found that in most crystals, magnetic as well as diamagnetic, there was a certain line or direction, connected in some manner with crystalline structure, which always set itself axial, although in doing so it might be opposed by the magnetic or diamagnetic tendency of the body consequent upon its form. This line in the crystal was called by Faraday its *magne-crystallic axis*, and to account for the axial position of the line, he supposed the existence of a new force—the *magne-crystallic force*—which was *directive* merely, and entirely independent of attraction and repulsion. In 1850, some experiments on gases led Faraday to the hypothesis of a magnetic conduction, somewhat similar to electric conduction, and he then thought that the above magne-crystallic actions might be explained by assuming that crystalline bodies conduct onwards, or permit the exertion of the magnetic force with more facility in the direction of the magne-crystallic axis than in any other.

² "Bakerian Lecture," 1855; and "Philosophical Magazine," vol. 10.

In 1847, a year before the publication of Faraday's experiments on magne-crystallic action, Plücker, of Bonn, was also experimenting upon the deportment of crystals in the magnetic field, and endeavouring to establish another relation between magnetism and light. The results of his experiments led Plücker to the enunciation of the following two laws:—

"When any crystal whatever, with one optical axis, is brought between the poles of a magnet, the axis is repelled by each of the poles, and if the crystal possess two axes, each of these is repelled with the same force by the two poles."

"The force which causes this repulsion is independent of the magnetism or diamagnetism of the mass of the crystal. It decreases with the distance more slowly than the magnetic influence exerted by the poles."

Some time afterwards, in a letter to Faraday, these laws were greatly modified by their author. It was then affirmed, that "there will be either repulsion or attraction of the optic axes by the poles of the magnet, according to the crystalline structure of the crystal. If the crystal is a negative one, there will be repulsion; if it is a positive one, there will be attraction."

A similarity between Plücker's and Faraday's results will be at once perceived. The latter repeated the former's experiments, and concurred in his views. The effects, first observed by Plücker, were attributed by Faraday to the action of another new force, the *optic-axis* force, somewhat different from, though closely related to his own magne-crystallic force.

The subject remained in this complicated state until Tyndall, in 1850, commenced a thorough investigation of the whole phenomena. Numerous experiments, remarkable for their ingenuity and simplicity, led to the enunciation of the following simple principle, by means of which all Faraday's and Plücker's results appeared capable of explanation.

"If the arrangement of the component particles of any body be such as to present different degrees of proximity in different directions, then the line of closest proximity, other circumstances being equal, will be that chosen by the respective forces for the exhibition of their greatest energy. If the mass be magnetic, this line will stand axial; if diamagnetic, equatorial."

The remaining researches in Faraday's third volume are all of the highest interest and importance, most of them being connected with the subjects of magnetism and diamagnetism. The grand characteristics of all these researches are, great fertility of imagination, governed by admirable philosophic caution, and conscientious accuracy. In illustration of his deep insight, it may be said, that almost every result in diamagnetism has been anticipated by Faraday, though in affirmation he never allowed himself to take one step in advance of his experiments. Anxious only to interpret nature's laws faithfully, few philosophers have ever admitted their errors more frankly, and few have been able to obtrude themselves and their individual interests so little. In short, intellectually and morally, Faraday is a phi-

losopher of the highest rank, of whom the century has just reason to be proud.

These reflections naturally remind us of the translation, under Colonel Sabine's superintendence, of Arago's valuable meteorological essays,³ the noble introduction to which has been written by Arago's illustrious friend, Alexander von Humboldt. These essays, a great part of which refer to the phenomena of thunder and lightning, display great erudition and critical acumen. They are written in a lucid, popular manner, and will be found highly interesting to general as well as scientific readers. The same volume also contains essays on electro-magnetism, on animal electricity, on terrestrial magnetism—with copious notes by Colonel Sabine—and on the aurora borealis. Amongst the essays on electro-magnetism, the one on rotation magnetism will be read with an interest not unmingled with sadness. The phenomena of rotation magnetism, which were first effectually explained by Faraday in 1831, were discovered by Arago in 1824. Almost thirty years after his discovery, Arago, with shattered health and lost eyesight, conscious of his approaching departure from this world, reviews all that has been done and said upon the subject; and it is sad to find that the last hours of the venerable philosopher were embittered by the thought that posterity might not give *him* that credit in the discovery which was his right. Instead of enjoying that tranquillity of mind he had so nobly earned, we find him smarting under an old wound, and defending himself against an article in the "Edinburgh Review," which, in all probability, has long and deservedly been forgotten. Regretting, as we do, the injustice of that article, still we cannot but deem it far below Arago's notice. If there be any credit in being the first to observe a new fact, it is certainly small, and far below the credit of having ably, if unsuccessfully, endeavoured to discover its true cause. The greater credit is universally awarded to Arago; might he not safely have left the smaller credit, which was disputed only by a reviewer, in the hands of time?

The two volumes of his "*Astronomie Populaire*," which have appeared in France, have already been translated, under the superintendence of Admiral Smyth and Mr. Robert Grant, and published in one volume.⁴ The great object of Arago, in his lectures at the Observatory at Paris, of which this book is a summary, was to make his favourite science understood by men unacquainted with physics or mathematics, and in this object he has succeeded admirably. Gifted with that rare talent of lucid exposition, and himself perfect master of all the details of his subject, he knew well what to withhold and what to impart in order to sustain the interest of his hearers or readers, and secure their permanent instruction.

We are glad to notice the appearance of a new edition of "*Grove's Correlation of Physical Forces*,"⁵ for although experiment can scarcely

³ "*Meteorological Essays*." By Francis Arago. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1855.

⁴ "*Popular Astronomy*." By Francis Arago. Vol. 1. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1855.

⁵ "*The Correlation of Physical Forces*." By W. R. Grove. Third Edition. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1855.

be said to warrant some of its speculations, the book displays much acute thought. Mr. Wilson has favoured us with a still more speculative and metaphysical production.⁶ His tract will interest many, but will assist but little the progress of science. Mr. Henfrey has done agriculturists a great service, which we hope they will appreciate, by his translation of Stockhardt's useful treatise on agricultural chemistry.⁷ Mr. Hopkins has inflicted upon us a new edition of his absurd book.⁸ It is not even worthy of criticism, and the fact of its having reached a third edition reflects anything but credit upon the scientific culture of our "enlightened British public." The Editor of the "*Mechanics' Magazine*" lowers the rank of his publication by admitting such trash as Mr. Harrington's "*New Theories of Light and Heat*."⁹ A single extract taken at random from either of these two productions would sufficiently justify our sentence, and probably amuse the reader, but we regret the possible consequences of their publication far too much to encourage the same even by pronouncing them amusing. In one way only can such nonsense be beneficial: we may be induced thereby to encourage the publication of works containing sound elementary instruction. An opportunity for so doing is now afforded us by the appearance of Mr. Hughes's "*Reading Lessons*."¹⁰ Mr. Hughes's object is a good one, and the energy with which he is realizing that object deserves praise. He has been one of the first to act upon the conviction, that only the ablest men can successfully teach the elements of their respective sciences. We do not say that his efforts have been crowned with complete success, but the list of writers whom he has engaged is sufficient guarantee for the general excellence of the lessons. Mr. Mann, a co-operator with Mr. Hughes, is himself the author of an excellent "*Elementary Reading Book*,"¹¹ which also deserves success. It is written in a lucid and attractive style, well suited to children.

The appearance of a second edition of Professor Rymer Jones's "*General Outline of the Organization of the Animal Kingdom*,"¹² with a large amount of additional matter, and with sixty new illustrations of the same character with those which constituted so remarkable a feature in the original work, demands from us more than a mere passing notice; since this treatise is the one to which

⁶ "*The Unity of Matter*." A Dialogue. By Alex. Stephen Wilson. London: S. Highley. 1855.

⁷ "*Chemical Field Lectures: A Familiar Exposition of the Chemistry of Agriculture, addressed to Farmers*." By Dr. J. A. Stockhardt. Edited, with notes, by Arthur Henfrey. London: H. G. Bohn.

⁸ "*An Illustrated Introduction to the Connexion of Geology and Magnetism*." By Evan Hopkins. London: Taylor and Francis. 1855.

⁹ "*Mechanics' Magazine*." Numbers 1678, 1679, and 1680.

¹⁰ "*Hughes's Reading Lessons*." First and Second Books. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1855.

¹¹ "*Lessons on General Knowledge*." By Robert James Mann. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1855.

¹² "*General Outline of the Organization of the Animal Kingdom, and Manual of Comparative Anatomy*." By Thomas Rymer Jones, F.R.S., Professor of Comparative Anatomy in King's College, London, &c. &c. Second Edition. Illustrated by Four Hundred Engravings. London: Van Voorst. 1855.

those students almost necessarily have recourse, who desire to obtain a comprehensive and yet sufficiently-detailed account of the principal forms of animal structure. The first edition made its appearance in a complete form (having been issued in numbers) about fourteen years ago; and notwithstanding some blemishes, it acquired for itself a high and deserved reputation, as containing a large amount of accurate information, well selected and judiciously arranged, respecting the structure and physiology of each of the principal groups of which the animal kingdom consists; the descriptions being illustrated by a copious series of wood-engravings, such as had never been equalled in any work of its class. All these features of excellence are retained in the present edition, but the blemishes, we regret to say, are also more prominent; and whilst we can still recommend the work as containing a collection of clearly-imparted and reliable information, such as the student will not find elsewhere, it is our duty also to put him on his guard against certain errors and imperfections, by which he is liable to be grievously misled. In the interval which has elapsed since the appearance of the previous edition, a vast extension of our knowledge has been effected in regard to almost every class of invertebrated animals, rather, we regret to say, by the labours of Continental than by those of British naturalists; and the result of this extension has been to remodel, as it were, our conception of each group, necessitating, in many cases, an entire change in its zoological position. Further, the appearance of the admirable "*Lehrbuch der vergleichenden Anatomie*" of Von Siebold and Stannius, in 1848, which embodied a most complete and conscientiously-executed summary of everything which had been satisfactorily accomplished up to that date, afforded (as it were) a new starting-point, from which it might have been expected that any subsequent writer on comparative anatomy would have found it advantageous to take a fresh departure. For Professor Rymer Jones, however, these able authors,—of whom Professor Siebold is especially known by his numerous original contributions to various departments of his science, of a character which gives to his appreciation of the labours of others a value far above that of the mere compiler,—seem almost to have laboured in vain. Taking, as was not unnatural, his own first edition as his basis, he has seemed to cling to all its errors with a paternal fondness; the changes which have been introduced into the present edition being almost entirely in the way of *addition*, scarcely anything having been done in the way of *correction* or of *substitution*.

When, at the opening of the volume, we observed that Professor R. Jones had adopted from Siebold the group of *Protozoa*, and had associated under it, in what we hold to be their legitimate relation, the *Rhizopoda*, *Foraminifera*, *Sponges*, and *Infusoria*, we began to hope that we might find a like renovation to have been made in other parts of the work. But as early as the second page of this chapter, we are startled at the introduction of the *Spermatozoa* into the group; these being spoken of as "of kindred structure," notwithstanding that the history of their development (as cited by our author himself) clearly indicates that they belong to a category altogether different, being, in fact, no more entitled to the designation of independent *Animalcules*,

than are blood-corpuscles or epithelium-cells. We could point out many other grievous errors of omission and of commission in this chapter, but must pass on to the two chapters that succeed it, which treat of the *Alcyonian* and *Actiniform* zoophytes; our author's account of these indicating the state of chaotic confusion wherein his mind seems to have remained, as regards this subject, from the time when he first wrote upon it. No one who has mastered the essential features of the organization of these two types of zoophytic structure, and has a proper appreciation of the value of characters, can have any difficulty in distinguishing what belong to each; and the separation has been most accurately made by Mr. Dana, the accomplished naturalist of the United States Exploring Expedition, who has probably a more profound acquaintance with the existing forms of the class than any one else can lay claim to. Yet all his labour has been thrown away upon Professor Rymer Jones, who jumbles together the forms belonging to these two very different types, as if no one had ever shown them to be distinct. Thus, he begins his chapter on *Anthozoa* with an account of *Fungia*, which he describes as it were but a little elevated above a Sponge, the "gelatinous investment" of its calcareous skeleton giving (according to him) but "dubious indications of vitality;" and in the same category he ranks the composite *Meandrinae* with other *Madrephyllidæ*. Thence he proceeds to the *Alcyonian* zoophytes, of which he gives (after Milne Edwards) a sufficiently full and accurate account; but in immediate association with these we find the *Madreporidæ*, which are not only quite misplaced by being connected with them, but also, by being thrust-in here, separate the *Alcyonians* from the *Corallidæ*, *Pennatulidæ*, and *Tubiporidæ*, which belong to the *Alcyonian* group. In the succeeding chapter, the *Actinia* or sea-anemone stands all alone in its glory; and not a hint is anywhere given of the fact, that the previously-described *Fungia*, as well as the *Madrephyllidæ* and *Madreporidæ* generally, are all formed upon the same type;—a fact which is perfectly obvious in the case of the *Caryophyllia*, the little English madrepore, which any ordinary observer would take for a sea-anemone, its possession of a stony base of its own formation being its chief distinctive character.

In the next chapter, on *Hydrozoa*, we find a large amount of additional matter relating to the reproduction of that group, chiefly derived from the observations of Van Beneden; but the misapprehensions into which that eminent zoologist was led by theorizing where a gap remained in his facts, have been but very imperfectly set right by Professor R. Jones, who appears to be unacquainted with the admirable Memoir of Professor Allman on *Cordylophora*,* wherein the apparently diverse phenomena of medusiform gemmation are clearly and philosophically harmonized with each other. The change in the title of the succeeding chapter from *Acalephæ* to *Hydrozoa*, and the introduction of an account of the development of *Cyanæa aurita* (after Sars), show that the author is not ignorant of the close relationship existing between the Medusan *Acalephæ* and the Hydraform zoophytes; but there his knowledge seems to come to a dead stop; for not only

* "Philosophical Transactions." 1853.

does he take no notice whatever of the researches of Huxley, Leuckart, Kölliker, Vogt, and others, by which those perplexing groups, the *Physograda*, *Cirrigrada*, and *Diphyda*, have been (as it were) unravelled, but he repeats all his former misconceptions, apparently in the most blissful ignorance that any Naturalist has applied himself to the study of these animals since the date of his first edition.

To any one who has followed the progress of Helminthology during the last few years, it must seem strange to find the *parasitic worms*, which are clearly degraded members of the Articulated series, thrust in between the Hydrozoa (radiated animals) and the Bryozoa (molluscous), simply because of that rudimentary condition of their nervous system, which they share with the lower forms of each of the other types just named. In entering upon this chapter, we were startled at finding the order of *Cystic Entozoa* still retained, and supposed that by a want of attention to modern researches, corresponding to that which we have already had to note, our author had left himself unacquainted with those remarkable investigations, which now seem fully to justify the doctrine first advanced (we believe) by the sagacious Siebold, that the Cystic worms are but peculiar incomplete forms of the Cestoid, the differences of the two depending merely upon the locality wherein they are respectively developed. We find him subsequently, however, quoting largely from Van Beneden as to this point; but his knowledge seems to be entirely restricted to the researches of that observer, no notice whatever being taken of the labours of Siebold, Leuckart, Kuchenmeister, and others, who have contributed to elucidate it. And those who are acquainted with the extensive development which (as shown by Siebold) the "water-vascular system" presents in this group, will think it "passing strange" that no mention of it whatever is made by our author.

The *Bryozoa* still occupy, in Prof. Rymer Jones's view, the position he originally assigned to them, between the higher Entozoa and the Rotifera; notwithstanding that they bear not the slightest relationship to either one of these groups, and are now placed, by the almost unanimous voice of the most competent systematists, at the bottom of the Molluscous series, in close proximity with the Compound Tunicata. The transition from the Bryozoa to the Rotifera is still held by our author to be established through *Stephanoceros*, notwithstanding that it has been clearly shown to be a Rotifer in all the essential features of its structure, and to have nothing whatever in common with the Bryozoa, save a certain superficial analogy of conformation. In other respects, however, the chapter on *Rotifera* is considerably improved, due notice being taken of the observations of Dujardin, Dalrymple, Williamson, and Huxley: and it is in a citation from the last-named author, that we find the first and almost the only mention of the "water-vascular system" that the volume contains. From the Rotifera, we are carried onwards to the *Epizoa*, which are still treated as a separate class, notwithstanding that the tendency of all modern research has been to show, that they are nothing else than peculiar forms of Entomostracous Crustacea, whose females have acquired a strangely-aberrant form, consequent upon the excessive

development of their egg-producing apparatus. That the males are conformable to the ordinary Entomostracous type, and that the females are so, too, at an early stage of their lives, seems to leave no doubt on this point; yet not the slightest indication of this relationship is given by Prof. R. Jones. It is through a like want of appreciation of the value of characters, that the *Cirrhopoda* are left in the place which they occupied in the former edition, namely, at the commencement of the Molluscous series; though every zoologist who bases his classification on organization and development, instead of being guided by superficial analogy, ranks them without hesitation in the Articulated series, in close proximity to the Crustacea, if not actually as a subdivision of that class. It would have been almost less discreditable to the author, to have ignored altogether the facts which modern investigations (especially the admirable researches of Mr. Darwin), have brought to bear upon this subject, than to have shown so extraordinary a want of appreciation of their value, as must utterly destroy any confidence that might have been otherwise placed in his guidance through the labyrinth of animal organization.

We had marked a great number of other points for comment; but we are constrained to remember that our duty keeps us within the limits of a notice, instead of permitting to us the discursiveness of a review. Having always highly approved the general plan of the book, we looked forward with hope to the time when the appearance of a new edition should give the author an opportunity of freeing it from its original defects, and of bringing it up to the present level of anatomical and zoological science. In this hope, however, we have been greatly disappointed; and we have discharged a painful duty in referring to the mistakes and short-comings of a work which, with a little more care and discrimination, might have been made a most valuable compendium, supplying a widely-experienced want.

The curious discovery has been recently made, by Dr. Fred. Mone, in the library of the Benedictine Monastery of St. Paul, in Carinthia, of a palimpsest MS. of a portion of the "Natural History" of Pliny,¹³ consisting of fragments of the 1st, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th books. This manuscript, having been liberally intrusted to the care of Dr. Mone by the Superior of the Monastery, he has applied himself to its decipherment—a matter of no small difficulty, since the writing was quite invisible until brought into view by chemical means; and having satisfied himself and others that it dates back as far as the fifth century, and that it is consequently the oldest known copy of any portion of Pliny's writings, he has prepared an exact reprint of it, page for page and line for line, with notes showing its departures from the currently-received text. This publication, which will doubtless be interesting to such as take a scholarly interest in the restoration of the text of an author of no mean repute, appears in a corresponding

¹³ "C. Plinii Secundi Naturæ Historiarum." Lib. I. XI. XII. XIII. XIV. XV. "Fragmenta, e Codice Rescripto Bibliothecæ Monasterii ad S. Paulum in Carinthia." Edidit Fridegarius Mone. Ph. D. Gothæ: Andr. Perthes. 1855.

"Frederici Gronovi in aliquot C. Plinii Naturalis Historiæ Libros Notæ, emendatius editæ et locupletioribus indicibus auctæ." Gothæ: Andr. Perthes. 1855.

form with a very elegant reprint of the excellent edition of all the extant works of Pliny, by Gronovius, with additional notes, indices, &c., now nearly completed, which has issued from the Gotha Press.

One of the recent volumes of Mr. Bohn's serial issue contains the continuation of the translation of Pliny's "Natural History,"¹⁴ executed by the late Dr. Bostock and Mr. Riley. We are glad that Mr. Bohn has included this in his Classical rather than in his Scientific Library; for whatever may be its interest to the classical scholar or to the antiquarian, the naturalist most assuredly never has recourse to it as a scientific authority, so strangely indiscriminate is the mixture it contains of truth and error, of information that would be most valuable if reliance could be placed upon it, with "old wives' fables." In this respect the writings of Pliny contrast most unfavourably with those of Aristotle; the truthfulness of whose statements respecting the structure and habits of the marine animals of the *Ægean*, becomes more and more apparent the more they are investigated; whilst his notions of classification, based on internal organization, were far sounder, not only than those of his contemporaries, but even than those of most of his successors down to a comparatively recent period.

In the new edition of Mr. Currey's translation of Dr. Schacht's "Treatise on the Microscope in its Application to Vegetable Anatomy and Physiology,"¹⁵ the translator has introduced some additional chapters on the forms of microscope and on the accessory apparatus commonly used in this country; and he has, besides, been furnished by Dr. Schacht with much new matter, embodying the results of his investigations since the publication of the original work three years since. At the suggestion of Dr. Schacht, also, he has added three chapters on the embryogeny of the *Coniferæ*, from that author's larger "*Beitrage zur Anatomie und Physiologie der Gewächse.*" These additions greatly enhance the value of this little treatise to the English student; and we hope that it will tend to promote the prosecution of original investigations in this department of science, in which the botanists of our own country seem at present to be content to allow all the honours to be carried off by their Continental brethren. In our recommendation of the book, however, we must insert a caution as to the implicit reception of the author's statements with respect to the fertilization of the ovule; for on this point he follows Prof. Schleiden, and is at issue with Hoffmeister, Mohl, Tulasne, Henfrey, and other excellent observers. And although he has recently adduced what he considers to be a new and triumphant verification of Schleiden's doctrine that the embryo is developed within the extremity of the pollen tube, yet his opponents do not admit that the preparation shows what he affirms it to do. Those who are interested in this discussion, will find some of

¹⁴ "The Natural History of Pliny." Translated, with copious Notes and Illustrations. By the late John Bostock, M.D., F.R.S., and H. T. Riley, B.A. Vol. III. London: Bohn. 1855.

¹⁵ "The Microscope, and its Application to Vegetable Anatomy and Physiology." By Dr. Hermann Schacht. Edited by Fred. Currey, M.A. Second Edition, considerably enlarged, with numerous Illustrations. London: Highley. 1855.

the latest news of it in the "Annales des Sciences" (fourth series), Tom. iii., No. 4.

Dr. McCormac's treatise "On the Nature, Treatment, and Prevention of Pulmonary Consumption, with a Demonstration of the Cause of the Disease,"¹⁶ is a phenomenon in medical literature. That a young man desirous of puffing himself into notice by means not the most legitimate, should publish such a flimsily written and pretentious little book, would not so much surprise us. But that a physician of large experience and extensive practical information, of various reading and of highly cultivated mind, as Dr. McCormac has shown himself on former occasions to be, should risk his reputation by putting forth the most unfounded claims to a discovery which is no discovery at all, because it is palpably not true, astonishes us more than we can express. The whole gist of his doctrine is put forth in his preface, which is as follows:—

"Consumption and scrofula, in all essentials, are one; tubercle, in its varied protean guises, is but the result of a deterioration of the blood, of the retention of excretions, carbonaceous, and other impurities in the blood, where they have no business to remain. In consequence of the imperfect performance of the respiratory functions, these impurities accumulate. The time at length comes round when they must be got rid of; if not during and through the act of respiration, perforce otherwise. The result is their deposition, as an inorganic matter, in the form of tubercles in the lungs, and other organs, these, saving the diffusion of tuberculous blood, being perchance, in other respects, sound. A dead matter is deposited in the tissues; that which should be thrust aside—shovelled out, as it were—is detained within the organization. These all-important facts *being positively determined*, the cause and radical cure—in short, the prevention of consumption and scrofula, with all their concomitant ravages, are placed as absolutely as small-pox itself has been placed, within human control. There need now be no more consumption, no more scrofula; and diseases which have actually advanced as civilization itself has advanced, henceforth, now and for ever, may be set aside."

Now Dr. McCormac's fundamental proposition is essentially untrue. Tubercular matter is not an impurity resulting from the retention of excrementitious products, but is nutritive material which has not been brought, by the assimilating process, up to the requisite standard of organizability for being applied to the repair of the tissues, and is therefore deposited in a state which departs more or less (in the different forms of tubercle) from the structure of the parts it ought to nourish. Hence the aim of the rational physician is not to "shovel" tubercular matter out of the body, but to render it more organizable; that is, more fit to be converted into living tissue; and it seems to be by its influence in promoting the deficient assimilation, that cod-liver oil exerts that beneficial influence, about which few physicians of large experience entertain any scepticism. Dr. McCormac's one idea is, that deficient respiration is the essential cause of tubercular deposit, and therefore that consumption and scrofula may be prevented by the

¹⁶ "On the Nature, Treatment, and Prevention of Pulmonary Consumption, and incidentally of Scrofula, with a Demonstration of the Cause of the Disease." By Henry McCormac, M.D. London: Longmans. 1855.

promotion of free and complete aëration of the blood. He adduces a number of facts, with which every well-informed medical man is familiar, with reference to the share which imperfect aëration of the blood has in the production of tubercular disease; but he does not advert to a number of others, which prove that it is by no means the sole cause. We will give him one, which he seems altogether to have overlooked. According to the very trustworthy report of Dr. Schleusner, who was sent by the Danish government a few years since to investigate the sanitary condition of Iceland, no combination of what are commonly accounted the predisposing causes of consumption and scrofula could be more complete, than that which exists among the mass of the Icelandic peasantry. Whole families are huddled up with their sheep, not only during the night, but during the greater part of the day, for half the year, in most miserable hovels, destitute of any ventilation but that afforded by the chimney; their clothing is not once put off or changed during the whole of that time; their food is scanty; and the external atmosphere is both cold and damp. The unhealthy condition of the population is evidenced by its extraordinary liability to epidemic disorders, and by its want of increase, or even (in some districts) by its absolute diminution. And yet amongst this remarkable people—the best educated peasantry in Europe, so far as regards what is commonly accounted education—scrofula and consumption are unknown. The only ostensible cause for this immunity lies in the highly oleaginous nature of their diet, which consists in great part of the oily bodies of piscivorous birds. To affirm, then, that deficient respiration is, *per se*, the cause of tuberculous diseases, and that due attention to the vigorous performance of this function is sufficient to prevent, or even to cure them, is most assuredly to go far beyond the warranty of facts; and the only difference between Dr. McCormac's system and that of the consumption-curing quacks, lies in this, that his method and aims are not only good as far as they go, but, when put in practice as preventive measures, can do nothing but good; whilst those of the gentry to whom we allude, often do a great deal of harm. We are as far as possible from desiring to discourage or to undervalue Dr. McCormac's efforts to awaken public attention to the vast importance of fresh air; but we are anxious to make it understood that no amount of fresh air will of itself prevent, still less cure, consumption, though the free use of it would doubtless greatly diminish the ravages of that fell destroyer.

We have received from the other side of the Atlantic a "Monograph of Mental Unsoundness,"¹⁷ by Francis Wharton, which, we are informed, is intended to constitute the first part of a general treatise on medical jurisprudence, to be produced by its writer in conjunction with Dr. Moreton Stillé, of Philadelphia. We infer from the whole tenor of this production, that it is the work of a lawyer, who has been accustomed to view insanity merely in its juridical relations, and not of a psychological physician, who has made a study of the essential nature

¹⁷ "A Monograph of Mental Unsoundness." By Francis Wharton. Philadelphia: Kay and Brothers. 1856.

of the disease, and of the varied forms under which it manifests itself. It contains a great mass of facts, drawn from the practice of the courts on both sides of the Atlantic; but this serves little other purpose than to show the utter want of any definite apprehension in the legal mind as to what really constitutes insanity, and the consequent inconsistencies in the decisions which are referred to as precedents. For example, we cannot imagine any unprejudiced man of common sense, much less a medical practitioner, to study the evidence given on the recent trial of Buranelli, and the additional facts subsequently brought before the Home Office, without coming to the conclusion that he was insane enough to be irresponsible for his actions, and that his execution was consequently a judicial murder; whilst, on the other hand, many a prisoner has escaped punishment on the plea of insanity, who has had no more claim to the exemption than might be advanced for a man who should knowingly drink himself into a fit of passion, and should then murder his wife or commit some other outrageous crime. So long as the existence of delusion is held to be the chief test of insanity, and the knowledge of right and wrong to be the sole test of criminality as opposed to irresponsibility, so long will the *principle* of our legal decisions be radically wrong. The whole mistake has arisen from the ordinary limitation of the view to fully-developed cases of insanity, of which delusions form a common, though not by any means an uniform feature. For the more carefully the disease is studied through its whole course, the more does it become apparent that in by far the larger proportion of cases, morbid impulses, emotions, and feelings, and the loss of volitional control over them, constitute its most essential and constant feature; whilst delusions of the intellect are only developed during the progress of the disease, and frequently do not present themselves at all. Thus, so far from what has been designated as "moral insanity" being the *exceptional*, it is really the *ordinary* form of the disease; and the question is not, what is the false belief, but what is the perverted emotional state leading to the production of that belief, and how far are the actions to which it prompts under the control of the rational will. We do not pretend to offer any new test of insanity; every case must be judged by its own merits, and ought to be decided, not by an ignorant jury under the guidance of legal prejudices, but by a tribunal of medical men who have made insanity their special study. Reference of all doubtful cases to such a tribunal appears to us to be as obviously the course which the circumstances of the case require, as is the reference of a knotty point of law to the opinion of the highest legal authorities; and we no more admit the competency of a lawyer to sit in judgment upon a question of psychological medicine, than we should uphold the competency of a court of doctors to lay down a precedent in a case involving the nicest judicial questions. At present, as our readers are doubtless aware, medical men are only examined as witnesses in cases of this kind; and the weight attached to their evidence, indeed the very permission to deliver an opinion, depends mainly on the inclination of the presiding judge; so that it has not unfrequently happened that the men most competent to guide the decision of the jury, have

been virtually put out of court. We can only look to the influence of an intelligent public opinion as a means of remodelling the present most unsatisfactory system; and that influence we are most desirous of bringing to bear upon the question, whenever the time shall arrive for its being exerted to any good purpose.

From Sir H. Holland we have a new edition of his "*Medical Notes and Reflections*;"¹⁸ a work which has done much to improve the general tone of thought upon medical subjects, in the mind both of the profession and the public. It consists of a series of detached essays upon various points both of theory and practice, in which the object kept in view is not so much to arrive at dogmatic conclusions, as to exhibit the mode in which they should be sought-for by minds imbued with philosophic habits of thought; and we know of no guidance to which we could more unreservedly commit the formation of such habits than that of the accomplished author of the work before us. The previous editions contained a few chapters on Psychological subjects, especially directed to the elucidation of those mutual actions and relations of bodily and mental phenomena which enter into the life of man. These chapters were detached by the author about three years ago, and were embodied with much new matter in a separate volume, under the title of "*Chapters on Mental Physiology*," with the view of giving a philosophical direction to the public mind on the interpretation of the phenomena of electro-biology, table-turning, &c., which then occupied its attention. And if they in any degree fall short of this object, it was simply because they were too highly pitched for popular apprehension, their cautious and suggestive tone being fitted rather to impress itself upon the thinking few, than upon the unreasoning mass, which looks for confident assertion and ready-made conclusions. These chapters have been replaced in the present volume by some additional essays of the same general character with those which constitute the bulk of the work; and instead of being thrown together without arrangement, the chapters are now grouped in an appropriate order, so as to constitute three very natural series—the first on general questions of medical philosophy, the second on special forms of diseased action, and the third on the operation of particular classes of medicines. In the discussion of each of these subjects, we find the author constantly endeavouring to "separate what is actual and assured knowledge from that which but usurps the name and show of it," and "to place in the clearest form those principles of thought, observation, and conduct, which may most conduce to the progress of medicine, and the honour and usefulness of those who profess it." And nothing can give a juster title to offer such advice, than the experience of a mind so richly stored with ancient and modern learning, so wisely governed and so loftily directed, in forty years of active and successful practice. If the rising generation of medical men would "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the wise counsels of this volume, the public would have no reason to complain of those unphilo-

¹⁸ "*Medical Notes and Reflections*." By Sir H. Holland, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., &c. &c. Third Edition. London: Longmans. 1855.

sophical habits of reasoning and injurious methods of practice, which have alienated so many from legitimate medicine, and have driven them into the embrace of the various quackeries which succeed one another from time to time in popular favour.

The title of Dr. Lindley Kemp's "*Phasis of Matter*"¹⁹ led us to expect a performance of a kind very different from that which the author has attempted. We had supposed that he would endeavour to exhibit the succession of varied aspects under which the same particles of matter may present themselves, in the solid mass of the earth, diffused in the gaseous constituents of the atmosphere, again consolidated by the agency of the plant into those organic compounds that furnish the mechanism of life, transferred to the animal body, in which they become the material instruments of thought and feeling, of intelligence and will, and then again resolving themselves into the dust from which they were at first drawn. For the worthy treatment of such a subject, an author would require a large and accurate acquaintance with geology and physics, chemistry and physiology; together with a power of seizing their essential points of connexion, and of giving somewhat of a pictorial grouping to the facts thus brought together. Dr. Kemp has restricted himself, however, to the more modest aim of giving "an outline of the discoveries and applications of modern chemistry," "intended for the wants of the general scholar and of men of the world, whose active occupations are more or less based upon a knowledge of chemical principles and chemical facts." The work is divided into four books, of which the first contains an outline of inorganic chemistry, as developed by the researches of the laboratory upon the properties of the elementary bodies; the second treats of the chemical nature of the compounds naturally existing in the minerals and rocks of the globe; the third describes the chemistry of the compounds peculiar to animal and vegetable organisms; and the fourth attempts to present an outline of the changes which matter undergoes in these bodies during their living state. On the whole, Dr. Kemp may be said to have succeeded fairly in his object. His book is a respectable performance, free from any glaring defects; but we cannot point to any feature of high excellence; and it seems to us to be rather the work of an author who has brought together his knowledge by reading alone, than of a really scientific thinker, who, having acquired a personal familiarity with the sciences of which he treats, has had something to tell of the harmonious and mutually-related aspect under which they present themselves to his own mind.—There are doubtless many readers to whom the ordinary text-books of chemistry present a very repulsive aspect, who will find in Dr. Kemp's volumes a readable summary of its more important facts and doctrines.

¹⁹ "*The Phasis of Matter; being an Outline of the Discoveries and Applications of Modern Chemistry.*" By T. Lindley Kemp, M.D. In Two Volumes. London: Longmans. 1855.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

IF the printing-press and the consequent diffusion of knowledge has enabled men of genius to extend the sphere of their influence, and has given them the whole civilized world for their audience, these advantages have brought with them their perils and responsibilities; and when a reputation has become established, or a name has been made conspicuous, it is subjected to an ordeal to which few human beings can look without alarm. The poets and artists of the Old World are known to us only in their works, and of their works the best only have survived. The arduousness of preserving written composition secured indifference to what was unimportant, and forgetfulness to what was less than the best. No feeble work was transcribed—no unmeaning biography was written; and thus we know these men only as they could wish that we should know them—in their highest efforts after excellence. Their lives, with but few exceptions, are a mere blank. Homer, Pindar, Sophocles, Phidias, Praxiteles—even Dante, even Raphael, even Shakespeare—these great names are almost like the invisible creative forces of nature, so little do we know of the history which is attached to them. The mind and genius of the men exhausted itself in their art; their daily life, the round of their days and years, their faults and virtues, and the shifting vicissitude of their outward fortunes, went by in insignificance, and no one marked it pass.

All that is changed. The man of genius in himself, as well as in his works, is become an object of common scrutiny; his life must be written whether it be worth remembering, or only deserving to be forgotten. He is the property of the public, whose jealousy or whose admiration insists on the fullest information on all the secrets of his history. Prying eyes must search into his habits, into his affections, his trials, his sorrows, and his joys. Nothing connected with him may be any more sacred. His conversations are noted down. His private correspondence, intended only for the friend or the lover, is dragged into print, that the public may be admitted into the inmost sanctuary of his feelings. In the single fact of having dared to become an author, a man is supposed to have transferred the custody of himself to the world, and to have made himself and all his actions as fair an object of curiosity and criticism as the works which he publishes.

We need not inquire how far such treatment is just. It is a fact which cannot be escaped, and which must therefore be accepted and endured. Responsibility follows power, like its shadow. The writers of books are now the teachers of the world; and as under the old system some evidence of character was required before the preacher was admitted to the pulpit, so the instincts of mankind insist that some clear knowledge of a writer's personal history shall go along with the knowledge of the words which he writes. Men of genius, therefore, it would seem, must learn to look to their steps, and look to them early and in time; knowing, if they are conscious of any high

aspirations, the conditions which will follow their success. This is one consequence of the changed condition of things. Another consequence is, that the art of biography must be something more deeply studied, and that the public must be taught some clearer canons than any which they possess at present, by which to discern and adequately integrate the good and evil of human character. To suppose that any man's history will bear so close a scrutiny and come out pure, altogether pure, from the trial, is to suppose the nature of mankind to be something different from what the experience of six thousand years has proved it to be. Here and there, indeed, we meet with instances of great energetic persons, who seem to have trodden the highway of life with clean feet, or only with *dust* clinging to them, which may be wiped away; not with *dirt*, which leaves a stain. Dr. Arnold was one of these, and so was Wordsworth. But such men as we know are but the fair exceptions to a very different rule. Great minds are usually accompanied with great passions, not easily subdued; and the noble manhood is not seldom ushered in by a youth of storm and confusion. The early career is studded with faults; even the repose of late-acquired self-mastery is sometimes broken; and he who may at last have won the race, may have fallen more often in the course than many a surer-footed antagonist. Thus, in order to understand the life of any man, we must see it as a whole; in its results as well as its beginnings. We must interpret the weakness by the strength, and the strength by the weakness. We must not make too little of errors; also we must not make too much of them. We require, in fact, for a good biography, appreciative talent of a most rare kind; and principles of judgment, nowhere as yet recognised in any extant theory of morals. Little people envious of greatness, or well-meaning people anxious to recognise it, and yet unable, point to this or that separate action, and say, See, this was a sin; and therefore the man was a sinner. It is no answer to point to other actions of a far opposite kind, and to say, Because these actions were good and great, therefore, by parallel reasoning, the doer of them was good and great. The popular moral critics, in their estimate of all other persons, except themselves, insist upon stamping the names of men with their faults, and not with their virtues, and bring down every character to the level of its lowest fall. And thus arises a strange, hopeless moral confusion in our judgment of persons and things. We are forced to condemn men who have been great benefactors of mankind; we place above them innocuous ciphers; and while we are obliged by necessity and by our wiser instincts to concede the actual positions of power and authority to those who really deserve them, we have no theory of desert, and no rule to measure it, which will reconcile our conduct with our judgment.

These thoughts have been suggested to us by a very excellent Life of Goethe which has just appeared, by Mr. Lewes.¹ In Goethe the

¹ "The Life and Works of Goethe; with Sketches of his Age and Contemporaries, from published and unpublished Sources." By G. H. Lewes, Author of the "Biographical History of Philosophy." In Two Volumes. London: David Nutt, 270, Strand. 1855.

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conflicting features, which so much perplex us, existed in a pre-eminent degree. The beauty of his mind, the nobleness of his heart and spirit, as exhibited in his works, have long been evident to every one. His character as hitherto exhibited in his life (and as it was in fact exhibited in his life, for certain broad features of it remain, and must remain what we always knew them), is chequered from the beginning to the end with much that is dubious, much that is assuredly censurable. It has been an enigma which many of us, at least, have wholly failed to understand. For in Goethe we do not see, as in Byron, a life cut off midway, at the moment of a fairer promise; not as in so many others, the struggle between high aims and a nature too weak to compass them. Goethe's life was complete from the beginning to the end. That which he desired to be (so at least we were assured) he made himself. No passions, his admirers declared, hurried him beyond the control of his better reason; no high purposes fell through or were mutilated by infirmity. He walked through eighty years of incessant, conscious activity; self-possessed, with deliberate step, carving out his life, as if it were a piece of art which he was developing with the touch of a master. If he erred, he erred through ignorance, not through weakness; as he gained clearer knowledge, his mistakes forsook him: and we may assume that for the last forty years of his life he was unfolding himself, as he conceived that nature designed that he should unfold himself; and that he was conscious nowhere of any more exalted aspiration towards a higher type of perfection. This has been the conception which, from the language of Goethe and the worshippers of Goethe, it seems as if he and they desired that we should entertain of him. And thus we had right to measure him by a somewhat strict rule. He nowhere seemed to ask that allowance should be made for him. If God had desired to have him other than he was, he appeared to suppose God would have made him otherwise; and his serene self-composure courted criticism and challenged censure. He provoked us to scrutinize him nearly, and the result, it cannot be said, has been hitherto satisfactory. He appears, or has appeared hitherto on his own showing, so far as we could interpret him, to have obtained so great a mastery over himself that he might have shaped his character as he pleased; and that assuredly he might have shaped it much better than he did; for it pleased him deliberately to permit himself in licence which morality has been accustomed to disapprove. He acted out the most questionable sentiment which in "Meister" he places in the mouth of an educator of children, that "it is not the doing this or that which is objectionable, whatever it be, but the not being able to help doing it;" that "as soon as men have themselves under control, they may allow themselves indulgences with impunity, which in others would be sinful or injurious." He did not act out his other far wiser sentiment, that "those who differ from the world in important matters, ought to be careful to comply with it in common duties;" and he permitted himself in mature life to set a public example of what is vulgarly called profligacy. The character of Goethe has not therefore hitherto seemed to us great, as seen in his life; while, as seen

in his works, it was great indeed. The contradiction has perplexed us in no common degree. He was at once two separate beings which refused to be reconciled. The man was impure and sensual—the poet was pure and noble.

Still further disturbing were the stories which have been lately laid before the public, the correspondence with Bettina, with Madame Stein and others, which, according to the partial versions of their substances, to be gathered from reviews, reflected colours on Goethe still more painful than those which fell from the parts of his history avowedly authentic.

It was, therefore, on these and all accounts that we looked with eager interest to the appearance of Mr. Lewes's biography. We knew Mr. Lewes to be a clear, strong, resolute, unflinching person, with great analytical and discriminating faculty; and we knew, also, that he had allowed his judgment to mature itself for many years upon the subject before he began to write. Our expectations, great as they were, have not been disappointed. We have now before us an account of Goethe which is natural and intelligible, in many respects very different from any of which we were before in possession, in all respects more simple, more loveable, and human.

In the first place, Mr. Lewes has given us the complete history from end to end. The long interval between the close of the autobiography and the Eckermann conversations has been a blank to most of us, with only broken glimpses of the intervening years. There was the Swiss tour, the Italian tour, the campaign in France, and letters and sketches, showing us something here and there; but we saw only the mutilated limbs of a figure, which it was unusually difficult to imagine as a whole.

Then, again, the autobiography itself has been a great source of confusion. Written forty years after the last incident which it mentions, it is not the life of young Goethe, but the old Goethe's incorrect recollections of that life: and Mr. Lewes, with the assistance of contemporary correspondence, is able to undo the injustice which the poet showed to himself, and to prove by many delightful traits that he was a far more spontaneous and genuine person than he had pretended to be. He was a boy among boys, a youth among youths, a man among men; capable of real affection, real weakness, real generosity, real sorrow when he did wrong—the trait of all others which we had seemed to miss in him;—and for a general result, although it is difficult to express in words the shades of difference which Mr. Lewes has thrown upon his character, we lay down this book with feelings far more hearty and less constrained towards him than we believed that we were likely to have entertained. One rule which Mr. Lewes has observed is an excellent one—to extenuate no fault. He tells what was wrong as being wrong, what was right as being right, and contenting himself with the truth so far as he can arrive at it, he relates *THAT* in all its simplicity, and leaves the story so told to work its own effect.

It is, of course, impossible in a notice of this kind to give any adequate conception of these volumes. They are so well written that

every page might be extracted. As a specimen of Mr. Lewes's style, and of the new lights which he has thrown upon his subject, we quote the following:—

"In these pages it has been evident, I hope, that no compromise with the truth has led me to gloss over faults or to conceal shortcomings; all that testimony warrants I have reproduced: good and evil, as in the mingled yarn of life. Faults and deficiencies do not estrange a friend from our hearts. Why should they lower a hero? Why should the biographer fear to trust the tolerance of human sympathy? Why labour to prove a hero faultless? The reader is no valet-de-chambre, incapable of crediting greatness in a robe-de-chambre. Never should we forget the profound saying of Hegel, in answer to the vulgar aphorism ('No man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre'), namely,— 'This is not because the hero is no hero, but because the valet is a valet.' Having trusted to the effect which the true man would produce in spite of all drawbacks, and certain that the true man was loveable as well as admirable, I have made no direct appeal to the reader's sympathy, nor tried to 'make out a case' in favour of extraordinary virtue.

"But the tribute of affectionate applause is claimed, now we have arrived at a passage in his life, so characteristic of the delicacy, generosity, and nobility of his nature, that it is scarcely possible for any one not to love him after reading it.

"A man (his name still remains a secret) of a strange morbid and suspicious disposition had fallen into destitution, partly from unfortunate circumstances, partly from his own fault. He applied to Goethe for assistance, as so many others did; and he painted his position in all the eloquence of despair.

"'According to the idea I form of you from your letter,' writes Goethe, 'I fancy I am not deceived, and this to me is very painful, in believing that I cannot give help or hope to one who needs so much. But I am not the man to say, 'Arise, and go farther.' Accept the little that I can give, as a plank thrown towards you for momentary succour. If you remain longer where you are, I will gladly see that in future you receive some slight assistance. In acknowledging the receipt of this money, pray inform me how far you can make it go. If you are in want of a dress, great-coat, boots, or warm stockings, tell me so; I have some that I can spare. Accept this drop of balsam from the compendious medicine-chest of the Samaritan in the same spirit as it is offered.'"

This was on the 2nd of November, 1778, [Goethe was just 29 years old.] On the 11th he writes again, and from the letter we see that he had resolved to do more than throw out a momentary plank to the shipwrecked man; in fact, he had undertaken to support him.

"'In this parcel you will receive a great-coat, boots, stockings, and some money. My plan for you this winter is this,—In Jena living is cheap; I will arrange for board and lodging, &c., on the strictest economy, and will say it is for some one who, with a small pension, desires to live in retirement. When that is secured I will write to you; you can then go there, establish yourself in your quarters, and I will send you cloth and lining, with the necessary money for a coat, which you can get made; and I will inform the rector that you were recommended to me, and that you wish to live in retirement at the university.

"'You must then invent some plausible story, have your name entered on the books of the university, and no soul will ever inquire more about you,—neither burgomaster nor amtmann. *I have not sent you one of my coats, because it might be recognized in Jena.* Write to me, and let me know what you think

of this plan, and at all events in what character you propose to present yourself."

The passage in italics indicates great thoughtfulness. Indeed, the whole of this correspondence shows the most tender consideration for the feelings of his *protégé*. In the postscript he says, "And now step out boldly again upon the path of life! We live but once. Yes, I know perfectly what it is to take the fate of another upon one's own shoulders; but you shall not perish." On the 23rd he writes:—

"I received to-day your two letters of the 17th and 18th, and I have so far anticipated their contents, as to have caused inquiry to be made in Jena for the fullest details, as for one who wishes to live there under the quiet protection of the university. Till the answer arrives, keep you quiet at Jena, and the day after to-morrow I will send you a parcel and say more.

"Believe me, you are not a burden to me. On the contrary, it teaches me economy. I fritter away much of my income which I might spare for those in want. And do you think that your tears and blessings go for nothing? He who has must give, not bless; and if the great and the rich have divided between them the goods of this world, Fate has counterbalanced these, by giving to the wretched the powers of blessing,—powers to which the fortunate know not how to aspire."

"Noble words! In the mouth of a pharisaical philanthropist, declaiming instead of giving, there would be something revolting in such language; but when we know that the hand which wrote these words was 'open as day to melting charity;' when we know that, in spite of all other claims, he gave up for some years the sixth part of his very moderate income to rescue this *stranger* from want, when we know by the irrefragable arguments of deeds, that this language was no hollow phrase, but the deep and solemn utterance of a thoroughly human heart, then, I say, those words awaken reverberations within our hearts, calling up feelings of loving reverence for him who uttered them."—Vol. i. pp. 398, &c.

We have only add, that Goethe observed profound silence on this transaction; his most intimate friends knew nothing of it; and having been only discovered by accident, it is in all likelihood but one of many such silent, unobtrusive charities which made his under life beautiful. We trust that we have said enough to express an opinion of the merits of Mr. Lewes's work, and our hope that it will be as widely read as both for Mr. Lewes's own sake and for the poet's it deserves to be. The volumes are further enriched by an abundance of very excellent criticism: Mr. Lewes providing a consecutive analysis of all Goethe's greatest writings. This analysis is invariably clever and interesting, even if here and there we cannot quite accept the conclusions which are arrived at. A few pages in the second volume, explaining the difficulty of translating poetry, by an analysis of the nature of poetical effect, forms the most valuable contribution to the science of poetry which we remember to have read.

We must make room for one more extract, a brief sketch of Goethe's daily life about the year 1800.

"He rose at seven, sometimes earlier, after a sound and prolonged sleep; for, like Thorwaldsen, he had a talent for sleeping, only surpassed by his talent for continuous work. Till eleven, he worked without interruption. A cup of chocolate was then brought, and he resumed work till one. At two, he dined.

This meal was the important meal of the day. His appetite was immense. Even on the days when he complained of not being hungry, he ate much more than most men. Puddings, sweets, and cakes were always welcome. He sate a long while over his wine, chatting gaily to some friend or other (for he never dined alone), or to one of the actors, whom he often had with him after dinner, to read over their parts and take his instructions. He was fond of wine, and drank daily his two or three bottles. [Rhine wine, however, which the English would have called water.]

"Over his wine he sate some hours; no such thing as dessert was seen upon his table in those days,—not even the customary coffee after dinner. His mode of living was extremely simple; and even when persons in very modest circumstances burned wax, two poor tallow candles were all that could be seen in his room. In the evening he went often to the theatre, and there his customary glass of punch was brought at six o'clock. If not at the theatre, he received friends at home. Between eight and nine a frugal supper was laid, but he never took anything, except a little salad and preserves. By ten o'clock he was usually in bed."—Vol. ii. p. 263.

Dr. Pauli, the first volume of whose laborious and valuable English history we have already noticed at some length (April, 1854), has added a second, bringing down his story to the close of the fourteenth century.² The work, as we expected, exhibits profound industry, critical skill, and a warm genial temper, qualities, all of them, which have expanded with exercise, and which are even more commendably apparent than before. Dr. Pauli's composition, also, is more matured and solid, more exactly a "representation" of the age in which he writes, and less charged with constitutional theorizing. We have no history of the reigns of the early Plantagenets, so learned, so accurate, and so impartial; and it is very little to our credit that we should be indebted to a German for the execution of a work the importance of which is so infinite to us, and that we are unable to nurture the talent that will execute it for ourselves. The Englishman measures value by the market price of the commodity which he has to sell; and, finding that learning and accuracy are not remunerated in proportion to the pains which they require, he leaves labour of this kind to foreigners who are more capable of self-denial, and who are able to appreciate other rewards of success besides those which are immediate and tangible. Dr. Pauli complains bitterly of the indifference of the English to their old history; of the slight encouragement which students, desirous to contribute something of value in this way, are able to find among us; and of the slight assistance which any of ourselves can render to such students—and well may he complain. The London booksellers can hope for profit upon Roman histories and Greek histories. English readers will devour greedily dissertations upon the myths of the Tarquins; the distinctions between the populus and the plebs; the curies and the centuries. Books multiply upon the antiquities of Egypt and Assyria. A MS. out of the ruins of ancient Carthage would be a gold mine to the fortunate discoverer—while the entire old English world lies under our very hands, buried in the universal confusion in which we have allowed our records to be sunk; unknown and uncared for, and slowly perishing by

² "Geschichte von England von Dr. R. Pauli." Vierter Band. Gotha, 1855.

time. Independent students are powerless from the enormity of the work of arrangement, requiring capital and combined exertion. Independent speculators will not undertake a task from which profit cannot be looked for. And the Government which can afford half a million annually for the printing of debates and blue-books, that twenty years hence will be unreadable by any human being, cannot afford a few thousands to preserve from perishing the monuments of the most remarkable history which has yet been acted upon this planet. The English records will be allowed to perish as the records of Rome were allowed to perish; and the Niebuhr of some new era will lecture learnedly to *then* curious audiences on the incredible jargon which a second great nation has allowed to pass current as the story of its childhood and youth. So at least it will be, unless something can be done to arouse the interest of the public, and induce them to compel the Government to set to work in a wise and rational manner to do at last what should have been done long ago. We ought to insist that all our historical State Papers should be gathered together out of the innumerable offices, chapter-houses, and other inaccessible dungeons, in which they are rotting; that they should be carefully examined, arranged, and then printed; and, above all, we should insist that the execution of this work should be placed in the hands of fit persons, fitly remunerated. We must not permit any more enormous sums to be squandered by incompetent friends of ministers; we must have no more repetitions of the History of the First Record Commission (although, if that Commission cost half-a-million, it was a half-a-million spent to better purpose than a hundred million upon blue books or the other paraphernalia of modern official ineffectuality); but we have a right to require that historical monuments, which will one day seem of inestimable value, shall not be entrusted to the precarious fortune of a single copy, composed of perishable paper, and still more perishable ink. With the resources of the printing-press at our disposal, we must place them at once in security, beyond the reach of time or accident.

But to return to Dr. Pauli. With materials in the condition which we have described, his history falls of course short of what we could desire. But what he has accomplished, is really wonderful; and if hereafter, in generations to come, he may be distanced by competitors who find an open road where he has forced his way through a jungle, for the present this book stands far in advance of all other sources of information; and we hope earnestly that the present and the preceding volume will be immediately translated. The author's merits, we are happy to learn, have been appreciated in Germany; and his long residence in England is terminated by an appointment to an honourable position in his own country. We trust, however, that we shall not, in consequence, be ourselves deprived wholly of his services, and that he may yet find leisure to return among us at intervals, and follow the golden vein which he has opened. In this hope we venture with some diffidence to suggest to Dr. Pauli a few not unimportant considerations. The whole interest, the whole value of history, depends not only on the accuracy of the facts related, but on the due adjust-

ment of the respective places of those facts according to their true proportions. What is of high moment, must always occupy the centre of the pictures: what is subordinate merely, must appear as subordinate, and must claim no larger share of attention than morally belongs to it. In the due accomplishment of this necessary distribution is the difference between the historian and the annalist. The annalist daguerreotypes successively the separate features of a story, but without moral perspective, without moral unity; and he finishes an ephemeral trifle with as much minuteness as he bestows upon incidents of the most enduring moment to mankind. The historian is contented to drop the insignificant into shadow, and concentrates his mind upon the heart of the matter—on the true life and meaning of it. And here his chief difficulty meets him; for while to discover his facts he is unable to trust any witnesses except contemporaries who lived in the midst of what they describe, contemporaries are rarely alive to the relative magnitude of facts, passing over without notice what we now would most desire to know, and filling their pages with stories which have ceased to be of interest to any living being. Men most readily chronicle what they most naturally remark; and this is not the habitual and the common, which is familiar to every one, but the interruption of the habitual, the revolutions which disturb the Government, the wars, the crimes, the famines, the rocks in the stream round which the waters boil, not the deep, steady-flowing current, the silent force and power of the age. This is all which any one observes in his own time, except the few serious thinkers; while the symptoms of the forces which determine the character of the age lie in unobtrusive phenomena, of a kind wholly different, which are rarely heeded. How to discover these—how to drop the battles and the quarrellings out of the scene, and reproduce the life—this is the art and this is the difficulty of history. It is well to read of Cressy and Poitiers, of the conspiracies of nobles and the deaths of kings. It is better to understand how men lived, not in war but in peace; how kings ruled who were not feeble; how nobles lived who did not conspire. It is well to read of the corruption of churches, and the convulsions which destroyed them; it would be better to read what the Church was before it was corrupt—to learn in what way society was held together under that old Feudal system; and with what thoughts, on heaven and earth and hell, human beings lived and laboured for those long centuries when Catholicism was the faith of the most enlightened of mankind. An hour in a baron's hall or an abbey refectory would teach us more of what we really care to know of the middle ages, than the sum total of the knowledge which the collective wisdom of the nineteenth century as yet has produced upon those ages. We study the pages of our historians, and suppose that we have gained some sort of insight; we enter the aisle of a cathedral, or turn the pages of an old charter or statute-book, to feel that the sphinx is still before us, with its riddle still propounded, and still unanswered. Sad, solemn voices seem to tell us that we understand only such spirits as are like ourselves; that we do not understand the spirit of the England of the Plantagenets.

Another contribution to English History, from a foreign source, has

been made by M. Prevost Paradol, who has written a clever essay, something disfigured by a tendency to gossip, on the later years of Queen Elizabeth. The novelty of the book lies in the use which has been made by M. Paradol of the despatches of Herault de Maissy, Ambassador in London in 1597-98³. To this is prefixed a retrospective sketch of Elizabeth's position, her court, and favourites. The style is light and readable, the tone tolerably sound, and such pictures as are taken directly from De Maissy, are of great interest. Unfortunately, M. Paradol's desire to be amusing has tempted him to venture among more doubtful authorities. His information is too inaccurate to enable him to distinguish the safe from the false guides; and he obliges us to regret that he did not confine himself to an edition of the ambassador's despatches, which would have been of enduring value, instead of entering on his present more ambitious adventure. A brilliant court is at all times fertile in scandal. Why is it, that while contemporary scandals are treated by sober-minded men with the disrespect which they deserve, the analogous scandals which we meet with in courtiers' memoirs, are admitted without question as authentic historical records? M. Paradol revives the stories about the Earl of Leicester, for instance; betraying at the same time most unusual ignorance, even of the simple outward facts, which are, or ought to be, familiar to every one who undertakes to write upon the subject. Knowing that Sir Philip Sidney was Leicester's nephew, he cannot take the trouble to ascertain how he came to stand in that relation; and he informs us that Leicester's first wife was a sister of Sir Henry Sidney, Sir Philip's father. M. Paradol should at least have looked into the records of these matters deep enough to have met with the name of Amy Robsart, before he went on to repeat the accusation against Leicester of having murdered the lady in question. If he had looked a little further, he would have found that the whole charge was an infamous and groundless slander. Let every one be assured distinctly that the records of the coroner's inquest, held at Cumnor, upon the body of the Countess of Leicester, have come to light; that, by the Earl of Leicester's order, the examination was made peculiarly strict, the jury being composed of the most substantial persons in the county, and the foreman being an especial enemy of Antony Foster, in whose house the death occurred. The notion of foul play on Leicester's part is mere wanton invention.

So, again, M. Paradol repeats another pretty story—that Walter, Earl of Essex, was supposed to have been murdered by Leicester. The foundation in this case being that Leicester married Lady Essex after her husband's death. If he would have consulted the "*State Papers*," instead of placing confidence in the labour of various ladies who have been lately dabbling in the romance of history, he would have found that the Earl of Essex died of well-ascertained cholera, in Dublin,—surrounded by his own people, attended by his own physicians;

³ "*Elizabeth et Henri IV. (1595—1598), Ambassadeur de Herault de Maissy en Angleterre, au sujet de la Paix de Veroins.*" Par M. Prevost Paradol. Paris : A. Durand. 1855.

and in the reports of his illness, which were furnished from the spot by Sir Henry Sidney, we read a plain account of a natural disease and a natural death, without the smallest fraction of evidence that there was unfair agency at work. What strange fatuity possesses historians, that they permit themselves to trifle away the reputations of honourable men with repeating these gratuitous lies? Let us not be unjust to M. Paradol, however; where he trusts his own instincts, and his own authorities, he writes like a reasonable man. For his faults, not himself, but his English informants are responsible,—and the English public who grant the sanction of unchallenged popularity to his misleading guides.

Passing to more modern subjects, we have to mention an excellent little book on India, by M. F. de Lanoye,⁴ published for the French Railway Library. M. de Lanoye went out in the autumn of 1850, with introductions which gave him access to the highest civil and military circles in the Presidencies. He travelled over the entire peninsula, leaving nothing unseen which was an object of serious interest; and no subject uninquied into which could throw light on the condition of the Mussulman and Hindoo population, and on the prospects of the English sovereignty. This book is the result, and it is of peculiar value. It is of value not only as containing a summary of excellent information, set off by a graceful style and lightened by entertaining sketches of Anglo-Indian society; but as showing us, in the tone in which it is written, the feelings with which our possession of India is regarded by other nations, and especially by the French. In conjunction with the French we are at war to repress the aggressive policy of Russia. When our own analogous aggressions are pointed out to us, —when we are told that we have ourselves annexed four times more territory than Russia in the last half century, we justify the distinction which we make in our own favour, on the ground that our conquests were not sought, but forced upon us; and that our beneficent rule is a blessing to the people whom we have subdued. It is important to know how far other nations share this impression; and especially, as we said, how far the French share it. M. de Lanoye is, perhaps, as well disposed towards us as any Frenchman at the present day is likely to be. He speaks of us without any trace of jealousy or hostility; he regards our character with feelings as warm, perhaps, as we could ourselves desire. The opinions expressed by him, therefore, are likely to contain the most favourable form of the public sentiment on this subject which exists the other side of the Channel; and it is worth our while to attend carefully to the character of these opinions. The first forty pages contain an introductory sketch of the growth of the Indian empire; and it is one long act of accusation for a series of unprovoked aggressions, marked at every step by rapacity, violence, and broken faith. We do not say that these charges are true, but this is the light in which our conduct is regarded by the intelligence of France; and the light in which it is so regarded may, by and by, be of unspeakable moment to us. Comparing us with the Mogul con-

⁴ "L'Inde Contemporaine." Par F. de Lanoye. Paris: 1855.

querors, infinitely to our disadvantage, M. de Lanoye says that the government of the East India Company has been characterized solely by a desire to multiply their dividends; and that although during the last few years the people may be supposed to have gained something from English rule, in the security of their lives and properties, yet that the slight advantages which we may be allowed to have conferred are as yet in their infancy; that we have no security against a relapse under the earlier system; and that, at the best, the monuments of Mogul enterprise and Mogul civilization are our perpetual reproach and shame. Let M. Lanoye speak for himself:—

"Non !" he says to the question, if we may compare ourselves with the Moguls. "Non ! Les Anglais, qui après quatre-vingt ans de suprématie, n'ont rien colonisé, rien fondé dans l'Inde, qui, en dehors de leur armée et de leurs comptoirs, n'y ont pas fixé un seul Européen; qui n'y laisseraient d'autres traces de leur passage, s'ils en étaient expulsés demain, que des villas aussi perissables que somptueuses, un chemin de fer de plaisance, et les fils d'un télégraphe électrique, ne peuvent se vanter d'avoir dans le sol des racines aussi profondes qu'en avait cette domination Mogole, qui, la veille de la tempête qui l'emporta, comptait cent cinquante ans de pouvoir fort, régulier, homogène et plusieurs générations de grands souverains, avait couvert l'Inde de cités florissantes, de travaux d'utilité publique, d'établissements de bienfaisance, et s'appuyait sur quinze millions de coreligionnaires.

Non ! la politique d'une association fondée pour l'exploitation des richesses, des sueurs et de l'indépendance d'un peuple formant au moins la sixième partie du genre humain, la politique qui a réalisé l'union intime de l'arbitraire du proconsul et de l'avidité du trafiquant n'a rien à démêler avec la grande politique d'Akbar; l'Hindou qui a beni l'une a stigmatisé l'autre en ces termes; 'Elle s'est emparé du pays par la fraude, l'honorable et victorieuse compagnie !'

Non encore ! en échange des avantages incalculables qu'elle a retirés de ce sol, qu'Aurang-Zeb appelait avec orgueil le Paradis des régions terrestres, la compagnie jusqu'à ces derniers temps, n'y avait répandu aucune idée féconde, aucun des genres de la civilisation occidentale. Insoucieuse du bien-être, de la moralité, de la vie de ses innombrables sujets, insensible à tout ce qui n'était pas matière d'exportation ou d'importation, monopoles, traitements, profits et dividendes la compagnie avait pressuré l'Inde à tel point que ces cris de détresse de mendiants du Bengale : '*Oh pitié ! je meurs de faim !—voyez, le ventre misérable est vide !—L'homme blanc mange et boit tout les jours ; l'homme noir dévore sa faim avec sa honte !*' ne semblaient, il n'y a pas bien longtemps encore, à des observations consciencieux, que l'écho fidèle du râle d'agonie de la population Hindoue tout entière."

If the English occupation of India is regarded in a light so painful by our allies, it is not likely to be looked upon with gentler feelings elsewhere. In Northern Europe, among Prussians, Austrians, and Russians, the taunts which we have lavished on these nations for the appropriation of Poland, we may believe readily, are returned upon us with interest. The Americans also, whose opinion is of moment to us, do not recognise as completely as we could desire, our right to reproach them with annexation. A graphic account of the state of feeling in the United States is furnished for us by Mr. Oliphant, who, during a few months of leisure in the summer of 1854 made an interesting expedition to the western frontiers of civilization, and has written for us an effective though hasty sketch of what he saw

and heard.⁵ Mr. Oliphant went up Lake Huron from Niagara, and thence to the head of Lake Superior to Fond du Lac. From Fond du Lac he crossed the watershed to the sources of the Mississippi, and descended the main stream till he joined the Michigan Railway. The chief object of his book is to report on the amazing rapidity with which the Americans are pushing their advances westward, and the commercial resources which their enterprise is opening out. Already by the Buffalo Canal and the Sault Canal they have made Lake Superior accessible from the Atlantic by ships of considerable burden. A Cowes yacht might sail westward from the Needles, and need neither turn nor drop anchor till it had penetrated 2000 miles into the heart of North America; and the broad breast of Lake Superior is already whitened by the sails of an inland navy. For many reasons we urge attention to this book. Our space will allow us to make but one extract of most immediate, though we will trust of only passing importance to ourselves. The scene is at St. Paul, on the Mississippi. A group of Americans are talking in front of the hotel; the subject is on the Russian war; and the sentiments expressed by one of the speakers Mr. Oliphant represents as entertained all but universally throughout the States:—

"I conclude," says the Colonel, turning with modesty to his admiring audience, "that I can about see as far into a millstone as the man that pecks it. Wal, you Britishers air 'eute—you go on the high moral ticket. You call annexation robbery and territorial aggression; but there ain't a power in creation that's swallowed more of other people's country without choking than you have, when nobody was looking pertickler. And now you're a-going to fight for civilization by protecting the most barbarous power in Europe, and for liberty by allying yourself with a French despot and a Mahometan tyrant. But chaw me, if liberty ain't a long sight better off in the hands of that old 'possum, Nicholas, than such mealy-mouthed hypocrites. You understand stabbing great principles in the dark—you do! Liberty's all bunkum with you. If it ain't, what do you go cringing and seraping to all the despots in Europe for, when you could raise the hull Continent in the cause of freedom if you'd a mind to? Why don't you choke off your privileged classes, and sot your oppressed white niggers free, and gin back the black niggers in the Indies the country you've robbed 'em of, instead of sereeching at us, and coming over here with your long faces, and almighty jaw, and unremittin' lies about slavery and Cuba? There's no sin in creation your no-souled, canting, bellows-winded Parliament won't commit, if they can make a darned cent by it. And if you were to take the Crimea, there'd be no holding you: civilization, and liberty, and all the rest of it, would be in danger over here then,—and the slaves in Cuba would have to be protected; and you'd be fighting against us to preserve the liberal institutions of Spain. But there's no fear of that—the Roosians will whip you into ribbons when they get a chance. Why, they've got the sympathies of our country with them; and it's well known, that every great question t'other side Jordan is settled by public opinion here. You'll find the mistake you made. Now, you'll all go to blazes together; and there ain't a man in these diggins as won't be glad to hear that the old country has a-busted up, fighting for—ha! ha! ha!—boys, what do you think? Liberty!" And the Colonel wiped the perspiration from his brow, and looked like a man who felt that he had distinguished himself."

"The audience," Mr. Oliphant says, "were in an ecstasy of admira-

⁵ "Minnesota and the Far West." By Laurence Oliphant, Esq., Author of "The Russian Shores of the Black Sea." Blackwood and Sons. Edinburgh: 1855.

tion," and regarded me with a certain complacency as one who had been "chawed up some," and considerably "run over" by the Colonel. "I have a consciousness," Mr. Oliphant adds, "of the same sort myself—and in default of any right honourable gentlemen being present to defend a policy which has been found somewhat incomprehensible in other quarters of the world besides the Far West, it is allowed to stand or fall by its own merits."

We may be supposed to be going beyond our office as reviewers of books, in turning our criticisms upon politics; but inasmuch as books of all kinds have caught the infection, reviewers are obliged to follow them, and must travel with the rest of the world, in the wake of the great moving interest of the day. Even the light amusements of the summer are dragged within the charmed circle; and the racing yachts of the Thames are exchanging Erith Reach for the Baltic, and the signal guns of the regattas for the fierce war thunder of battle. For the last two summers the Baltic fleet has been attended by a tiny yacht, eight tons burden, which its owner, Mr. Hughes, of Magdalen College, Cambridge, has piloted through the storms of the North Sea, and which has carried him safely among the rocks of Bomarsund and the shot at Sweborg.⁶ "The Log of the Pet" is the record of these adventurous expeditions; and besides a very pleasant and readable account of the voyage and its incidents, it contains by far the clearest version of the two great actions of the war in those seas. "The army of lions led by asses," appears to hold of our fleets as well as of our armies. Mr. Hughes describes the officers and men as all which was most gallant, daring, and chivalrous; while the "timides avis" were so predominant in the high circles, that one of Mr. Hughes's friends declared he would leave the navy and take to pheasant shooting, as the more dangerous amusement. Meanwhile, the consequences of all this are becoming serious. Mr. Hughes, on returning at the close of the summer to England, says that he much wondered what he would find going on among us.

"Would our countrymen be aware, that even among our friends and kinsmen on the Continent, the decline of England's power, the inefficiency of England's army, navy, and government, is the topic of the day? Would it have occurred to men's minds that the paltry figure we have cut in the war is causing Swede, and Dane, and German to distrust the wooden walls, and to look to other quarters for a counterpoise to the great military powers of Western Europe? That the name and fame of England, which cost so much to win, is oozing away from our ships like Bob Acre's courage from the tips of his fingers?

"While speculating on this unprofitable subject, the pilot came on board, and told us that Sebastopol was taken, and that the English were repulsed from the Redan."

Before leaving the war, we ought to mention two excellent little French books, one on Turkey,⁷ the other on the Baltic.⁸ They are

⁶ "Two Cruises with the Baltic Fleet, in 1854—5. Being the Log of the Pet Yacht, Eight Tons, R.T.Y.C." By the Rev. Robert Edgar Hughes, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge. London: Smith and Elder. 1855.

⁷ "Constantinople et la Turquie. Tableau Historique, Pittoresque, Statistique et Moral de l'Empire Ottomane." Par Louis Enault. Paris: Librairie de L. Hachette. 1855.

⁸ "La Baltique." Par L. Léouzon Le Duc. Paris: Librairie de L. Hachette. 1855.

both clever and unaffected, written in the pleasant, flowing manner in which the French are so unrivalled, and which forms the perfection of style for idle reading. In the former we have a history of the Turks, rippling lightly along the centuries; an account of their conquests, their settlements, their present habits, public and private; the writer keeping his eye mainly on the bright side of things, and where there are spots so dark that they refuse to allow his good nature to hide them, passing on *currente calamo* with an amusing grace which, for its own and its readers' sakes, cannot allow itself to be seriously disturbed. How far M. Enault is an instructive companion we will not say, but there is not the least doubt that he is a very pleasant one; and in these, as in most days, whoever will help us to pass an agreeable hour has deserved well of his kind.

M. Léouzon Le Duc is a writer of something the same kind; in so far that is, as he shows the same cheerful, sunny disposition; but the tone of his thought is higher than M. Enault's, and his imagination more sensitive. The war was perhaps the occasion of his writing his book; a novel curiosity having suddenly started into life, about the scenes to which it has introduced us; but M. le Duc's tour was long antecedent to the disturbance of the peace; and having visited, as he did, every place of importance through the whole circuit of the Baltic, his descriptions, as he tells us himself, are rather of those enduring features of the scenes and of the people, which will survive the present troubles, than of objects which derive only a passing and temporary interest from the events of the day. And this is well. It is well for us to be reminded that "the enemy" are human beings with souls like the rest of us; and to become acquainted with other features in their character beyond their skill in earthworks and with Minié rifles.

From these light Frenchmen to the ponderous Germans is a wide leap. With the former we are in the busy, noisy, outer world, warmed and lighted by the summer sun; with the Germans we are breathing the heavy atmosphere of some great gloomy library, through the dense walls of which, deeply lined with folios, the hum of life but faintly and fitfully penetrates. Cannon may thunder, thrones shake, and nations rock in revolution; but the learned students spin on their webs in busy ineffectuality; multiplying volumes press out into a shadowy existence like the multiplying masses of mankind, who show themselves on this earth one knows not why; who are launched upon a career, to appearance without either purpose or enduring reality; and who, unnoticed and uncared for in life, drop off in death when their time comes, and are forgotten.

οἷη περ φυλλῶν γενεή τοιηδε καὶ ἀνθρώπων.

Such is the character and such is the fate of books as well as of men; and there lie three great volumes before us, for two of which at least no other fate can be expected, however much we might desire it. It were curious to ascertain how many first volumes are published, of works threatening to expand into giants, yet which perish for want of sustenance in their cradles, cut short in the opening of

existence. Here, for instance, is a most learned, profoundly learned, first volume on the Hellenes in Scythia—580 pages of close print, with a promise of a successor of like dimensions.⁹ It is a work the labour of which has been enormous, the modesty of which disarms criticism, and with which there is no fault to be found. It is learned, sober, industrious. Much of it has been on hand maturing itself for the nine years of the critic; and yet, except in the chapter on the antiquities which have been discovered at Kertsch, which is really valuable and interesting, we feel that we are treading in a world of uncertainty, wandering amidst what seems to be knowledge, but which is suspended on the arches of conjecture. It is perhaps ungracious to speak of the book of a worthy man in this way. Whoever will take pains to learn and communicate unknown matter, has laid us so far under obligation; and we have no right to quarrel with him for choosing his own form. Be it so. We trust, then, that the economy of the universe, which provides for all things the ends which they shall answer, and allows nothing to exist except for some final cause which cannot be otherwise attained, has provided readers whose minds desire the food which here is furnished for them.

Another learned writer offers us the first of five volumes, which are to be equally massive with itself, on the Political History of Prussia.¹⁰ Of the merits of this volume as an authority on matters of fact, we are unable to speak; but as a book, while it deals with a most interesting and exciting period, describing for one thing the religious revolutions in Bohemia in the fifteenth century, it neither interests nor excites. There is an entire absence of dramatic life, of personal action, of all those traits of humanity which touch the heart and imagination as well as assault the understanding. And such books, whatever may be their value politically and scientifically, can never persuade us to read them by their own internal charms. The talker who is merely instructive rarely finds listeners. The book which does not please hangs upon the shelves.

"The Emperor Henry the Fourth and his Age"¹¹ is of far higher promise. This also is a first volume, and dedicated by the writer to "his teacher, Leopold Ranke." The subject is the great question of the middle ages, the conflict between the civil and the spiritual powers, and when the book is completed, it will contain a full account of the culmination of the Papal power under Hildebrand. Our own views do not at all coincide with those of the Herr Floto. We are persuaded that a better historical case can be made for the Papal supremacy during the earlier centuries of Christianity than he allows; and the position conquered for the Church by Hildebrand we are unable to regard as the same unmixed evil which he considers it. But his book at any rate

⁹ "Die Hellenen im Scythenlande. Ein Beitrag zur Alten Geographie Ethnographie und Handel Geschichte." Von Dr. Karl Neuman. Berlin: Verlag von George Reimer. 1855.

¹⁰ "Geschichte der Preussischen Politic." Von John Gust Droysen. Erster Theil, Die Gründung. Berlin: Verlag von Veit und Comp. 1855.

¹¹ "Kaiser Heinrich der Vierte und sein Zeitalter." Von Hartwig Floto. Erster Band. Stuttgart und Hamburg. Verlag von Rudolf Besser. 1855.

shows an understanding of what history is, and ought to be. It shows that the writer knows the difficulty of what he has undertaken, and does not altogether suppose that he can write an adequate account of the middle ages with a *rechauffée* of monastic chronicles, set round with a commentary of nineteenth century philosophy. He is aware that the best which he can achieve is very little, and comprehending the limitations under which he has to work, he does that little wisely and well.

"The heroes of those times," he says, "the men whose actions and whose sufferings I have undertaken to relate, are and must be, even to the keenest eye, little more than fleeting shadows. It is far easier when crossing a country on a bitter January day, the trees bared of their leaves, the landscape wrapped in winter gloom, and the snow crushing under our feet, to place ourselves with an effort of imagination in the midst of sultry July with its luxuriant green, its balmy breezes, and its yellow cornfields—than in this modern time to represent to ourselves the culture and the sentiment of an era which is gone from us."

There speaks a wise man; whose lightest word will therefore weigh more with us, when he allows himself to pronounce on any point a decided judgment, than the thousand fluent phrases of those writers who slip along through the history of the world, as if it were as easy to decipher as the first lesson of a child's first spelling-book.

We have to welcome also an unpretending little volume of 300 pages, containing a life of Scaliger,¹² with various extracts from his writings, and a few unpublished letters. This book will chiefly interest scholars; but an account of a remarkable man is universally valuable. A remarkable man moves through his age like a lamp throwing light round him on all sides, and the incidental remarks of persons of clear judgment on matters with which they have no political connexion, are often of the highest historical value. Scaliger, for instance, is likely to have been an unprejudiced witness on the character of Mary Queen of Scots, and this is what he says of her:—"Marie-Stuard Reyne d'Ecosse avoit un beau mari et delectabatur turpibus adulteriis—lorsque j'estois, elle estoit en mauvais mesnage avec son mari à cause de la mort de ce David. L'Histoire de Buchanan est très vraye."

"The Life and Times of Herodotus"¹³ is a good scheme, but marred in the execution. The object is to give an account of the general condition of the known world in the fifth century before Christ; and the reader is supposed to accompany an educated Greek on his grand tour. The idea promises well, but we object to the introduction of Herodotus. Mr. Wheeler has no right to run reality and fiction into one. If he wished to describe the travels of Herodotus, he should

¹² "Joseph Justus Scaliger." Von Jacob Bernays. Mit einem Portrait Scaligers ausgewählten stücken aus seinen selteneren schriften, und einigen bisher nicht Gedruckten Briefen. Berlin. 1855.

¹³ "The Life and Travels of Herodotus in the Fifth Century before Christ. An Imaginary Biography, founded on Fact." By J. Talboys Wheeler. In Two Volumes. London: Longmans. 1855.

have ascertained exactly what places Herodotus actually visited. He should have allowed him to describe in his own words what he saw and heard; and from other sources he might have supplied in notes any other knowledge with respect to the several countries, peoples, or scenes, which he could discover. If he had desired to extend the journey and give a more discursive character to it, he should have invented a traveller. The author would highly disapprove of this reviewer if he were to write a description, for instance, of Paris or Rome: and publish it as resulting from the observations of Mr. J. Talboys Wheeler. He would tell us that we had taken an unwarrantable liberty with his name; and he would consider it a lame explanation if we were to say in defence of ourselves that we had carefully studied his writings, and had made him say nothing but what we were assured he would have said, would have been likely to have said, or ought to have said: he would assure us that we had told lies of him, mere lies; and would treat us accordingly. Let him do to others as he would they should do to him. The dead are entitled to deeper respect from us than the living, because their reputation is no longer in their own keeping; they have left us the trustees of their name and fame. Once for all, we have no right to invent language and invent actions under any pretext whatsoever for real persons, dead or living. Another blemish in this book, of an analogous kind, is the introduction of Nehemiah, who is made to talk to Herodotus about the Atonement, with a subsequent visit of the historian to Jerusalem. This is the more unpardonable, as the silence of the real Herodotus about the Jews is one of the most remarkable features in his history; while it is nothing less than criminal to take liberties with the Messianic prophecies, and invent an anticipation for the later prophets which it is certain they did not possess. Mr. Wheeler was probably misled by the apocryphal books of Esdras, and does not know that those books are universally surrendered as spurious.

Mr. Prescott's long-expected book¹⁴ has reached us late; we are therefore excused the attempt, which we should under any circumstances have reluctantly undertaken, of giving a conception within the compass of a short notice of a work so remarkable. Our first impression on beginning to read it was one of disappointment—"The Conquest of Mexico," has formed a standard by which we involuntarily try any fresh production of its author; and when we have imagined beforehand what a particular book is likely to be, the reality may be far better than our expectation, yet it will seem on first acquaintance to be something less than what we had desired. The reign of Philip II. might be depicted with the tremendous majesty of the Athenian Drama, it might be described with the scorn of Carlyle or the sombre irony of Tacitus. Mr. Prescott, on a prolonged perusal we are ready to allow, has chosen a style better suited to his own genius, and perhaps better calculated to touch the right chord in the mind of his readers.

¹⁴ "History of the Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain." By William H. Prescott. In Two Volumes. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street. 1855.

This story of that terrible collision of passions, the great world tragedy in which the faith of a new era was struggling in its infancy with the blind efforts of its parent-church to murder it; that dreadful time in which the erring conscience mistook crime for duty; and the forms of vice and virtue were no longer distinguishable in the black cloud which had settled down over the earth—when once again the truth of God had appeared among mankind, not to send peace but a sword; to set princes against subjects, fathers against children, brothers against brother, wife against husband: all this is described by Mr. Prescott in language not of partisanship, scarcely with human indignation or human sympathy; but in “the still sad music” of wise melancholy. We are taken back into the sixteenth century as among men whose faults are buried in their tombs. The age lies spread out before us as if it were a church-yard in moonlight, yet without the shadows which make the forms of moonlight fearful; we walk among the realms of the dead, loving those to whom love is due—feeling for those whom in life we should most have hated only the sorrowing pity with which we should read their names upon their sepulchres.

This is all which we can say now. The best judgment which Mr. Prescott can receive upon his work will be the deserved admiration of America and England.

BELLES LETTRES.

WE never read Heinsius—a great admission for a reviewer—but we learn from M. Arago that that formidably erudite writer pronounces Aristotle’s works to be characterized by a *majestic obscurity which repels the ignorant*. We borrow these words to indicate what is likely to be the first impression of a reader who, without any previous familiarity with Browning, glances through his two new volumes of poems.¹ The less acute he is, the more easily will he arrive at the undeniable criticism, that these poems have a “majestic obscurity,” which repels not only the ignorant but the idle. To read poems is often a substitute for thought: fine-sounding conventional phrases and the sing-song of verse demand no co-operation in the reader; they glide over his mind with the agreeable unmeaningness of “the compliments of the season,” or a speaker’s exordium on “feelings too deep for expression.” But let him expect no such drowsy passivity in reading Browning. Here he will find no conventionality, no melodious commonplace, but freshness, originality, sometimes eccentricity of expression; no didactic laying-out of a subject, but dramatic indication, which requires the reader to trace by his own mental activity the underground stream of thought that jets out in elliptical and pithy verse. To read Browning he must exert himself, but he will exert himself to some purpose. If he finds the meaning

¹ “Men and Women.” By Robert Browning. In 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

difficult of access, it is always worth his effort—if he has to dive deep, “he rises with his pearl.” Indeed, in Browning’s best poems he makes us feel that what we took for obscurity in him was superficiality in ourselves. We are far from meaning that all his obscurity is like the obscurity of the stars, dependent simply on the feebleness of men’s vision. On the contrary, our admiration for his genius only makes us feel the more acutely that its inspirations are too often straitened by the garb of whimsical mannerism with which he clothes them. This mannerism is even irritating sometimes, and should at least be kept under restraint in *printed* poems, where the writer is not merely indulging his own vein, but is avowedly appealing to the mind of his reader.

Turning from the ordinary literature of the day to such a writer as Browning, is like turning from Flotow’s music, made up of well-pieced shreds and patches, to the distinct individuality of Chopin’s Studies or Schubert’s Songs. Here, at least, is a man who has something of his own to tell us, and who can tell it impressively, if not with faultless art. There is nothing sickly or dreamy in him: he has a clear eye, a vigorous grasp, and courage to utter what he sees and handles. His robust energy is informed by a subtle, penetrating spirit, and this blending of opposite qualities gives his mind a rough piquancy that reminds one of a russet apple. His keen glance pierces into all the secrets of human character, but, being as thoroughly alive to the outward as to the inward, he reveals those secrets, not by a process of dissection, but by dramatic painting. We fancy his own description of a poet applies to himself:—

“He stood and watched the cobbler at his trade,
The man who slices lemons into drink,
The coffee-roaster’s brazier, and the boys
That volunteer to help him at the winch.
He glanced o’er books on stalls with half an eye,
And fly-leaf ballads on the vendor’s string,
And broad-edge bold-print posters by the wall.
*He took such cognizance of men and things,
If any beat a horse, you felt he saw;
If any cursed a woman, he took note;
Yet stared at nobody,—they stared at him,
And found, less to their pleasure than surprise,
He seemed to know them and expect as much.*”

Browning has no soothing strains, no chants, no lullabys; he rarely gives voice to our melancholy, still less to our gaiety; he sets our thoughts at work rather than our emotions. But though eminently a thinker, he is as far as possible from prosaic; his mode of presentation is always concrete, artistic, and, where it is most felicitous, dramatic. Take, for example, “Fra Lippo Lippi,” a poem at once original and perfect in its kind. The artist-monk, Fra Lippo, is supposed to be detected by the night-watch roaming the streets of Florence, and while sharing the wine with which he makes amends to the Dogberrys for the roughness of his tongue, he pours forth the story of his life and his art with the racy conversational vigour of a brawny genius under the influence of the Care-dispeller.

"I was a baby when my mother died
 And father died and left me in the street.
 I starved there, God knows how, a year or two
 On fig-skins, melon-parings, rinds and shucks,
 Refuse and rubbish. One fine frosty day
 My stomach being empty as your hat,
 The wind doubled me up and down I went.
 Old aunt Lapaccia trussed me with one hand,
 (Its fellow was a stinger as I knew)
 And so along the wall, over the bridge,
 By the straight cut to the convent. Six words, there,
 While I stood munching my first bread that month :
 'So, boy, you're minded,' quoth the good fat father
 Wiping his own mouth, 'twas refecton time,—
 'To quit this very miserable world?
 Will you renounce' . . . The mouthful of bread? thought I;
 By no means! Brief, they made a monk of me.

* * * * *

'Let's see what the urchin's fit for'—that came next.

Not overmuch their way, I must confess.
 Such a to-do! they tried me with their books.
 Lord, they'd have taught me Latin in pure waste!
Flower o' the clove,

All the Latin I construe is, 'amo' I love!

But, mind you, when a boy starves in the streets
 Eight years together as my fortune was,
 Watching folk's faces to know who will fling
 The bit of half-stripped grape-bunch he desires,
 And who will curse or kick him for his pains—
 Which gentleman processional and fine,
 Holding a caudle to the Sacrament,
 Will wink and let him lift a plate and catch
 The droppings of the wax to sell again,
 Or holla for the Eight and have him whipped,—
 How say I?—nay, which dog bites, which lets drop
 His bone from the heap of offal in the street!
 —The soul and sense of him grow sharp alike,
 He learns the look of things, and none the less
 For admonitions from the hunger-pinch.
 I had a store of such remarks, be sure,
 Which, after I found leisure, turned to use :
 I drew men's faces on my copy-books,
 Scrawled them within the antiphonary's marge,
 Joined legs and arms to the long music-notes,
 Found nose and eyes and chin for A.s and B.s,
 And made a string of pictures of the world
 Betwixt the ins and outs of verb and noun,
 On the wall, the bench, the door. The monks looked black.
 'Nay,' quoth the Prior, 'turn him out, d'ye say?
 In no wise. Lose a crow and catch a lark.
 What if at last we get our man of parts,
 We Carmelites, like those Camaldolese
 And Preaching Friars, to do our church up fine
 And put the front on it that ought to be!
 And hereupon they bade me daub away.
 Thank you! my head being crammed, their walls a blank,

Never was such prompt disburdening.
 First, every sort of monk, the black and white,
 I drew them fat and lean : then, folks at church,
 From good old gossips waiting to confess
 Their cribs of barrel-droppings, candle-ends,—
 To the breathless fellow at the altar-foot,
 Fresh from his murder, safe and sitting there
 With the little children round him in a row
 Of admiration, half for his beard and half
 For that white anger of his victim's son
 Shaking a fist at him with one fierce arm,
 Signing himself with the other because of Christ,
*(Whose sad face on the cross sees only this
 After the passion of a thousand years)*
 Till some poor girl, her apron o'er her head
 Which the intense eyes looked through, came at eve
 On tip-toe, said a word, dropped in a loaf,
 Her pair of ear-rings and a bunch of flowers
 The brute took growling, prayed, and then was gone.
 I painted all, then cried 'tis ask and have—
 Choose, for more's ready!—laid the ladder flat,
 And showed my covered bit of cloister-wall.
 The monks closed in a circle and praised loud
 Till checked (taught what to see and not to see,
 Being simple bodies), 'that's the very man!
 Look at the boy who stoops to pat the dog!
 That woman's like the Prior's niece who comes
 To care about his asthma: it's the life!
 But there my triumph's straw-fire flared and fumed—
 Their betters took their turn to see and say:
 The Prior and the learned pulled a face
 And stopped all that in no time. 'How? what's here?
 Quite from the mark of painting, bless us all!
 Faces, arms, legs and bodies like the true
 As much as pea and pea! it's devil's-game!
 Your business is not to catch men with show,
 With homage to the perishable clay,
 But lift them over it, ignore it all,
 Make them forget there's such a thing as flesh.
 Your business is to paint the souls of men—
 Man's soul, and it's a fire, smoke . . no it's not . .
 It's vapour done up like a new-born babe—
 (In that shape when you die it leaves your mouth)
 It's . . well, what matters talking, it's the soul!
 Give us no more of body than shows soul.

* * * * *

Have it all out!' Now, is this sense, I ask?
 A fine way to paint soul, by painting body
 So ill, the eye can't stop there, must go further
 And can't fare worse! Thus, yellow does for white
 When what you put for yellow's simply black,
 And any sort of meaning looks intense
When all beside itself means and looks nought.
 Why can't a painter lift each foot in turn,
 Left foot and right foot, go a double step,
 Make his flesh liker and his soul more like,

Both in their order? Take the prettiest face,
 The Prior's niece . . . patron-saint—is it so pretty
 You can't discover if it means hope, fear,
 Sorrow or joy? won't beauty go with these?
 Suppose I've made her eyes all right and blue,
 Can't I take breath and try to add life's flash,
 And then add soul and heighten them threefold?
 Or say there's beauty with no soul at all—
 (I never saw it—put the case the same—)
 If you get simple beauty and nought else,
 You get about the best thing God invents,—
 That's somewhat. And you'll find the soul you have missed,
 Within yourself when you return Him thanks!

* * * * *

“You be judge!

You speak no Latin more than I, belike—
 However, you're my man, you've seen the world
 —The beauty and the wonder and the power,
 The shapes of things, their colours, lights and shades,
 Changes, surprises,—and God made it all!
 —For what? do you feel thankful, ay or no,
 For this fair town's face, yonder river's line,
 The mountain round it and the sky above,
 Much more the figures of man, woman, child,
 These are the frame to? What's it all about?
 To be passed o'er, despised? or dwelt upon,
 Wondered at? oh, this last of course, you say.
 But why not do as well as say,—paint these
 Just as they are, careless what comes of it?
 God's works—paint anyone, and count it crime
 To let a truth slip. Don't object, 'His works
 Are here already—nature is complete:
 Suppose you reproduce her—(which you can't)
 There's no advantage! you must beat her, then.'
 For, don't you mark, we're made so that we love
 First when we see them painted, things we have passed
 Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
 And so they are better, painted—better to us,
 Which is the same thing. *Art was given for that—
 God uses us to help each other so,
 Lending our minds out.*”

Extracts cannot do justice to the fine dramatic touches by which Fra Lippo is made present to us, while he throws out this instinctive Art-criticism. And extracts from “Bishop Blougram's Apology,” an equally remarkable poem of what we may call the dramatic-psychological kind, would be still more ineffective. “Sylvester Blougram, styled *in partibus Episcopus*,” is talking

:“Over the glass's edge when dinner's done,
 And body gets its sop and holds its noise
 And leaves soul free a little,”

with “Gigadibs the literary man,” to whom he is bent on proving by the most exasperatingly ingenious sophistry, that the theory of life on which he grounds his choice of being a bishop, though a doubting one

is wiser in the moderation of its ideal, with the certainty of attainment, than the Gigadibs theory, which aspires after the highest and attains nothing. The way in which Blougram's motives are dug up from below the roots, and laid bare to the very last fibre, not by a process of hostile exposure, not by invective or sarcasm, but by making himself exhibit them with a self-complacent sense of supreme acuteness, and even with a crushing force of worldly common sense, has the effect of masterly satire. But the poem is too strictly consecutive for any fragments of it to be a fair specimen. Belonging to the same order of subtle yet vigorous writing are the "Epistle of Karshish, the Arab physician," "Cleon," and "How it strikes a Contemporary." "In a Balcony," is so fine, that we regret it is not a complete drama instead of being merely the suggestion of a drama. One passage especially tempts us to extract.

"All women love great men
If young or old—it is in all the tales—
Young beauties love old poets who can love—
Why should not he the poems in my soul,
The love, the passionate faith, the sacrifice,
The constancy? I throw them at his feet.
Who cares to see the fountain's very shape
And whether it be a Triton's or a Nymph's
That pours the foam, makes rainbows all around?
You could not praise indeed the empty conch;
But I'll pour floods of love and hide myself."

These lines are less rugged than is usual with Browning's blank verse; but generally, the greatest deficiency we feel in his poetry is its want of music. The worst poems in his new volumes are, in our opinion, his lyrical efforts; for in these, where he engrosses us less by his thought, we are more sensible of his obscurity and his want of melody. His lyrics, instead of tripping along with easy grace, or rolling with a torrent-like grandeur, seem to be struggling painfully under a burthen too heavy for them; and many of them have the disagreeable puzzling effect of a charade, rather than the touching or animating influence of song. We have said that he is never prosaic; and it is remarkable that in his blank verse, though it is often colloquial, we are never shocked by the sense of a sudden lapse into prose. Wordsworth is, on the whole, a far more musical poet than Browning, yet we remember no line in Browning so prosaic as many of Wordsworth's, which in some of his finest poems have the effect of bricks built into a rock. But we must also say that though Browning never flounders helplessly on the plain, he rarely soars above a certain table-land—a footing between the level of prose and the topmost heights of poetry. He does not take possession of our souls and set them aglow, as the greatest poets—the greatest artists do. We admire his power, we are not subdued by it. Language with him does not seem spontaneously to link itself into song, as sounds link themselves into melody in the mind of the creative musician; he rather seems by his commanding powers to compel language into verse. He has *chosen* verse as his medium; but of our greatest poets we feel that they had

no choice: Verse chose them. Still we are grateful that Browning chose this medium: we would rather have "Fra Lippo Lippi" than an essay on Realism in Art; we would rather have "The Statue and the Bust" than a three-volumed novel with the same moral; we would rather have "Holy Cross-Day" than "Strictures on the Society for the Emancipation of the Jews."

By way of counterbalancing our judgment, we will give a parting quotation from one of the most musical of the rhymed poems.

"My perfect wife, my Leonor,
 Oh, heart my own, oh, eyes, mine too,
 Whom else could I dare look backward for,
 With whom beside should I dare pursue
 The path grey heads abhor?
 For it leads to a crag's sheer edge with them;
 Youth, flowery all the way, there stops—
 Not they; age threatens and they condemn,
 Till they reach the gulf wherein youth drops,
 One inch from our life's safe hem!
 * * * * *
 My own, confirm me! If I tread
 This path back, is it not in pride
 To think how little I dreamed it led
 To an age so blest that by its side
 Youth seems the waste instead!
 My own, see where the years conduct!
 At first, *'twas something our two souls*
Should mix as mists do: each is sucked
Into each now; on, the new stream rolls,
Whatever rocks obstruct."

To readers who find no compensation in Browning for his ruggedness and obscurity, who see no charm in his quaint embroideries, we recommend "The Poetical Works of Augustine Duganne,"²—a sort of poetical flowered calico of which we feel sure that the manufacturer can produce any quantity to order. Here they will find a large volume of smooth versifying on unexceptionable sentiments, adorned with a portrait of the author, presenting unexceptionable features. There is we think, one touch of originality in Mr. Duganne's volume—a new form of affectation in his preface. A certain Mr. Lesley writes to "the author," urging him to publication in the following easy epistolary style, which you perceive at once was not meant for the public eye: "It is, of a Truth, too common, that the World hath little Care of its chiefest Treasures, whereby too often it hath lost divers Pearls, and indeed, first-water gems, that had been well coveted by the lordliest wishes," &c., &c. Whereupon Mr. Duganne, in a sentimental letter that, towards the end, bursts into lyricism to the extent of four stanzas, informs Mr. Lesley, that his wish regarding "my humble works" is "granted as soon as asked." A dramatic mode of indicating that the appearance of Mr. Duganne's poems in what Mr. Lesley calls "syn-

² "The Poetical Works of Augustine Duganne." Philadelphia: Parry and McMillan.

thetic garb"—meaning, in vulgar language, one volume large octavo—is simply a concession to friendly wishes, which we all know, from our experience of authors, to be a highly probable state of the case. It is not from any desire to be severe on Mr. Duganne, but because we value simplicity as the small change of integrity, that we notice this affectation of his. The air of society is poisoned by transparent hypocrisies, which every one sees through and laughs at in his fellow men, yet strangely enough believes to be impenetrable in his own case. Mr. Duganne has a satirical poem in which he appears to be as free from any pangs of diffidence as might be expected from the humility of his prefatory letter. In a note to this poem, he informs us that Longfellow's fame will rest chiefly on the merits of his early and "less pretending" lyrics, not foreseeing the appearance of "*Hiawatha*,"³ which may rank with the "*Scarlet Letter*," as one of the two most indigenous and masterly productions in American literature.

The coincidences of publication do not often present so striking a conjunction as that of "*Men and Women*" and "*Hiawatha*." Browning's poems seem to smell of the warm south; they tell of pictures and statues, of the complex questions and the complex forms of life which belong to an old civilization. "*Hiawatha*" brings us a breeze from the forest and the prairie; it has the simplicity, the purely narrative spirit, the child-like love of every outward detail, which belong to the primitive epic; it embalms the most human elements in the life and ideas of a race of hunters and warriors. "This Indian Edda, if I may so call it," says Longfellow, "is founded on a tradition prevalent among the North American Indians, of a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. . . . With this old tradition I have woven other curious Indian legends. . . . The scene of the poem is among the Ojibway son the southern shore of Lake Superior, in the region between the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable." The metre which he has chosen, and which he manages with exquisite art, is, as those who are wise on such subjects tell us, derived from the ancient literature of Northern Europe, and its large, simple melody, is one of the greatest charms in the poem. Indeed, every time we look into the volume, this metre seems to have a stronger fascination for us. Longfellow has woven into the Indian names of animals and other natural objects with great effect, almost always indicating their meaning beforehand; and they drop in here and there at the end of the lines with charming contrast, like the little bells of the tambourine in the accompaniment to a song. "*Hiawatha*" must, we think, be equally delightful to childhood and maturity, as all poetry is that expresses primitive feelings and primitive forms of imagination. It is like flowers, and birds, and the colours of sunset, which may be looked at with equal pleasure by the child and the man; for though the man sees *more* in

³ "The Song of Hiawatha." By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. London: Bogue.

them, the child sees them with a fresher sense. We recommend mothers who love poetry, to read "Hiawatha" aloud with their boys and girls. It is needless to give long extracts from a poem which may be had for a shilling, and which every one who has a shilling to spare will do well to buy; but if any of our readers need urging to this, the best persuasion we can think of is the poet's own invitation.

"Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,
And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine-trees
And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their cryes;—
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and child-like
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken;—
Listen to this Indian Legend,
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not,
*That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened;—*
Listen to this simple story,
To this Song of Hiawatha!"

Mrs. Ogilvy's "Poems of Ten Years"⁴ and Mr. Frothingham's "Metrical Pieces,"⁵ (the latter sent to us from the other side of the Atlantic) belong to that dilettante class of productions which are not likely to have any greater result than that of giving refined occupation to the writer's leisure. Mr. Frothingham has translated from the Greek, with conscientious attention to literalness, the poem of Aratus on the Appearances of the Stars, a poem which is probably associated for the majority of readers only with the fact that it is quoted by St. Paul in his speech at Athens. The greater part of his volume however

⁴ "Poems of Ten Years." By Mrs. D. Ogilvy. London: Bosworth.

⁵ "Metrical Pieces." Translated and Original. By N. L. Frothingham. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, and Co.

upied with translations from modern poets, chiefly German, and a original pieces. A far more elaborate work of learned leisure is Mr. Jew's meritorious translation of the "Agamemnon,"⁶ accompanied with abundant notes, which shew a quite curious acquaintance with recent literature. Mr. Michell, who has chosen for his theme "The Poetry of the Creation,"⁷ seems to be a worthy follower of Mr. Robert Montgomery; an intimation which may serve either as a warning or a recommendation, according to the taste of our readers.

The novels of the quarter are far from being as striking as the poetry. The first in ability and interest is unquestionably "Doctor Antonio."⁸ It is a singular book; singular as the production of an Italian who writes English better than the vast majority of English authors, and singular as exhibiting undeniable originality and power amid the most ordinary commonplaces of fiction. The story and the incidents are so hackneyed that for a long while it was only the superiority of the writing which carried us forward; but as there was no mistaking the presence of a vigorous and remarkable mind, we read on in spite of the *incredulus odi* and the echoes of the circulating library. When will novelists give up introducing their heroes and heroines by means of runaway horses and broken-down carriages? Antonio meets Lucy in this way. She has broken her leg, and he, being a medical man, sets it, of course; and it is equally *en règle* that he falls in love with her. Of course her father is as proud and as absurd as the British aristocrat has privilege to be in the volumes of the foreign novelist, and there is a rough brother who steps in to prevent the course of true love from running smooth. Perhaps it is rather less of course that Lucy marries a nobleman, but having that datum, you are sure the nobleman will conveniently leave her a widow, so that she may return to Italy to seek Antonio. She finds him risking his life in the Neapolitan insurrection, and the avowal of her love is wrung from her in a scene which will recall to every one the great *duo* between Raoul and Valentine in the Huguenots. Antonio is wounded at the barricade, tried and condemned to the galleys; he refuses to accept the escape she arranges for him, because his companions cannot escape also; and she then dies broken-hearted. "Doctor Antonio still suffers, prays, and hopes for his country." Such is the commonplace frame-work of the most remarkable novel this season has produced. The writing, as we have intimated, is throughout idomatic, vigorous, picturesque. The characters of Antonio and Lucy, especially the latter, are touched with extreme delicacy of observation, and are very unlike the characters usually found in novels. The Italian peasants, it may be supposed, are faithfully drawn, the artist being an Italian and showing a power of painting English character, with which he would necessarily be less familiar than with Italian. But we cannot admire the portrait of the Baronet.

⁶ "Agamemnon the King." A Tragedy. From the Greek of Æschylus, by William Blew, M.A. London: Longmans.

⁷ "The Poetry of the Creation." In Seven Parts. By Nicholas Michell. London: Chapman and Hall.

⁸ "Doctor Antonio." A Tale. By the Author of "Lorenzo Benoni." Edinburgh: Constable and Co.

It appears to us essentially a caricature, and not consistent even as a caricature. There are Englishmen, doubtless, prouder and even more absurd to be met with on many a continental highway; our objection to this Baronet is not that he is proud and absurd, but that he is not a human being. Very charming and delicate is the way in which the passion of Antonio and Lucy gradually unfolds itself before our eyes as it grows up in their hearts. The word *love* never passes between them, and yet we are made to feel their love perhaps all the more from this reticence. But the culminating point of interest in the book is where the writer, forsaking the function of a novelist, and sternly taking up that of historian, presents us with a picture of the Neapolitan revolution, and the ghastly iniquity of Neapolitan trials. Here is truth that towers above the mere fiction of the novel, as the battle of Drumclog and the trial of the Covenanters tower above the sorrows of Henry Morton and Edith Bellenden in "Old Mortality."

Next in merit is "Gilbert Messenger,"⁹ another one-volumed novel from the industrious pen of Holme Lee. The story is founded on the same question of conscience, relative to hereditary insanity and marriage, which has already been chosen as a theme by Miss Jewsbury, in her "Constance Herbert," and by the author of "The House of Raby." The writer of "Gilbert Messenger" has excellent moral taste. There is no exaggeration in her sentiments, no impotent ambition in her style, and her narrative is easy and agreeable (we venture to use the feminine pronoun, because though the name is *epicene*, the style of Holme Lee is unmistakeably feminine). We see so marked an advance in her successive productions, that we hope she will, in future works, attain a more natural style of dialogue than we find in "Gilbert Messenger." So far as our experience has gone, the following speech is *not* of the kind which sensible men of the world address to their nieces at the breakfast-table:—

"You cannot deny—home-loving bird that you are—that you have often a hankering after those breezy Yorkshire fells, and the mossy hollows where the beck runs gurgling amongst stones. I have watched you, Helen, with your ear bent and hand suddenly arrested, listening to the pleasant echoes. I have known what you were dreaming about, by the *saddened smile that fluttered on your lips and the light sigh that wafted it away.*"

Beatrice Reynolds, who, in "My First Season,"¹⁰ gives us an episode in her life, is not only feminine, which may be a merit, she is also frothy, which must be a demerit. We cannot recommend her as a companion even to idle persons, especially when there are such charming stories within reach as *Tolla*, of which an admirable English edition has just been published.¹¹ We have already given our opinion, in a previous number, on the merits of this delightful tale—one of the few French fictions which can do no harm to the most in-

⁹ "Gilbert Messenger." By Holme Lee. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

¹⁰ "My First Season." By Beatrice Reynolds. Edited by the Author of "Counterparts" and "Charles Auchester." London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

¹¹ "Tolla." A Tale of Modern Rome. By Edmond About. Translated by L. C. C. Edinburgh: Constable and Co.

experienced reader. Moreover, there is the cheap edition of "*Villette*,"¹² which we, at least, would rather read for the third time than most new novels for the first. And even "*Faces in the Fire*"¹³ is harmless, which we can hardly say of the pert assumption that repels us in "*My First Season*." After reading more than half of "*Faces in the Fire*," we should have pronounced it an elaborate, but extremely feeble imitation of Dickens, if we had not happened to turn to the preface, where the author tells us—"Though I may, unconsciously, have sometimes adopted a style so natural and popular as that of Mr. Dickens's (*sic*), I have never, in my literary career, endeavoured to imitate his, or any other writer's, peculiarities of diction or incident." We immediately remembered what important distinctions lie in a refined use of language, as Pistol long ago admonished us—"Steal! Convey, the wise it call!"

Readable novels are not among the most plentiful productions of the German press, and for this reason we the more emphatically recommend "*Nach Amerika*," by Friedrich Gerstäcker.¹⁴ A rough indication of this writer's style may be gathered from the fact that he is called the "*German Boz*"—a name which leads to a comparison, certainly very disadvantageous to Herr Gerstäcker, so far as all Dickens's great qualities are concerned, but not in the least disadvantageous to him in relation to invention of incident and cleverness of construction. "*Nach Amerika*," is called by the author a "*Volksbuch*"—a book for the people—on the ground, we suppose, that it narrates the fortunes of German emigrants, poor and uneducated, as well as rich and cultivated. The author gives unity to the various threads of his story, by taking all his emigrants to America on board the same vessel, after having first depicted the different circumstances that led to their being "outward bound;" and his description of their transatlantic fortunes seems to have been drawn from the personal observation of a brisk and judicious mind. There is enough romance in the story to interest the novel reader, and enough truthful exhibition of life and character to arrest persons who care little for romance. The quality of the work being agreeable, it is not to be regretted that its quantity extends to five volumes. Unfortunately, this is the only German work before us from which we can promise our readers much pleasure. A very slight tasting of Bechstein's "*Märchen und Sagen*,"¹⁵ and of "*Aus der Gegenwart*,"¹⁶ made us shrink from a repetition of the dose, and we give our experience to our readers for what they may think it worth.

Before taking leave of fiction, we have two extremely heterogeneous publications to mention, both of them interesting in their way. The first is Mr. Bohn's edition of the "*Greek Romances of Heliodorus, Longus, and Achilles Tatius*,"¹⁷ a book which will be welcomed by

¹² "*Villette*." By Curren Bell. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

¹³ "*Faces in the Fire*." By G. F. Pardon. London: Blackwood.

¹⁴ "*Nach Amerika*." Ein Volksbuch. Von Friedrich Gerstäcker.

¹⁵ *Romantische Märchen und Sagen*, von Ludwig Bechstein. Altenburg: Pierer.

¹⁶ "*Aus der Gegenwart*. Roman von Theodor König. Leipzig: Schultze.

¹⁷ "*The Greek Romances of Heliodorus, Longus, and Achilles Tatius*." Translated from the Greek, with Notes, by the Rev. Rowland Smith, M.A. London: Bohn's Classical Library.

those who are fond of what we may call *comparative literature*—who like to trace every type of literary creation in its less developed forms. The other is Miss Brewster's "Little Millie,"¹⁸ a story written for young servant girls. Besides the story, the small volume contains a variety of instructive matter, in the form of selections from Millie's Extract-book. Even those who do not share Miss Brewster's Evangelical point of view will see much that is valuable in this modest book, and will feel unmixed admiration for the writer's amiable devotion of her powers to this unassuming service.

In Herr Gerstäcker's pleasant book we have a picture of German life in America; we see the offspring of the Old World adapting himself, not without some pain, to the conditions of the New. But in a volume called "Walden; or, Life in the Woods"¹⁹—published last year, but quite interesting enough to make it worth while for us to break our rule by a retrospective notice—we have a bit of pure American life (not the "go a-head" species, but its opposite pole), animated by that energetic, yet calm spirit of innovation, that practical as well as theoretic independence of formulæ, which is peculiar to some of the finer American minds. The writer tells us how he chose, for some years, to be a stoic of the woods; how he built his house; how he earned the necessaries of his simple life by cultivating a bit of ground. He tells his system of diet, his studies, his reflections, and his observations of natural phenomena. These last are not only made by a keen eye, but have their interest enhanced by passing through the medium of a deep poetic sensibility; and, indeed, we feel throughout the book the presence of a refined as well as a hardy mind. People—very wise in their own eyes—who would have every man's life ordered according to a particular pattern, and who are intolerant of every existence the utility of which is not palpable to them, may pooh-pooh Mr. Thoreau and this episode in his history, as unpractical and dreamy. Instead of contesting their opinion ourselves, we will let Mr. Thoreau speak for himself. There is plenty of sturdy sense mingled with his unworldliness.

"I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, *living is so dear; nor did I wish to practise resignation unless it was quite necessary.* I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine measure of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion. For most men, it appears to me, are in a strange uncertainty about it, whether it is of the devil or of God, and have *somewhat hastily* concluded that it is the chief end of man here to 'glorify God

¹⁸ "Little Millie and her Four Places." By Margaret Maria Brewster. Edinburgh: Constable and Co.

¹⁹ "Walden; or, Life in the Woods." By Henry D. Thoreau. Boston: Ticknor and Field.

and enjoy him for ever.' But all this is very selfish, I have heard some of my townsmen say. I confess that I have hitherto indulged very little in philanthropic enterprises. I have made some sacrifices to a sense of duty, and among others have sacrificed this pleasure also. . . . You must have a genius for charity as well as for anything else. As for doing good, that is one of the professions which are full. Moreover, I have tried it fairly, and strange as it may seem, am satisfied that it does not agree with my constitution. Probably I should not consciously and deliberately forsake my particular calling to do the good which society demands of me, to save the universe from annihilation; *and I believe that a like, but infinitely greater steadfastness elsewhere is all that now preserves it.* But I would not stand between any man and his genius; and to him who does this work, which I decline, with his whole heart and soul and life, I would say, Persevere, even if the world call it doing well, as it is most likely they will. . . . Philanthropy is almost the only virtue which is sufficiently appreciated by mankind. Nay, it is greatly overrated; *and it is our selfishness which overrates it.* A robust poor man, one sunny day here in Concord, praised a fellow-townsmen to me, because, as he said, he was kind to the poor—meaning himself. The kind uncles and aunts of the race are more esteemed than its true spiritual fathers and mothers. I once heard a reverend lecturer on England, a man of learning and intelligence, after enumerating her scientific, literary, and political worthies, Shakspeare, Bacon, Cromwell, Milton, Newton, and others, speak next of her Christian heroes, whom, as if his profession required it of him, he elevated to a place far above all the rest, as the greatest of the great. They were Penn, Howard, and Mrs. Fry. Every one must feel the falsehood and cant of this. The last were not England's best men and women; *only, perhaps, her best philanthropists.* . . . I would not have any one adopt *my* mode of living, on any account; for, beside that before he has fairly learned it I may have found out another for myself, I desire that there may be as many different persons in the world as possible; but I would have each one be very careful to find out and pursue *his own* way, and not his father's, or his mother's, or his neighbour's instead. The youth may build, or plant, or sail, only let him not be hindered from doing that which he tells me he would like to do."

We can only afford one more extract, which, to our minds, has great beauty.

"I did not read books the first summer; I hoed beans. Nay, I often did better than this. There were times when I could not afford to sacrifice the bloom of the present moment to any work, whether of the head or hands. I love a broad margin to my life. Sometimes, in a summer morning, having taken my accustomed bath, I sat in my sunny door-way from sunrise till noon, wrapt in a reverie, amidst the pines, and hickories, and sumachs, in undisturbed solitude and stillness, while the birds sang around or flitted noiseless through the house, until, by the sun falling in at my west window, or the noise of some traveller's waggon on the distant highway, I was reminded of the lapse of time. I grew in those seasons like corn in the night, and they were far better than any work of the hands would have been. . . . My days were not days of the week, bearing the stamp of any heathen deity, *nor were they minced into hours and fretted by the ticking of a clock*; for I lived like the Puri Indians, of whom it is said that, 'for yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, they have only one word, and they express the variety of meaning by pointing backward for yesterday, forward for to-morrow, and overhead for the passing day.' This was sheer idleness to my fellow-townsmen, no doubt; but if the birds and flowers had tried me by their standard, I should not have been found wanting. A man must find his occasions in himself, it is true. The natural day is very calm, and will hardly reprove his indolence."

Apropos of everything, we introduce Lord Brougham's "Contributions to the Edinburgh Review,"²⁰ which, apart from any of his lordship's other works, are a monument of his versatility. The subjects of these articles, which make three handsome octavo volumes, range under the heads of rhetoric, history, foreign policy, constitutional questions, political economy and finance, criminal law, physical science, and miscellaneous literature. It is not our office here to dwell on Lord Brougham's treatment of his more recondite subjects, but we may mention that, among the scientific articles, there is an interesting series on Sir Humphry Davy's discoveries, written as those discoveries were successively made known. The gravity of these concise and clear accounts of scientific experiments is relieved by one of Lord Brougham's very unfrequent touches of humour, which easily lends itself to quotation. Having described Sir Humphry's discovery of the metallic bases, his lordship says:—

"He names them *Potassium* and *Sodium*,—names, as he remarks himself, more significant than elegant; but we are greatly relieved at finding them no worse. A report had reached us, of *Sodagen* and *Potagen* having been propounded by high chemical authority. It was even hinted that Mr. Tennant leaned towards such a nomenclature; and persons were not wanting who apprehended that, in this courtly age, some terms might be introduced complimentary to the best of Sovereigns and the purest of Church Establishments."

The historical articles are readable, anecdotic, and often indicative of special knowledge; but they are unorganized, often careless in their style, and have scarcely any of the qualities of permanent writing. The division of these volumes which most arrests us is that containing the Rhetorical articles. Here Lord Brougham writes with the fine appreciation of specific genius, and it is amazing to us how so able a critic of Demosthenes, Cicero, Massillon, and Erskine, can show so much heedlessness in his own manner of writing, and such frequent bad taste in his metaphors. In the excellent article on Demosthenes, he dwells on the interesting fact of this orator's continual repetitions of himself:—

"They who speak or write with little or no labour to themselves, and proportionably small satisfaction to others, would, in similar circumstances, find it far easier to compose anew than to recollect or go back to what they had finished on a former occasion. Not so the mighty Athenian, whom we find never disdaining even to make use of half a sentence which he had once happily wrought, and treasured up as complete; nay, to draw part of a sentence from one quarter and part from another, applying them, by some slight change, to the new occasions, and perhaps adding some new member,—thus presenting the whole in its last form, made of portions fabricated at three different periods, several years asunder."

Since Lord Brougham seems to admire this slow elaboration and self-repetition in Demosthenes, we do not see why, in another place, he should be sarcastic on Sheridan for his elaboration and repetition of his witticisms, which constitute oratorical effects just as much as the most solemn or pathetic appeals. Referring to this practice of Sheri-

²⁰ "Contributions to the Edinburgh Review." By Henry, Lord Brougham. In 3 vols. London: Griffin and Co.

dan's, revealed by Moore's publication of extracts from the wit's common-place book, his lordship gives the following example in a note which may interest readers who are not familiar with Moore's "Life of Sheridan:"—

"Take an instance from this author, giving extracts from the common-place-book of the wit:—'He employs his fancy in his narrative, and keeps his recollections for his wit.' Again, the same idea is expanded into.—'When he makes his jokes, you applaud the accuracy of his memory; and 'tis only when he states his facts that you admire the flights of his imagination.' But the thought was too good to be thus wasted on the desert air of a common-place-book. So forth it came at the expense of Kelly, who, having been a composer of music, became a wine-merchant. 'You will,' said the ready wit, 'import your music and compose your wine.' Nor was this service exacted from the old idea thought sufficient; so in the House of Commons an easy and apparently off-hand parenthesis was thus filled with it at Mr. Dundas's cost and charge ('who generally resorts to his memory for his jokes, and to his imagination for his facts')."

We must now turn to the one subject into which Lord Brougham's multifarious studies do not seem to have led him—we mean ART. M. Rio gives us a compact and interesting volume on "Leonardo da Vinci and his School,"²¹ not the less interesting because the writer, being a Catholic and a Romanticist, places us in a point of view which approximates to that of the artist's own age. M. Rio believes in relics and miraculous pictures, and the quiet unquestioning air with which he speaks of these things, tends to bring more vividly before the reader the influence they exercised on the Art of the Renaissance. The career of Leonardo, which is introduced by a short historical sketch, tracing the progress of art in Milan up to 1483, when the great head of the Milanese school arrived there from his native Florence, is treated rather critically than biographically, and occupies no more than half the volume, the remainder being devoted to his imitators and successors.

Humanity is an ideal type, made up of fragments called men—some of them, it must be owned, very miserable chips indeed. But every now and then Nature puts this supreme type of hers into a smaller mould, and turns out humanity almost complete in the form of a single man—a man at once observant and speculative, practical and theoretic, artistic and reflective, grand in intellect, grand in feeling, and grand in physique. Such a man was Leonardo da Vinci. He was not only a painter who produced one of the sublimest pictures the world has ever seen, a sculptor, an architect, a musician, and a poet; he anticipated some of the grandest discoveries in physics, and there was hardly a department of science in which he had not *aperçus*, in which he did not throw out hypotheses and speculations; he was a first-rate civil and military engineer; he was a master of all personal accomplishments—of dancing, of horsemanship, and of fencing, which he raised to the rank of a science by writing the first treatise on it; with all his artistic delicacy of finger, he was so strong that he could twist the clapper of an enormous bell and bend a horse-shoe double: and this union of delicacy with strength was expressed in his face, which might

²¹ "Léonard de Vinci et son Ecole." Par A. F. Rio. Paris: Bray.
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serve as a model both for a genius and a sage. To crown all this, he was a man of noble and disinterested feeling, and of so sympathetic a nature that he would buy caged birds that he might have the pleasure of giving them their liberty: *aveva grandissimo animo*, says Vasari, *ed in ogni sua azione era generosissimo*.

When Leonardo, in his thirtieth year, came to seek his fortune at Milan, he carried no testimonials from Florence, where his merits had been neglected by the Medici, but he addressed a letter to Lodovico il Moro, the reigning Duke of Milan, in which he stated his capabilities with the calm self-confidence of real power. 'I can carry through every kind of work in sculpture in clay, marble, and bronze; also in painting I can execute everything that can be demanded, as well as any one whosoever.' His achievements were not formed below his pretensions, and in this first residence at Milan he had ample scope for the exercise of his varied powers. Penetrated with the conviction that theoretic principle is a necessary basis of perfection in art, he founded and directed an Academy, the first institution of the kind in Italy, in which it was his object to further the investigation of all the great theoretic and practical questions in Art; and it was in the course of his instructions to his pupils in this academy that he wrote his Treatises on Perspective, on Light and Shadow, and on Painting. He was a diligent student of antiquity, and it was the object of his ardent hope that the discovery of some fresh treasures in ancient art and literature would throw light on the famous *canon* of Polycletus and on the true causes of the superiority of Greek Art. An interesting indication of this yearning exists in an epitaph, written for him during his life by a friend of his, apparently under his own inspiration, in which he styles himself simply "the admirer of the ancients and their grateful disciple," adding, "One thing has been wanting to me, their science of proportions; I have done what I could, let posterity pardon me."

"Mirator veterum discipulusque memor
Defuit una mihi symmetria prisca, peregi
Quod potui: veniam da mihi, posteritas."

He was associated in the great work of carrying forward the erection of the Cathedral, the centre at once of national and princely interests, but a finer opportunity for his genius was given him in the commission to execute an equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza, the founder of the reigning dynasty. His passion for horses could here find a grand expression through his art, and his success was so complete, that when, after a delay of ten years, the clay model of the statue was exhibited to the public view, it was universally pronounced superior to every other work of the same kind. It was doubtless, says M. Rio, from having caught the last echoes of this contemporary judgment, that Lodovico Dolce, in his dialogue on painting, written half-a-century later, spoke of Leonardo as a sublime genius, always dissatisfied with his own works, excelling in everything, but exciting astonishment by his manner of representing horses—*stupendissimo in far cavalli*. For, alas! Leonardo, having completed the creative part of his labour, deferred, in spite of the public importunity, giving his

work a more durable form in bronze, and the model was utterly destroyed in the political troubles of 1499. A fate only a little less cruel awaited the sublime mural painting of the Last Supper, in the convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie, which he commenced immediately on finishing his equestrian statue, and in which he attained the highest conception of the Christ, as Raphael afterwards did of the Madonna. M. Rio tells us, that according to Lomazzo, who collected the traditions of Leonardo's own school, the head of Christ was the subject of long and deep meditation; the artist was continually absorbed in the contemplation of the Divinity, and his hand trembled whenever he began to paint this supreme object of art—a detail noticed by Dante in the devout painters of his time:—

“Similmente operando all’artista
Ch’ha l’abito dell’arte e man che trema.”

M. Rio of course insists on the high degree in which idealism entered into Leonardo's method, and blames Goethe's criticism as attributing a preponderance to naturalism, which is contradicted by the well-known answer that the artist gave to Lodovico il Moro, in excuse for his tardiness in execution—that it was not on earth he would seek his type of Christ. We are ready to wish that Francis I. could have succeeded in his project of carrying this great mural painting into France, where it would have been at least safer from the barbarous neglects and injuries which have at last robbed it of all existence except in copies and engravings; for we fear that the recent report of its restoration by some chemical process was only the expression of a vain hope. The proximate cause to which the world owed the production of this masterpiece was the fact that the Duchess Beatrice made the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie her favourite place of devotion, and hence her husband lavished on this church and the adjoining convent every species of ornament that art could furnish. Another circumstance equally characteristic of the age gave rise to the next greatest picture of Leonardo, that of the Virgin seated on the lap of St. Ann, singularly enough the only picture of his mentioned by the historian Paulus Jovius. In 1485, a mysterious image of this Virgin in the church of San Celso appeared suddenly to emit a splendid light in the presence of some hundred worshippers. The report of this miracle having spread, the scene of this “divine manifestation” was crowded night and day with eager votaries, and the enthusiasm was so lasting, that even eleven years afterwards it was found necessary to construct an additional bridge to render less dangerous the perpetual flux and reflux of visitants, and finally to erect a larger and more magnificent church, for which ample funds were provided by the incessant offerings of the pious. It was for this new church that Leonardo painted his picture, now in the Belvedere gallery at Vienna. On the occupation of the Milanese by the enemy, Leonardo left Milan, and resided by turns at Florence and Rome. Once more he returned to Milan under the brilliant patronage of Francis I.: and it was to this monarch that he owed a peaceful retreat in his old age, at Clou, near Amboise, where he died in 1519. After tracing the progress and decline of Leonardo's

school, M. Rio closes his volume with a brief but interesting account of the theoretic writings it produced, among which those of Lomazzo hold the chief place. This writer has a fanciful designation of the great masters by symbols: he assigns the supremacy to Michael Angelo, and gives him as an emblem the *dragon*, and as a characteristic, *impassible contemplation*; but Leonardo's majesty wins him the more engaging emblem of the *lion*, and his special merit is pronounced to be the science of *chiaroscuro*.

M. Rio's book belongs rather to the instructive than to the amusing class. But those who would like to be amused about pictures rather than instructed about them, may take up M. Edmond About's running criticism of the paintings and sculpture in the Paris Exposition.²² The reader may fancy himself walking through the department of Fine Art in company with a friend who is extremely witty, extremely French, and in the end, perhaps, a little fatiguing by force of his perpetual epigrams. Truffles are good things; but we do not like everything served with truffles. M. About does not eminently possess, or at least exhibit, the happy power of describing pictures, but he has always something acute to say *à propos* of a picture, and if his criticism sometimes irritates us by its flimsiness, it has the airy smartness which we expect from flimsy things. Any one who is acquainted with the style of Cornelius's pictures, will recognise some truth under the following caricature:—

"M. Cornelius has talent, but a talent which has been strained. He meditates nothing but the grand, the powerful, the violent; I should like him sometimes to think of the natural. He treats the simplest and most familiar subjects with Titanic effort. Look, for example, at the cartoons which represent the *Works of Christian Charity*. If ever a painter ought to exhibit simplicity, it is on a subject of this kind; to feed the hungry, to give drink to the thirsty, to relieve prisoners, to console the afflicted, to guide travellers who have lost their way, there is no need of either grand gestures, of enormous muscles, or of dishevelled hair. But the frescoes of Michael Angelo and the admiration of the Berliners have persuaded M. Cornelius that genius consists in painting snaky hair, twisted drapery, writhing limbs, and shaggy chests. The Christian who descends into the prison to relieve the prisoners, is fifty times more majestic than Marius on the ruins of Carthage. The two consolers, who enter into the house of mourning, are more sombre and dramatic than Brutus and Cassius on the eve of the battle of Philippi, and the young man who is showing the way to the travellers resembles, at the very least, Caesar pointing out the Rubicon. His mouth is open, as if he were haranguing an army, and he stretches out his arm as if to take possession of the world. This defect is, perhaps, yet more perceptible in the picture where food and drink are distributed. The grand women in the foreground, with their grand arms, their grand faces, and their grand legs, have the fault of excessive grandeur. It is a merit to hit one's aim—it is a demerit to shoot beyond it. The cook, who is roasting a leg of mutton, to the left of the picture, pours out the gravy with a terribly magisterial air, and the butler, who empties a flask, reminds one of a river threatening an inundation. All the personages wear incoherent perruques; all the draperies are twisted about; the tent, which ought to cover the company, is so ingeniously festooned, that

²² "Voyage à Travers l'Exposition des Beaux-Arts (Peinture et Sculpture)." Par Edmond About. (Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer). Paris: Hachette.

it runs from tree to tree without sheltering any one. All the animals are bad, the trees poor and dry, the architecture deplorable; but the human figures are worse. It is impossible to imagine anything more grimacing, more false, more ill-proportioned. One would suppose that the artist had made a vow not to look at nature. Assuredly, M. Cornelias has talent, but nature has yet more talent than he; and he would do well modestly to reproduce what exists, rather than to recommence the whole Creation at his own cost."

Occasionally, M. About pleases us by a bit of criticism more descriptive than usual, as in this on *The Meet of the Ascot Hunt*, by Grant:—

"Never, I think, has the science of painting surmounted a more insurmountable difficulty with more complete success. The problem was this:—Given, a flat country, fifty Englishmen in scarlet coats, fifty English dogs, and fifty English horses, to make a picture which shall be neither monotonous, nor glaring, nor stupid, nor ridiculous. N.B. *It is required that there should be a striking resemblance between the landscape, the men, the dogs, and the horses.* With these data, Mr. Grant has produced a masterly work. The landscape is soft, delicate, moist; an imperceptible mist veils the background, without hiding it. The day will be pleasant, and it is a fine time for hunting. The huntsmen, some on foot, some on horseback, chat silently, after the fashion of the country; they are waiting for the Queen. All the faces are evidently portraits; they resemble each other only in their healthiness and fine complexion—it is in this way that an Englishman is always like an Englishman. The horses and dogs are thorough-bred. Animals and men, everything is painted with delicacy, with certainty, with minute strokes of the pencil, and yet with breadth. The scrupulous care for the details is merged in the harmony of the whole, and Mr. Grant is perhaps the first painter who out of a hundred and fifty portraits has been able to make a picture. What is, perhaps, not less admirable, is the art with which the painter has managed his colour. The public does not know how difficult it is to paint an assemblage of men in red coats. And, ye heavens, what red! Pure vermilion! Every one else, in Mr. Grant's place, would have made a thicket of lobsters. I do not know how he has managed, but what I can affirm is, that the coats are red and yet the picture is not red."

And sometimes M. About gives us a story *à propos* of a picture. For example:—

"The Turks sometimes allow themselves a fit of gaiety, as was the case with that Bey of Tunis, who made the fortune of a Marseillais. It is since this celebrated adventure that the Jews of Tunis wear cotton night-caps in the middle of the day. A Marseillais had the idea of importing cotton night-caps into the capital of the regency; accordingly, he took a cargo of them on board his ship. Every Marseillais has a ship, as every snail has a shell. Arrived at Tunis, the officials at the port, to whom he had given no drink-money, prevented him from disembarking his merchandise. He waited patiently a month or two: at length he went to the Bey and demanded justice. 'What sort of justice do you wish me to render you?' said the Bey; 'French or Turkish?' 'French,' replied the Marseillais, proudly. 'Return, then, to your merchandise; I will let you have French justice.' A month afterwards the Marseillais had heard nothing, and the officials opposed themselves more resolutely than ever to his disembarkation. He returned to the Bey. 'Moussu le Bey,' said he, 'you promised to give me French justice.' 'What do you complain of? I have given you French justice.' 'O! O! I understand. Then, Moussu le Bey, let me have Turkish justice.' That very day the Bey published an edict enjoining all Jews to wear cotton night-caps, on pain of death. The people of Israel hurried to the vessel, and bought the cargo for its weight

in gold. The Marseillais, become rich in the twinkling of an eye, came to thank his benefactor. 'I have not finished,' said the Turk. 'You shall see whether I do things on a grand scale or not.' Without delay, he issued a decree condemning to death every Jew who should be convicted of wearing a cotton night-cap. The children of Jacob returned to the port, and paid the Marseillais to take back his cargo. But the legend adds, that they had had time to appreciate the softness, flexibility, and perhaps also the majesty of this simple head-garb, and that they importuned the magistrates until they were at last permitted to wear them."

Mr. Long, whose second volume of Cicero's Orations²³ we gladly welcome, is an excellent specimen of the editor as he should be. He spares no pains, and makes no pretensions to infallibility; when he meets with a difficulty, he says so, and when he can keep his readers out of one, he does so, with brief and pregnant comments. Master of unusually large information in all matters relating to the laws, history, and customs of the classical writers, he makes no parade of it, and is as economical as he is accurate in his references. An inferior scholar would have produced a volume of twice the size of the one now before us, without affording half the instruction. And this reticence is the more valuable to the readers who will probably make most use of his edition of Cicero's Orations; for if all men feel a great book to be a great evil, to young men a long note is often an insuperable bar to the acquisition of knowledge.

The reader who shall thoroughly master the Orations contained in this volume may take credit to himself for having acquired by his pains a fund of information upon the internal and colonial history of Rome. For such information he will look in vain into any general histories of the Great Commonwealth. From these he may indeed obtain a just conception of Cicero's career as a statesman, and of his power as an orator: since he will see the *novus homo*, against whom the avenues to high office were closed by the jealousy of the wealthy and the noble, forcing his way, without connection and without the hearty support of any party, to the chair of the Consul and the leadership of the Senate.

But this is one phase only of Cicero's character. The opportunities for Catilinarian and Philippic orations come but rarely: they mark the epochs of Cicero's life: but they do not fill up the interstices of his unintermitting forensic labours. It was a maxim equally with the rising and the established orator to keep himself always before the eyes of the Roman people: by this pertinacity he came to eclipse his most formidable rival, Hortensius, and to depose the king of the Forum. Hortensius loved fame; but he loved ease also, the luxuries of his villa at Tusculum, the beautiful shadow of his plane trees, his carp-ponds and his peacocks. Cicero, at least during two-thirds of his career, loved fame alone, and wooed her with an obstinacy equal to that of the miser or the lover. He was as deeply and constantly engaged in civil as in criminal cases, and took as much pains to recover for his

²³ "M. Tullii Ciceronis Orationes." With a Commentary, by George Long. Vol. ii. 8vo. London: 1855. "Bibliotheca Classica." Vol. X. Whitaker and Bell.

clients the title of an estate, or the value of a bond or mortgage, as he bestowed in driving Verres into exile, or Lentulus and Cethegus to the Carcer Tullianum.

The Orations contained in Mr. Long's second volume may be divided into three heads—civil suits, provincial questions, and the *litium* in Roman history, the Agrarian law. The two latter sections are of permanent interest to the modern reader, since he may compare the Roman province of Asia with our Anglo-Indian empire, and the maintenance of paupers with the Roman provisions as regarded the public *desmesnes*. The civil suits are necessarily less attractive, partly because they are more difficult to understand, and partly because the common law of England and the civil laws of Rome resemble each other in a few leading principles only, but differ widely in whatsoever concerns their practice and technology.

Yet who ever wishes to acquire just notions either of the practice of the Roman Courts, of the character of the Roman barrister, or of the particulars of Roman social economy, will do well to study, under Mr. Long's guidance, Cicero's pleas for Quintius, the Roscii, and especially the great and intricate speech in defence of Aulus Cluentius. In the *Oratio pro P. Quintio* he will find matter illustrative of the Roman law of partnership, and also of the ancient manner of cooking accounts. The Romans did not entrust their public roads to companies of directors, but placed them under the charge of the senate and officials responsible to the Government. There were many men of business, however, in Rome in no respect inferior in the art of mismanagement to the most adroit of our railway boards. In the defence of Sextus Roscius of Ameria the reader will gain some insight into the internal character of Sulla's government. He will find that the external calm of Rome was the mask of gross corruption and cruelty, and that a freedman of Sulla's was little less formidable than the Narcissus and Polybius of the emperors. And this oration, the first of Cicero's in a *publica causa*, is the more interesting from the circumstances under which it was delivered, and the hardiness of the counsel for the defence. As against Chrysogonus, Sulla's potent favourite, all the elder advocates refused the brief; Cicero, then only twenty-seven years of age, accepted it; and in his old age refers with satisfaction to his youthful independence in bearding the plaintiff, "*Contra Sullæ dominantis opes.*"

The revenues, administration, and produce of the "province Asia" supply Mr. Long with occasion for an excellent excursus on the Peru and Mexico of the Roman world. If Italy had the fatal gift of beauty, Asia under Rome had the no less fatal of gift of wealth, and was the common arena for the bloodsuckers who farmed the revenues of the State, and for the capitalists who filled their own pockets. The worst provincial administration which modern Europe has ever seen is that of the American possessions of Spain, so long as they belonged to the mother country. But the oppressions of the viceroys of the Most Catholic kings must yield the palm to the extortions of the Roman procurators and publicani. Lastly—and perhaps as the most important portion of this volume,

whether as regards the text or the comment, we direct the reader's attention to the Three Orations de Lege Agrariâ, and to the editor's introduction to them. No part of the economy of the Roman State has been more diligently explored than this: a living interest having been originally given to the question by the theories of Rousseau and the French Socialists of the day, on the Agrarian laws of Rome. Heyne was the first to demonstrate that an equal and infinitesimal division of land never entered into the mind of the most audacious of Roman levellers. Milo *did* clamour for an abolition of debts, and he had ample cause for desiring a clean slate; but not even Milo would have ventured to propose an abolition of existing landmarks. Even the mendicants of the Suburra would have hooted such a proposition.

In short compass and in clear manly language—the characteristic of Mr. Long's style—he has placed before his readers all the leading points of the great Agrarian controversy—a controversy which, under various shapes, pervades the whole history of the Commonwealth, and did not altogether cease with the Empire. Tiberius, Nero, and Trajan, the most sagacious, the most cruel, and the most humane of the emperors, were alike perplexed by the great pauper-swarm of their capital and provinces. Mr. Long's excursus may be studied with advantage by every one who opens a volume of Roman annals at all, whether he begin with Livy, or with Zosimus and the Augustan historians.

It is needless for us to commend generally the series of the "Bibliotheca Classica," so far as its volumes have as yet appeared. It has received the sanction of both our Universities; and, as we happen to know, is highly prized by those for whom it is principally intended—the candidates for classical distinction. Horace, Herodotus, and Cicero have been rendered, through this series, more interesting to the scholar, and more intelligible to the general reader; and from the specimens already afforded of editorial learning, discretion, and skill, we are induced to bid good speed to the volumes which have appeared, and are prepared to welcome heartily those which are promised.

We have still to notice the continuation of Mr. Bohn's series, the "Classical Library" and the "British Library;" of the one by "Cicero on Oratory and Orators,"²⁴ of the other, by a volume of De Foe, containing "The History of the Plague,"²⁵ and by the fourth volume of "Burke's Works,"²⁶ The second volume of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ"²⁷ has also appeared. In one of the conversations in this volume, De Quincey is introduced as an interlocutor, and his style is well imitated. Among the things he is made to say, it is curious to note this judgment, delivered *à propos* of Macaulay's well-known article on Southey's "Colloquies:"—"Mr. Southey is, beyond all doubt, one of the most illustrious, just as Mr. Macaulay is one of the most obscure men of the age." The "Noctes" are full of such reminders that "the whirligig of time brings about its revenges."

²⁴ "Cicero on Oratory and Orators." Bohn's Classical Library.

²⁵ "De Foe's Works." Vol. V. Bohn's British Classics.

²⁶ "Burke's Works." Vol. IV. Bohn's British Classics.

²⁷ "Noctes Ambrosianæ." Vol. II. London: Blackwood.

THE
WESTMINSTER
AND
FOREIGN QUARTERLY
REVIEW.

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APRIL 1, 1856.  
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ART. I.—THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.

The Rise of the Dutch Republic. A History. By John Lothrop Motley. In Three Volumes. London: John Chapman, King William-street, Strand; Chapman and Hall, Piccadilly. 1856.

A SERIOUS chasm in English historical literature has been very remarkably filled. The revolt of the Netherlands, in many respects the most extraordinary of the convulsions of the sixteenth century, has been hitherto better known to us in its effects than in any narrative of its details. The name of Alva has come down shrouded with horrible associations; Count Egmont has been a hero of romance; and the Prince of Orange has been familiar to us as an illustration of the manner in which the catholic powers delivered themselves of their dangerous enemies. But the actual lives and exploits of these men, and those fifty desperate years of struggle, out of which a revolted province of Spain emerged the first naval power in the world, have been visible to general readers only through a mist. Watson's "Philip the Second," till now the best English authority, distributes the attention over so wide a range, that the effect is vague and inadequate. Schiller, though undertaking a special history of the revolt, has confessedly produced only a few striking fragments divided by long gaps of darkness. And, in fact, neither to Watson nor to Schiller were the sources open for consistent information which modern researches have exposed. The correspondence of Philip the Second, from the archives of Ximencas, the letters and [VOL. LXV. No. CXXVIII.]—NEW SERIES, Vol. IX. No. II. Y

State Papers of the Orange Nassau family, edited by Groen van Prinsterer, and the many other collections of contemporary correspondence, have placed material at the disposal of the student, which, if it increases the labour of the research, makes possible a result infinitely increased in value; and the first-fruits of these publications have been two works, both of which are likely to secure themselves a perpetual place in English literature, Mr. Prescott's "*Philip of Spain*," and the history which on this occasion we have most especially to notice. Of Mr. Prescott's book we have already spoken. Like all his writings, it is elegant, rational, cultivated, written in a kindly, genial spirit, dispassionate and tolerant. Like the work of Mr. Watson, it is however a history of Spain, and not exclusively of the Netherlands; and the scope of the writer has not permitted him to follow minutely and closely a single section of his subject. That the United Provinces required a more complete treatment than he was able to afford to them, no one was more sensible than himself; and in a graceful note he has referred to the work by which his own would be soon succeeded, with a high compliment, yet a compliment as the result must by this time have shown him, not more than deserved, to the industry and talent which it would display. Mr. Prescott will not, therefore, suspect us of disrespect to himself, if for the present we attempt no comparison between books which do not challenge rivalry,—if we leave his graceful sketches to be valued for their separate merit; and in this place dwell exclusively on the elaborate pictures of his brother artist; pictures, we are assured, which he will be generously anxious to see welcomed as they deserve.

A history then, as complete as industry and genius can make it, now lies before us, of the first twenty years of the Revolt of the United Provinces; of the period in which those provinces finally conquered their independence and established the Republic of Holland. It has been the result of many years of silent, thoughtful, unobtrusive labour, and unless we are strangely mistaken, unless we are ourselves altogether unfit for this office of criticizing which we have here undertaken, the book is one which will take its place among the finest histories in this or any other language. If we may not claim the writer as an Englishman, we have reason to be glad that in these dangerous times a book should have appeared by an American writer which will form a link among all who speak one common language, and which will not fail to show that America and England are not united only in blood and interest, but that the soundest thinkers there as well as here agree at heart in far higher subjects. Even so slight a matter as a book of history will not be without its immediate value, if it serves to remind us that however aristocratic

pettiness and republican fanaticism may quarrel upon the surface, in truth and reality the Americans are nearer to the English in heart, in sympathy, in their deepest and surest convictions, than to any other nation in the world.

All the essentials of a great writer Mr. Motley eminently possesses. His mind is broad, his industry unwearied. In power of dramatic description no modern historian, except perhaps Mr. Carlyle, surpasses him, and in analysis of character he is elaborate and distinct. His principles are those of honest love for all which is good and admirable in human character wherever he finds it, while he unaffectedly hates oppression and despises selfishness with all his heart. For his finer feelings, the Netherlands of the sixteenth century unfortunately offer not many subjects. One noble form towers up out of the confusion surrounded by undistinguished masses of the people who were a nation of heroes; but except the Prince of Orange, his gallant brothers, and the said "people," the individual figures who stand out pre-eminently in the struggle had better most of them never have been born. Nevertheless, while his admiration is for Orange alone, Mr. Motley uses no sweeping colours, no rhetorical invectives; there is scarcely a superlative or a needless expletive in his book. Among the crowds who fill his canvas every face is minutely drawn, each offender bears but his own burden of iniquity, and the character of every actor whom he introduces is shaded in with care as scrupulous as if he were writing not a history of real men but a drama of his own creating. And this is the true charity of history. Mr. Motley has none of that spurious charity which delights in washed-out colours, which palliates iniquity, and to avoid the sharpness of contrast tints with conjectural suspicion the great and the good. He is not afraid to describe Philip as a villain unredeemed by any trait of goodness, for such was the Philip of history. But he tells his story with fact, not with commentary, and trusts for his effects the quiet and simple truth.

In the limits which we can here permit ourselves, it will be impossible to give an idea of the results of Mr. Motley's book; neither can we calculate on sufficient information in our readers to enable them to enter profitably into any of the detailed discussions which it provokes. The work consists of three volumes, each containing nearly six hundred pages, and the matter is only compressed within this large compass by the elaborate finish of the style. We are brought in contact minutely and closely with the most celebrated men of that most remarkable age. Directly or indirectly the history of the Netherlands was the history of Europe itself. Scarcely a figure of note or moment in any country is passed over; and by the side of these great ones who

were gambling for the most part with the destinies of the world, as if poor mankind were counters with which they might toy and trifle for their little vanities and selfishnesses, rise the dim masses of a patriot people, stirring into organic life and freedom. The treatment of such matter by a master's hand is not to be described in a brief article of a review : and our business here is rather to introduce the author himself to our readers, and to persuade them by specimens of his style and matter to seek his closer acquaintance for themselves.

The book opens with a description of the Netherlands, brief but most effective. After an allusion to Cæsar and Tacitus as the earliest authorities on the state of these countries, Mr. Motley continues :—

“The three great rivers, the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheld, had deposited their slime for ages among the dunes and sandbanks heaved up by the ocean around their mouths. A delta was thus formed, habitable at last for man. It was by nature a wide morass, in which oozy islands and savage forests were interspersed among lagoons and shallows ; a district lying partly below the level of the ocean at its higher tides, subject to constant overflow from the rivers, and to frequent and terrible inundations by the sea.

“The Rhine, leaving at last the regions where its storied lapse, through so many ages, has been consecrated alike by nature and art—by poetry and eventful truth—flows reluctantly through the basalt portal of the Seven Mountains into the open fields which extend to the German Sea. After entering this vast meadow, the stream divides itself into two branches, becoming thus the two-horned Rhine of Virgil, and holds in these two arms the island of Batavia.

“The Meuse, taking its rise in the Vosges, pours itself through the Ardennes wood, pierces the rocky ridges upon the south-eastern frontier of the Low Countries, receives the Sambre in the midst of that picturesque anthracite basin where now stands the city of Namur, and then moves towards the north, through nearly the whole length of the country, till it mingles its waters with the Rhine.

“The Scheld, almost exclusively a Belgian river, after leaving its fountains in Picardy, flows through the present provinces of Flanders and Hainault. In Cæsar's time it was suffocated before reaching the sea in quicksands and thickets, which long afforded protection to the savage inhabitants against the Roman arms, and which the slow process of nature and the untiring industry of man have since converted into the Archipelago of Zealand and South Holland. Those Islands were unknown to the Romans.

“Such were the rivers which, with their numerous tributaries, coursed through the spongy land. Their frequent overflow, when forced back upon their currents by the stormy sea, rendered the country almost uninhabitable. Here, within a half-submerged territory, a race of wretched ichthyophagi dwelt upon *terpen*, or mounds, which they had raised, like beavers, above the almost fluid soil. Here, at a

later day, the same race chained the tyrant ocean and his mighty streams into subserviency, forcing them to fertilize, to render commodious, to cover with a beneficent network of veins and arteries, and to bind by watery highways with the farthest ends of the world, a country disinherited by nature of its rights. A region, outcast of ocean and earth, wrested at last from both domains their richest treasures. A race, engaged for generations in stubborn conflict with the angry elements, was unconsciously educating itself for its great struggle with the still more savage despotism of man."

The workmanship of this description is admirable. It is at once brief and exhaustive, and with a few pregnant paragraphs, lays the country out before us, as in a picture. A rapid sketch follows of the various races which composed the population. They resolve themselves into the two broad divisions of German and Celtic; and the effects of the distinction, after becoming for thirteen centuries invisible, are shown to re-appear singularly at the Reformation, and to determine the contrasted fortunes of the Southern and the Northern Provinces. When the narrative opens, Catholic Belgium and Protestant Holland are one country, governed by the same laws, united under the same institutions, zealous for the same freedom. The Reformation rises, and the separate races follow instinctively their separate tendencies. As the struggle for freedom deepens, the contrast of races becomes more and more sharply defined. At length the spirit of liberty once distributed over the whole of Flanders, becomes concentrated in its proper home. The Batavians become a commonwealth of Protestants; Belgium clings to Romanism, and settles into slavery.

Mr. Motley, however, in originally describing these divisions, contents himself with indicating the later consequences of them. He does not anticipate his story, and leaves it to unroll itself. After mentioning the distribution of the tribes, he sketches the revolt of Claudius Civilis against Rome, and follows Schiller in a parallel between Civilis himself and the Prince of Orange. The resemblance is rather fanciful than real. He does not dwell upon it, and proceeds with a swift summary of the fourteen centuries which followed. He traces the successive eras of barbarism, feudalism, and finally of commerce and municipal liberty; the people emerging gradually out of darkness to wealth and civilization, as their country emerged from under the ocean, and forest and morass were exchanged for smiling fields and thriving cities. Here too, perhaps, the analogy is something imaginary. We are a little surprised to find so able a writer accepting the popular contempt of the Middle Ages, and dismissing so many ages of human history with so peremptory a depreciation. Something more is to be said for feudal society, and some-

thing more for the religion, which during all those ages was so passionately believed. And the fault throughout Mr. Motley's book is the want, absolute and entire, of all sympathy with Catholicism, in its vigour as well as in its degeneracy. It is to him a thing of mere falsehood and sensuous superstition, and the secret of its higher influences is closed to him. Nevertheless, his sketches, as from the modern popular point of view, are singularly able; and they bring us down with the scene continually expanding, to the time when the actors in the great drama of the Revolution begin to appear upon the stage.

They are introduced in a brilliant group, as the leading nobles of Spain and of the Netherlands were collected in the great hall of the Palace at Brussels, to witness the abdication of the Emperor Charles V. Charles himself, Philip, the Regent Margaret, the Duke of Alva, and some others, are reserved for a separate description; the assemblage on the platform are thus graphically laid out upon the board:—

“Many individuals of existing or future historic celebrity in the Netherlands, whose names are so familiar to the students of the epoch, seemed to have been grouped as if by premeditated design upon this imposing platform, where the curtain was to fall for ever upon the mightiest emperor since Charlemagne; and where the opening scene of the long and tremendous tragedy of Philip's reign was to be simultaneously enacted. There was the Bishop of Arras, soon to be known throughout Christendom by his more celebrated title of Cardinal Granvelle, the serene and smiling priest whose subtle influence over the destinies of so many individuals then present and over the fortunes of the whole land was to be so extensive and so deadly. There was that flower of Flemish chivalry, the lineal descendant of ancient Frisian kings, already distinguished for his bravery in many fields, but not yet having won those two remarkable victories which were soon to make the name of Egmont like the sound of a trumpet throughout the whole country. Tall, magnificent in costume, with dark flowing hair, soft brown eye, smooth cheek, a slight moustache, and features of almost feminine delicacy, such was the gallant and ill-fated Lamoral Egmont. The Count of Horn, too, with bold sullen face and fan-shaped beard, a brave, honest, discontented, quarrelsome, unpopular man. Those other twins in doom, the Marquis Berghen and the Lord of Montigny. The Baron Berlaymont, brave, intensely loyal, insatiably greedy for office and wages, but who at least never served but one party. The Duke of Aerschot, who was to serve all, essay to rule all, and to betray all, a splendid signor, magnificent in cramoisy velvet, who traced his pedigree from Adam, according to the family monumental inscription at Louvain, but who was better known as grand nephew of the Emperor's famous tutor, Chièvres. The bold debauched Brederode, with handsome reckless face and turbulent demeanour. The infamous Noircarmes, whose name was to be covered with eternal execration for aping towards his own

compatriots and kindred as much of Alva's atrocities and avarice as he was permitted to exercise. The distinguished soldiers, Meghen and Aremberg—these with many others, whose deeds of arms were to become celebrated throughout Europe, were all conspicuous in the brilliant crowd. There, too, was that learned Frisian, President Viglius, crafty, plausible, adroit, eloquent—a small brisk man with long yellow hair, glittering green eyes, round turned rosy cheeks and flowing beard. Foremost among the Spanish grandees, and close to Philip, stood the famous favourite, Ruy Gomez, or as he was familiarly called, 'Re y Gomez,' (king and Gomez), a man of meridional aspect, with coal black hair and beard, gleaming eyes, a face pallid with intense application, and slender but handsome figure; while in immediate attendance upon the Emperor, was the immortal Prince of Orange.

"Such were a few only of the most prominent in that gay throng, whose fortunes in part it will be our humble duty to narrate.—How many of them passing through all this glitter to a dark and mysterious doom! some to perish on public scaffolds; some by midnight assassination; others, more fortunate, to fall on the battle-field—nearly all sooner or later to be laid in bloody graves."

The pageant over, and the helm of the ship committed to the new pilot, the curtain rises, and the struggle begins. Philip II., as he ever avowed, had but one fixed principle in life, the destruction of the enemies of the Holy Catholic faith. False, malignant, licentious, a man who from his boyhood to his grave maintained unbroken acquaintance with all forms of human villainy, Philip lived in the conviction that by massacreing heretics he could earn a perpetually renewed forgiveness for his crimes,—that a zeal for orthodoxy unwavering, unflinching, pursued through torrents of blood, would be accepted graciously in lieu of every other Christian virtue.

At his first accession he was embarrassed with mere earthly politics. He was entangled with wars in Italy and France, and Count Egmont and his Flemish subjects had first to win for him two magnificent victories before he could find leisure for his more serious labours. At length, at the close of 1558, the peace of Cambray set him free, and his mission commenced. His first object was a simultaneous slaughter of Protestants throughout Europe, to be conducted by all the Catholic Powers. Mary of England would have made no difficulty; the Lorraine faction at Paris entered cordially into the scheme, and Mary of Guise in Scotland was to be admitted into the partnership of crime. The outline of this grand conception was communicated strangely by Henry II. to the Prince of Orange when in France as hostage for the fulfilment of the treaty of Cambray, under the impression that the Prince, as a good Catholic, would loyally sympathize in the scheme. The accidents which occasionally mutilate the best laid

enterprises, interfered to mar the execution of this. Mary Tudor died, and the English throne fell to a heretic princess. The Huguenot nobles tied the hands of the Guises; and the Valois princes were able only to achieve an imperfect Massacre of Saint Bartholomew. Philip only resolutely, consistently, and steadily followed out his design and directed upon this one aim the full weight of the enormous power which he had inherited. In Spain he succeeded. Ten thousand heretics fell at the stake or on the scaffold; and the feeble light of the Reformation expired in the Peninsula for ever. His other effort to do the same thing in the Netherlands did not succeed; it was defeated by a resistance, which however we consider it, whether with respect to the cause that was fought for, to the unequal resources of the combatants, to the duration of the conflict, or to the spirit in which the long battle with tyranny was fought out, must be considered as the grandest achievement in the whole history of mankind. There is nothing like it in antiquity;—nothing in the conquest of their freedom by any of the greater nations of the modern world. The scanty population of two small provinces, no larger than two English counties (for on them at last the weight of the revolution fell), wrestled with the full power of Spain backed by the wealth of half the world and overcame it.

Protestantism found early a welcome in the Netherlands. The landed nobles there as elsewhere remained attached to the old faith: but the spirit of commerce in the body of the people, the enterprise which scattered them over the world, their long intercourse with England, and the political liberty which they had conquered for themselves,—pointed out these provinces as the natural home of emancipated thought. In the early years of the Reformation religious exiles from France and England found a refuge under the free institutions of their cities. The Antwerp printing presses supplied the Reformers in London with translations of the Bible; and Charles V., in the commencement of his reign, had been embarrassed too seriously with the Turks, with Germany, and with France, to venture measures of violent repression. Ultimately, as he conquered his political difficulties, he was able to make amends for lost time. The great families to whose keeping the liberties of the country were entrusted did not care to embarrass themselves with the defence of heresy, which was as hateful to them as to the Emperor; and Charles could boast at his abdication of having destroyed, in the Low Countries alone, a number stated variously at from fifty to a hundred thousand of these wretched “enemies of mankind.”

Yet, in spite of so considerable exertions, the contagion had continued to spread. The Northern provinces and the great towns swarmed with offenders; and the Catholic Philip, the de-

fender of the faith, the champion of the Holy See, found his inheritance, when he took possession of it, in full progress towards apostacy.

His first effort, as we said, was for a general crusade of all the Catholic powers. Meanwhile, he could commence the good work within his own dominions; and as a first preliminary establish the Inquisition and the torture-chamber. There was a difficulty, because, while King of Spain, Philip was but Count or Duke in his provinces upon the Rhine, and his subjects there were under the protection of their own laws, by which at his coronation he was sworn to govern. He served a master, however, who happily had the power of dispensing with inconvenient oaths; and when the alternative lay before him of perjury and an undue toleration of Protestantism, it was his duty both to God and man to choose the lightest offence. Measures of moderate repression would have been possible without violating the constitution of the States; but an immoderate evil might not be moderately dealt with.

Accordingly, retiring himself to Spain, he left his sister, Margaret of Parma, with directions to set on foot the method found so efficacious in Spain, and with the assistance of Cardinal Granvelle to purge the Netherlands clean. There were two forms of the Inquisition, the Episcopal and the Spanish. The Episcopal offered the lightest outrage to existing forms, and this was therefore selected with an affectation of outward lenity. The true explanation of the choice was given, however, by Philip himself. He could abundantly trust the zeal of his bishops. The Inquisition of the Netherlands, as the King acknowledged, was more pitiless than that of Spain. In fact, says Mr. Motley,—

“The main difference between the two institutions consisted in the greater efficiency of the Spanish in discovering such of its victims as were disposed to deny their faith. Devised originally for more timorous and less conscientious infidels, who were often disposed to skulk in obscure places, and to renounce without really abandoning their errors, it was provided with a set of venomous familiars who glided through every chamber, and coiled themselves at every fire-side. The secret details of each household in the realm being therefore known to the Holy Office and the monarch, no infidel or heretic could escape discovery. This invisible machinery was less requisite for the Netherlands. There was comparatively little difficulty in ferreting out the ‘vermin:’ to use the expression of a Walloon historian of that age; so that it was only necessary to maintain in good working-order the apparatus for destroying the noxious creatures when unearthed. This inquisitional system of Spain was hardly necessary for men who had but little prudence in concealing, and no inclination to disavow their creed. That the civil authorities were not as entirely superseded by the Netherland as by the Spanish system was rather a difference of form than of fact. The secular officers of justice were

at the command of the inquisitors. Sheriff, gaolers, judge, and hangman, were all required under the most terrible penalties to do their bidding."

The institution was therefore sufficient for its work. The provinces would be left a desert before there would be any sign of failure in the machinery of the institution. The one difficulty was that which was common to all contrivances of State craft—it could only be worked by beings who wore at least the human form; and, however great might be the energy of the bishops, the Catholic laity among the Netherlands had neither themselves wholly lost their human hearts, nor were disposed to allow the administration of the Government to lapse into the hands of foreigners and ecclesiastics. The Prince of Orange at that time still professed the faith in which he had been bred; but as soon as he became possessed of the fatal secret which Henry of France had communicated to him, he determined, if possible, to save his country; and by birth, wealth, and influence, the first of the Netherland aristocracy, he set in force the full resources which the constitution allowed to thwart the Government and stay the persecution. From 1559 to 1567—the eight years of the regency of Margaret of Parma—the constitutional conflict continued. The Government attempted to enforce the laws against heresy; Orange, with the support of the body of the nobility, continued to thwart and oppose them. Multitudes were executed; but the numbers grew too fast for executioners who were hampered by forms; and Philip, with crippled finances, was unable to attempt the last extremity of force. He exhausted the resources of weakness, he fawned and flattered, he promised profusely; like Judas, he breathed his poison in a kiss; and though he yielded nothing, he deceived Egmont, he deceived Montigny, he deceived all but Orange. Orange only knew him; Orange only saw the malignity of his purpose, the settled venom of his fanaticism. Orange knew that the king would forget nothing, forgive nothing, surrender nothing; and his ever-watchful eyes penetrated the inmost secrets of the Spanish Cabinet, with a subtlety deeper than Philip's own.

"Already (in the last year of Margaret's regency), the prince had organized that system of espionage upon Philip, by which the champion of his country was so long able to circumvent its despot. The king left letters carefully locked in his desk at night, and unseen hands had forwarded copies of them to William of Orange before the morning. He left memoranda in his pockets on retiring to bed, and exact transcripts of those papers found their way ere he rose, to the same watchman in the Netherlands."

Mr. Motley, perhaps needlessly, thinks it necessary to apologize for these subtle doings.

"No doubt (he says) that an inclination for political intrigue was a

prominent characteristic of the prince, and a blemish upon the purity of his moral nature. Yet the dissimulating policy of his age he had mastered only that he might accomplish the noblest purposes to which a great and good man can devote his life—the protection of the liberty and the religion of a whole people against foreign tyranny. His intrigues served his country, not a narrow, personal ambition; and it was only by such arts that he became Philip's master, instead of falling at once, like so many great personages, a blind and infatuated victim. No doubt his purveyors of secret information were often destined to atone fearfully for their contraband commerce; but they who trade in treason must expect to pay the penalty of their traffic."

Guided by these hidden clues in the understanding of the dark purposes of the king, yet himself ever meeting those purposes by the open weapons of the constitution, the prince played steadily his baffling game, till Granvelle was driven away in despair, and Margaret of Parma was reduced to helplessness; and the king had to choose between toleration of heresy, or falling back upon the sword. Unhappily, the latter course was no longer difficult to him. The spread of the Reformation had alarmed the Walloon nobles; their patriotism had first wavered, then ebbed away; and even Egmont himself, who had for many years adhered faithfully to Orange, had allowed himself to be made an instrument of persecution. United, the nobility might have dictated to Philip the terms on which a titular sovereignty should be left to him: but the element of religion acted as a fatal solvent. The horror lest they should be suspected of heresy was a phantom which terrified them each from his duty; and they stood still in passive obedience, while the Duke of Alva, with a Spanish army, took the place of Margaret.

On the 10th of May, 1567, that army sailed from Carthagena; ten thousand veterans, the picked troops of the world, under command of the greatest general. Both army and commander appear to have existed for the purpose of showing that military excellence of the highest kind is compatible with the absence of every other human virtue. The discipline of the soldiers extended even to their vices: two thousand prostitutes, formally enrolled and organized, attended their march. They were, perhaps, the most perfect instruments of unscrupulous wickedness that have been ever seen. The general was worthy of his men. In person, Alva "was tall, thin, erect, with a small head, a long visage, lean yellow cheek, dark twinkling eyes, a dusk complexion, black bristling hair, and a long sable-silvered beard descending in two waving streams upon his breast." His moral characteristics are thus generously described:—

"Philip," Mr. Motley says, "was fanatically impressed with his mission; his viceroy was possessed by his loyalty as by a demon. In this way alone, that conduct which can never be palliated, may at least

be comprehended. It was Philip's enthusiasm to embody the wrath of God against heretics. It was Alva's enthusiasm to embody the wrath of Philip. Narrow-minded, isolated, seeing only that section of the world which was visible through the loophole of the fortress in which nature had imprisoned him for life; placing his glory in unconditional obedience to his superior, questioning nothing, doubting nothing, fearing nothing, the viceroy accomplished his work of hell with the tranquillity of an angel. An iron will, which clove through every obstacle; adamantine fortitude, which sustained without flinching a mountain of responsibility, were qualities which, united to his fanatical obedience, made him a man for Philip's work, such as could not have been found again."

There was no ambiguity in the instructions which Alva brought with him. Philip would rather reign over a desert than over Paradise if peopled with heretics; and to a desert, if necessary, the Duke of Alva was commissioned to reduce the Netherlands. Orthodoxy was to be no security. To have resisted the persecution—to have obstructed in the smallest degree the pious work of destruction to which the King had devoted his life—was crime sufficient. Egmont dreamed that he had earned his forgiveness by his unhappy zealousness of the last year; but he had to do with a sovereign who never signed a pardon. His doom was sealed before Alva left the presence of his master. All the inhabitants of the provinces, high and low, with a few specially named exceptions, were declared by the Holy Office to have incurred penalty of death; and Alva came with the fixed intention of carrying out this sentence, till the heart and life of the country lay dead at his feet, and every vestige of resistance was extinguished. No imagination could have divined so infernal a depth of malignity. Orange knew it, and withdrew in time: but it was in vain that he warned Egmont. Philip flattered, and Egmont believed him: we all know with what results. With Egmont fell Count Horn, and all the crowd of minor patriots. The heads of the leaders struck off, the nation, bewildered and helpless, sank passively under its doom. We have shuddered at September massacres, at Fouquier-Tinville's death-tribunal, at the fusillades at Lyons, and the noyades of the Loire. The democratic fanaticism of Robespierre was tame beside the orthodox fury of Alva; and the Jacobin club, "the mighty mother" of the Revolution, was but a driveller in cruelty, compared to the conclave of which the Iron Duke was the instrument. The ordinary tribunals were set aside. The functions of justice were superseded by the Blood Council, which, with its affiliated societies, ruled over the Netherlands. Here is a description of one of its councillors, Juan de Vargas, drawn by a master-hand:—

"Two Spaniards, Del Rio and De Vargas, were the only members

of the council who could vote. Del Rio was a man without character or talent—a mere tool in the hands of his superiors; but Juan de Vargas was a terrible reality. . . . To shed human blood was, in his opinion, the only important business, and the only exhilarating pastime of life. His youth had been stained with other crimes. He had been obliged to retire from Spain because of his violation of an orphan child to whom he was guardian; but in his manhood, he found no pleasure but in murder. He executed Alva's bloody work with an industry which was almost superhuman, and with a merriment which would have shamed a demon. His execrable jests ring through the blood and smoke and death-cries of those days of perpetual sacrifice. He was proud to be the double of the iron-hearted duke, and acted so uniformly in accordance with his views, that the right of revision remained but nominal. There could be no possibility of collision, when the subaltern was only anxious to surpass an incomparable superior. The figure of Vargas rises upon us through the mist of three centuries with terrible distinctness. Even his barbarous grammar has not been forgotten; and his crimes against syntax and against humanity have acquired the same immortality. '*Heretici fraxerunt templa, boni nihili faxerunt contra-ergo debent omnes patibulari,*' was the comprehensive but barbarous formula of the man who murdered the Latin language as ruthlessly as he slaughtered his contemporaries."

The work of murder thus commenced under these accursed auspices; and at the end of a few months, the condition to which Alva and his council had reduced the provinces, is thus summed up. Let no one suspect Mr. Motley of exaggeration. His work is the result of patient labour among writers of all sides and all opinions, and his most terrible relations are too faithfully copied from the language of immediate witnesses.

"The whole country became a charnel-house; the death-bell tolled hourly in every village; not a family but was called to mourn for its dearest relatives; while the survivors stalked listlessly about the ghosts of their former homes. The spirit of the nation was hopelessly broken. The blood of its best and bravest had already stained the scaffold; the men to whom it had been accustomed to look for guidance and protection were dead, in prison, or in exile. Submission had ceased to be of any avail, flight was impossible, and the spirit of vengeance had alighted at every fireside. The mourners went daily about the streets, for there was hardly a house which had not been made desolate. The scaffold, the gallows, the funeral piles which had been sufficient in ordinary times, furnished now an entirely inadequate machinery for the executions. Columns and stakes in every street, the door-posts of private houses, the fences in the fields were laden with human carcases, strangled, burned, beheaded. The orchards in the country bore on many a tree the hideous fruit of human bodies."

This general summary is illustrated in some hundreds of pages of hideous and too authentic detail. Wretched cities which dared to close their gates against the executors of the decrees of the

council suffered worse horrors than the most delirious cruelty in open war has ever dared to inflict. Entire populations by the direct command of Philip and his General were massacred with the hideous accompanying atrocities of rape and pillage. Every crime which the madness of mankind can execute, was sanctified by the blessing of the Church, and was perpetrated under the eyes of princes and prelates in the cause of the father of mankind. We cannot regret that a man has been found who has dared to lift the curtain over these scenes, and show them to us as they were. In the "Catholic reaction" of these late times, a bastard sentimentalism has stolen over us; we have talked mincingly of the intolerance of the Protestants in their ultimate victory, caring little to know what that thing was which they refused to tolerate. We have dreamed of Catholicism not as the destroying fiend which the nations of Europe experienced it to be in the last years of its power, but as it plays on the imagination in its associations—in its theory—in the spirit which haunts the aisles of the cathedrals, and the broken arches of monastic ruins. It is well that we should see it once more face to face as it was. It is well, too, when revolution is a thing of horror to so many of us; when the higher classes in so many countries look on with acquiescence, while in the name of order the liberties of centuries are trampled down, through some dim fear of what the people might do if they gained power,—it is well at such a time that the world should be reminded what despots also have sometimes done.

"It is not without reluctance," writes Mr. Motley, in a passage which might be written in letters of gold, when relating, out of Alva's correspondence, the massacre at Naarden,—*"it is not without reluctance, but still with a stern determination that the historian should faithfully record these transactions. To extenuate would be base; to exaggerate impossible. It is good that the world should not forget how much wrong has been endured by a single nation at the hands of despotism, and in the sacred name of God. There have been tongues and pens enough to narrate the excesses of the people bursting from time to time out of slavery into madness: it is good too that those crimes should be remembered, and freshly pondered;—but it is equally wholesome to study the opposite picture. Tyranny ever young and ever old—constantly reproducing herself with the same stony features—with the same imposing mask which she has worn through all the ages, can never be too minutely examined, especially when she paints her own portraits, and when the secret history of her guilt is furnished by the confessions of her lovers. The perusal of her traits will not make us love popular liberty the less."*

How the Prince of Orange, with his brothers, laboured meanwhile to rescue his bleeding country; how he flung into the cause his correspondence, his credit, his life, raising from his own resources

armies of German mercenaries, after a short gleam of success to be disastrously defeated ; how, as the atrocities of the Inquisition showed ever in darker colours, his mind was slowly weaned from the creed in the name of which those atrocities were perpetrated ; and how, in the midst of his disasters the mere human wisdom and human generosity of heart with which he had commenced his career became absorbed into a high, passionate faith, and in belief and conviction he became one with the poor sufferers for whom he struggled ; how, at length, in the darkest hour, when all seemed hopeless, a gang of outlaws, patriot exiles turned pirates, seized in a sudden freak on the town of Brill, and by a common impulse the two provinces of Holland and Zeeland broke into revolution, drove out the Spanish garrisons, and made a home for freedom which, though shaken desperately, was never again broken down ;—all this must be read in the brilliant and deeply sympathizing pages of Mr. Motley, to whom the chivalry of these poor people, and the after-career of the Prince who made haste to throw himself at their head, appears, he says, as “ a great Christian epic,” the finest of which the history of Europe has to boast.

Desperately Alva struggled to crush those poor Calvinist “beggars,” for so they called themselves. But the beggars, even the women and the children among them, were lifted by the passions of the time into preternatural defiance. The Spanish army could crush them inch by inch ; but at a cost of blood and treasure which made victory scarcely less disastrous than defeat. Philip could destroy, but he could not overcome. Harlem alone, the first weak town which the Spaniards attacked, though it fell at last, cost the Duke seven months of labour and twelve thousand of his choicest troops. And the finances of Spain, being thrown into confusion by the ruin of the Netherlands, were unequal to support the struggle with a few hundred thousand peasants and petty burghers. Alva was baffled, and at last withdrew. His place was filled by a milder viceroy. *Requiescens*, it was thought, might perhaps conciliate when Alva had failed to crush. *Requiescens*, however, fared no better. The army was invincible in the field ; but the treasury was barren of the means to pay the soldiers : they broke into open mutiny, wandered hither and thither at their will, seized cities as an indemnity for their wages, sacked, ravished, burnt, and pillaged. In the midst of these confusions, *Requiescens* died. The Netherlands was without a governor : and in the interval “ the Spanish fury” at Antwerp, a carnage more horrible than even the massacre of St. Bartholomew, broke the spell of submission. In all Belgium the people rose at once out of their torpor ; and the day of freedom promised soon to dawn. If the two provinces of Holland and Zeeland alone were able to defy Alva so long, the seventeen, united in heart and soul, had but to claim

their independence to secure it. This great union, unfortunately, was not to be. The difference in race forbade it, and still more the difference in creed. The Protestants of Belgium were in exile, or in their graves. The remaining population were moderately orthodox; and their faith soon paralysed them.

But a vast step was gained—five other provinces adhered to the Prince in the Union of Utrecht. Don John of Austria was sent from Spain in the blaze of his glory to end the struggle; and as force had signally failed, to finish it by concession. The Prince of Orange for himself might have all which he desired—toleration, and pardon, and wealth. The provinces might have all except the one thing for which they were contending—religious liberty. It was in vain. The Prince cared only for his duty to the people who had trusted him. Don John must yield all, or again try the sword. He did try the sword, but with no better issue. He could win battles; but he could not conquer men, who were utterly fearless of all evil which he had power to inflict upon them. He too sank before the impracticable task, and died broken-hearted.

Alexander of Parma, Margaret's son, followed Don John,—a far abler man, who alone in any way was able to cope with Orange. He did something. Among other things, he found, at last, an efficient person who undertook the Prince's murder, and who too faithfully accomplished the work. It was not wholly too late, for Parma saved Belgium, which, if Orange had lived, would have followed, perhaps, at last in the track of the Union of Utrecht. The hope of Spain rested, as he knew, on the destruction of that one life; and both he and Philip were ready with no niggard payment for so great service. Countless wealth and the highest order of Spanish nobility were promised to the successful assassin, to be enjoyed by himself in his own person, if he came off with life, to be given to his heirs if his life fell a sacrifice.

The golden bait succeeded. Many attempts were made. At length, under the inspiration of the Jesuits, a miserable fanatic did the work; and the Prince of Orange fell as the Regent Murray had a few years before him fallen in the streets of Linlithgow, as two kings of France fell, and as Elizabeth was to follow also, if the Roman ecclesiastics could have their way. But though not wholly useless, the Prince's death could not undo the work which he had accomplished: and those little wasted provinces which he had rescued from the destroyer were saved for freedom and for the world.

We must extract some portion of Mr. Motley's sketch of the Prince's character. For the justification of his estimate of it, our readers must seek themselves in Mr. Motley's own pages.

"Of the soldier's great virtues—constancy in disaster, devotion to duty, hopefulness in defeat—no man ever possessed a larger share. He

arrived through a series of reverses at a perfect victory. He planted a free commonwealth under the very battery of the Inquisition, in defiance of the most powerful empire existing. He was, therefore, a conqueror in the loftiest sense; for he conquered liberty and a national existence for a whole people. The contest was long, and he fell in the struggle; but the victory was to the dead hero, not to the living monarch. . . . The supremacy of his political genius was entirely beyond question. He was the first statesman of his age. The quickness of his perception was only equalled by the caution which enabled him to mature the results of his observations. His knowledge of human nature was profound. . . . It is instructive to observe the wiles of the Machiavellian school employed by a master of the craft, to frustrate, not to advance, a knavish purpose. This character, in a great measure, marked his whole policy. He was profoundly skilled in the subtleties of Italian statesmanship, which he had learned as a youth at the Imperial court, and which he employed in his manhood in the service, not of tyranny, but of liberty. He fought the Inquisition with its own weapons. He dealt with Philip on his own ground. He excavated the earth beneath the King's feet by a more subtle process than that practised by the most fraudulent monarch who ever governed the Spanish empire: and Philip, chainmailed as he was in complicated wiles, was pierced to the quick by a keener policy than his own. Ten years long the King placed daily his most secret letters in hands which regularly transmitted copies of the correspondence to the Prince of Orange. . . . Casuists must determine how much guilt attaches to the Prince for his share in this transaction. Judged by a severe moral standard, it cannot be called virtuous or honourable to suborn treachery, even to accomplish a lofty purpose. Yet the universal practice of mankind in all ages has tolerated the artifices of war; and no people has ever engaged in a holier or more mortal contest than did the Netherlands in their great struggle with Spain.

"It is difficult to find any other characteristic deserving of grave censure; but his enemies have adopted a simpler process. They have been able to find few flaws in his nature, and therefore have denounced it in gross.

"It is not that his character was here and there defective, but that the eternal jewel was false. The patriotism was counterfeit. He was governed only by ambition; by a desire of personal advancement. They never attempted to deny his talents, his industry, his vast sacrifices of wealth and station; but they ridiculed the idea that he could have been inspired by any but unworthy motives. God alone knows the heart of man. But as far as can be judged by a careful observation of undisputed facts, and by a diligent collation of public and private documents, it would seem that no man, not even Washington, had ever been inspired by a purer patriotism. . . . He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrow with a smiling face. 'God pity this poor people,' were the last words upon his lips, save the simple affirmative with which the soldier who had been battling for the right all his lifetime commended his soul in dying to his great captain, Christ. The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of

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their 'Father William.' Not all the clouds which calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind, to which they were accustomed in their darkest calamities to look for light. He was the guiding star of a whole brave nation during his life, and when he died, the little children cried in the streets."

In these critical days, when faith in heroism is growing faint, and the aim of historians is to drag the great men of past times from their pinnacles, and dwarf them into commonplace mediocrity, it is pleasant to meet with language so warm, so genial, so admiring. The same spirit pervades the whole book. There is no desire to gloss over ascertained blemishes, no attempt to hide good men's faults any more than to invent supposititious virtues for the bad. Mr. Motley, in his determination to be just, concedes too much to the horror felt by some good persons for "Machiavellism." Perhaps it is not permitted to a man to stoop to intrigue in defence of his own private interests. But those to whom the safety of nations is intrusted in a contest with cruel and treacherous enemies, must meet the destroyers with their own weapons; and Orange was no more bound to keep open terms with the satellites of the Inquisition, than with serpents or savage beasts. But wherever Mr. Motley finds a generous, true-hearted man, he treats him generously; where he finds a great man, he treats him with the reverence and admiration which is his due; and he distributes his moral judgment (strange that it should be so rare a virtue in historians) by the same rules and with the same good sense with which reasonable men learn to judge each other in actual life.

Only in one direction do we see reason to think that he has erred in his estimate. Acquainted chiefly with the continental writers and continental state papers, or at least having been long deeply and exclusively occupied with them, he has judged the policy of England to the Netherlands as it appeared to the Netherlanders themselves; and in representing that policy to have been entirely selfish, he has scarcely measured fairly either what Elizabeth actually did, or her difficulty in venturing to do more. William of Orange looked for help wherever help might be found; to Germany, to France, to England. And Mr. Motley thinks that the hesitation which he met with from Elizabeth was unworthy alike of herself and of her people. Yet Elizabeth's first duty assuredly was to her own country; and during the whole period which Mr. Motley's history covers, England was at any moment exposed to a re-action into Catholicism, and to a struggle as tremendous as that with which William himself was contending. The English Romanists, till the last quarter of the sixteenth century, certainly outnumbered the Protestants. They were prevented from moving partly by the energy of the government, but much more by a spirit of loyalty to their

legitimate sovereign; a feeling so sacred with the vast majority of Englishmen, as to overweigh the counter-obligations of their creed. This it was which made Elizabeth so deeply unwilling to countenance any form of rebellion elsewhere, or anything which could bear the appearance of rebellion. To encourage resistance to a legitimate sovereign was to sanction conduct by her own example, which might instantly and terribly be repeated against herself. Undoubtedly she held high notions of the royal prerogative. Her own temper corresponded to the temper of her people. But her conduct was controlled by policy as well as influenced by principle; and the extremity of danger, even at her own doors, could scarcely induce her to change her course even for a moment. In 1559, when Mary of Guise, with the help of a French army, had crushed the Scotch reformers, and an insurrection in the northern counties of England was immediately imminent, supported by a French invasion, it was only by a threat of resignation that Sir William Cecil prevailed upon her to send troops across the Tweed and prevent the entire ruin of the Protestants. For the same reason she was unable, or thought herself unable, to give open support to William of Orange. If religion was a fair plea for the Low Countries to rebel against Philip, her Catholic subjects would retort the argument fatally upon herself—so at least Elizabeth thought: and whether her own judgment or that of her ministers was at the moment the wisest, is less easy to decide than it may seem.

Yet, after all, the help which she actually rendered was very far from insignificant. There was peace in name between Elizabeth and Philip; but it was the peace of mortal enemies who were but watching the moment to strike each other with deadliest advantage. Philip might keep peace with England. He kept none with its Protestant queen. From the moment at which she refused his hand, and chose her course as a champion of the Reformation, she was the one mark of every villain whom Spanish gold could bribe to murder her. Fresh light has been thrown by Mr. Motley on some of these plots. They were incessant, and always of a single form; Elizabeth was to be murdered, Mary of Scotland was to be proclaimed her successor, and a Spanish army was to sweep across in the confusion out of the Netherlands.

Elizabeth, intimately aware of these schemes, was not likely to have wished to see Alva triumphant, or to have felt herself under very strict obligations to his master. She did not send Philip's ambassador his passports, or recall her own from Madrid. But her subjects were permitted to volunteer by thousands into the service of the Prince of Orange—a breach of neutrality which an American writer ought surely to recognise; and far more

than that, she granted roving commissions to the young adventurers of the day, the Drakes, the Oxenhamms, the Hawkinses, to seek their fortunes in the southern seas, to seize the Spanish towns, to plunder the Spanish treasure-ships, and to cut off at the fountain the streams of gold which fed the armies of Alva and of Parma. If those streams had flowed unbroken, the Brussels treasury would never have been drained; the Spanish troops would not have mutinied; and who can say then, how long the provinces could have stemmed the tide. This was not much perhaps, but it was something. Elizabeth was not wholly occupied with jealousies of France, and dubious coquetry with liberty; and we could wish that, since Mr. Motley found it necessary to speak of her, there had been some more clear acknowledgment both of her domestic perils and her services in the great cause. The Prince of Parma said that the Netherlands were to be conquered only in London. Perhaps in the promised continuation of his work, Mr. Motley will tell us how Parma was brought at last to that conclusion.

It is ungracious, however, even to find so slight a fault with these admirable volumes. Mr. Motley has written without haste, with the leisurely composure of a master; and among the most interesting portions of his narrative are the details of the subsidiary intrigues of the Spanish king. The archives of Ximencas have yielded up many an infernal secret never designed for light. And although Philip the Second has long borne a character in history tolerably hateful, the scientific malignity of his nature has not yet, it seems, been adequately appreciated. Two illustrative stories we must find room to mention. The first relates to the execution of the Seigneur de Montigny, the brother of Count Horn. This nobleman, accompanied by the Marquis Berghen, had been sent by Margaret of Parma into Spain, to represent to Philip the condition of the Netherlands. The envoys had been received with the highest courtesy, but on various pretexts they were detained in Madrid. At length Berghen died; and Montigny, whose crime had been merely to have defended in council, and by petition, the constitutional liberties of the provinces, was first placed under surveillance, and afterwards imprisoned. Thus he remained till the Duke of Alva had been two years at Brussels, and the executions were slackening for want of victims. Montigny's crimes, however, had been the same as Egmont's; and Philip was resolved that sooner or later he should suffer the same penalty. His case by the King's order was laid before the Blood Council at Brussels: that the accused should be present on his trial was held to be a needless formality. He was condemned in his absence to death, and the sentence was transmitted to Madrid.

For many reasons, chiefly because the world would have called such a proceeding by hard names, a public execution was thought

undesirable. The Madrid Council suggested poison. The expedient was a natural one; but Philip's conscience hesitated. Poison was informal, and wore an ugly resemblance to assassination. The prisoner, for the sake of justice, must be regularly disposed of; but the death, at the same time, must be so contrived that the world should believe it natural.

"This point having been settled," says Mr. Motley, "the King now set about the arrangements of his plan with all that close attention to detail which marked his character. The patient industry which, had God given him a human heart and love of right, might have made him a useful monarch, he devoted to a scheme of midnight murder, with a tranquil sense of enjoyment which seems almost incredible."

The first step was to remove Montigny from Segovia, where he had been previously confined, to the more secure and retired castle of Ximancas. The alcalde of this fortress was informed of the intended execution, and of the necessity of observing a profound secrecy. The refinement of the next proceedings is so curious, that some attention will be required to follow them.

The prisoner, on being brought to Ximancas, was allowed some little liberty. He was permitted to walk in the corridor adjoining his apartment. The object of the indulgence presently appeared. In a few days an emissary of the Government brought down from Madrid two letters, each of them the composition of his most sacred Majesty. The first was addressed to Montigny himself. It was unsigned, and contained a suggestion of a plan for his escape. This was to be thrown into the corridor at a time when it would be found by the alcalde, or by some officer of the castle, and was to form a pretext for instant and close imprisonment. The other letter was one addressed *by Philip to himself*, which was to be signed by the alcalde. It related to the intended escape. It stated further, that Montigny, in consequence of the confinement to which it had been necessary to subject him, had fallen grievously ill; but that he should receive all the attention compatible with his safe keeping. Philip's directions were faithfully observed. The first paper was thrown into the corridor. The alcalde found it. Montigny, in spite of his protests, was locked in a single room, and Philip's letter to himself was signed and returned. The court physician was despatched in haste to attend on the sick prisoner; and, on coming back to Madrid, declared publicly that his patient was suffering from a disorder from which it was scarcely possible that he could recover.

A few days were allowed to elapse, and the public having been thus prepared to hear of Montigny's death, it was time to inflict it. A party of officials, accompanied by an ecclesiastic, came down to Ximancas, and Philip was once more his own correspondent. He informed himself in a despatch, which was again to

bear the alcalde's signature, that in spite of all precautions the Seigneur Montigny had continued to grow worse, and had at length expired; that a priest had attended him in his last moments, and that he had died in so Catholic a frame of mind, that good hopes might be entertained of his salvation. The preparations were thus nearly complete. The delicacy of Philip's touch in such matters, added, however, one further refinement. Montigny was now told that he was to die. He was not allowed to make a will; being under sentence for high treason, his property was supposed to be confiscated; but he was permitted to draw up a memorial of his debts, under the stipulation that he was to make no allusion to his approaching execution, but was to use the language of a man seriously ill, who feels himself at the point of death.

"By this infernal ingenuity," observes Mr. Motley, "it was proposed to make the victim an accomplice in the plot, and to place a false exculpation of his assassins in his dying lips."

Under these exquisite arrangements the murder was completed. Montigny was strangled at midnight. He was buried decently by the king's orders; a grand mass and seven hundred lesser masses were said for the repose of his soul, the king himself having particularly fixed the number. Philip's epistle explanatory, announcing the fatal termination of the illness, was duly signed and sent. And this, with the other which preceded it, was published in the Netherlands with complete success. The truth was never even conjectured, and Montigny was believed universally to have followed his brother ambassador into a grave which had been dug for him by disease.

It may be asked how the authenticity of a story has been ascertained, which is more like an incident out of a highly seasoned French novel than an occurrence of actual human life. And, indeed, Alexander Dumas might put himself to school with Philip, and borrow a finish for his fictions which the delicate hand of a greater master of the art of plotting once gave to reality. The accuser, in this instance, is the King of Spain himself; the evidence is the secret narrative with which he furnished the Duke of Alva; and the entire unconsciousness, the innocence, the simplicity with which he relates all the horrible details to the viceroy is perhaps the most amazing feature in the whole transaction. He describes the minute particulars of his treachery with quiet, formal conscientiousness; and the curious inquirer in such matters will find in the concluding passage of the despatch a remarkable evidence of the effects which a Jesuit training can achieve with human nature.

"The king observed that there was not a person in Spain who

doubted that Montigny had died of a fever. He added, that if the sentiments of the deceased nobleman had been at all in conformity with his external manifestations according to the account received of his last moments, it was to be hoped that God would have mercy on his soul. The secretary who copied the letter, took the liberty of adding to this paragraph the suggestion that if Montigny were really a heretic, the devil, who always assists his children in such moments, would hardly have failed him in his dying hour. Philip, displeased with this flippancy, caused the passage to be erased. He even gave vent to his royal indignation in a marginal note to the effect that we should always express favourable judgments concerning the dead. . . . It seemed never to have occurred, however, to this remarkable moralist that it was quite as reprehensible to strangle an innocent man as to speak ill of him after his decease."

We recommend this story to the consideration of English historians. The Anglo-Catholics and the Latitudinarians have united, of late years, in invectives against the repressive measures which the government of Elizabeth adopted against the Romanists. We must desire them to study, in the character of the great Romanist champion, the disposition with which that government had to deal.

The secret history of another intrigue, gathered by Mr. Motley from MSS. in the library at the Hague, will furnish a companion picture to that of the murder of Montigny.

Don John of Austria, when succeeding Requesens in the regency of the Netherlands, had undertaken an occupation which in itself he detested, for the accomplishment of a scheme to which he had devoted himself with the enthusiasm of a Crusader. He was the representative, in its most brilliant form, of the pseudo-chivalry of the age; and aspiring at once to be the Hero of Romanism and the Knight of the Holy See, he had settled his ambition on delivering from her cruel prison the beautiful and interesting Mary Queen of Scots. The throne of Elizabeth and the head of her tyrannical rival were to be the votive offerings for which he trusted that the widow of Darnley would reward him with her hand; and Mary and Don John kneeling at the foot of the Pope were to present to the Holy Father the recovered submission of penitent England.

On the achievement of this exploit, which a perverse future seemed resolved to thwart, Don John's hopes were centred. The poor "winebibbers" whom he was sent to govern were merely hateful to him, and he bore with his office only in the prospect of his dream of glory. For this dream, the prince and his devoted secretary, Escovedo, were incessantly labouring. A never-ceasing correspondence was passing to and fro, upon the details, between Rome, and Madrid, and Brussels. It was to be the great throw of the dice which was to retrieve the Catholic world; and of course

the simultaneous murder of the Prince of Orange, to paralyse the rebellion in the provinces, was an important feature in the scheme. All this was well. It was the repetition of a plan which was first conceived by Alva, and it had remained a legacy to the successive viceroys of the Netherlands. Philip, however, in this instance, though anxious for the conquest of England, was yet afraid of it. Don John, surrounded by the halo of the achievement, might become a rival to himself: and the prudent king imagined that, among the collateral contingencies of his brother's enterprise, there might lurk treason against the Majesty of Spain. Philip's confidential minister at this time was the infamous Antonio Perez—a man whose deeper subtlety played with Philip as with a child; and who at the moment was intriguing with Philip's mistress, the Princess of Eboli. To Perez, Philip intrusted the management of a secret correspondence with Don John and with Escovedo. He was to pretend to them that it was carefully concealed from the king; he was directed to draw them out, to tempt them, to play upon them, to wind into their most secret confidence.

"The plot," says Mr. Motley, "was to draw from Don John and Escovedo, by means of this correspondence, the proofs of treason which the king and minister both desired to find. The letters from Spain were written with this view; those from Florence were opened with this end. Every confidential letter received by Perez was immediately laid before the king; every letter which the artful demon wrote was filled with hints as to the danger of the king's learning the existence of the correspondence, and with promises of profound secrecy upon his own part, and was then immediately placed in Philip's hands to receive his comments and criticisms before being copied and despatched to the Netherlands. The minister was playing a cold, murderous, and treacherous game, and played it in a masterly manner. Escovedo was lured to his destruction; Don John was made to fret his heart away; and Philip, more deceived than all, was betrayed in what he considered his affections, and made the mere tool of a man as false as himself, and infinitely more accomplished."

There was no real treason, or thought of it, on the part of Don John. The supposed plot had been invented by Perez for his own dark purposes. But the inexhaustible faculty of suspicion in the king was never addressed by any one without response; and to pass into the secret closet of men's hearts, wrapped in the invisible mantle of treachery, was the occupation in which, beyond all other earthly enjoyments, his nature delighted. This drama, too, had a terrible ending. Escovedo, sent by Don John to Madrid, discovered, not the mine which had been dug by the king and Perez, but the intrigue between Perez and the Eboli, and, in his unsuspecting fidelity, he threatened to inform Philip. This sealed his doom. In a few days he was murdered in the streets, and Philip

had been duped by his mistress and her paramour into directing the assassination.

Mr. Motley, who himself takes a sort of scientific interest in the structure of these underplots, traces the story through all its refined subtleties. He then concludes with the following terse summary of the relative position of the parties :—

“No apology is necessary for laying a somewhat extensive analysis of this secret correspondence before the reader. If there be any value in the examples of history, certainly few chronicles can furnish a more instructive moral. Here are a despotic king and his confidential minister laying their heads together in one cabinet; the viceroy of the most important province in the realm with his secretary deeply conferring in another; not as to the manner of advancing the great interests, moral or material, of the people over whom God has permitted them to rule, but as to the best means of arranging conspiracies against the throne and life of a neighbouring sovereign with the connivance and subsidies of the Pope. In this scheme, and in this only, the high conspirators are agreed. In every other respect mutual suspicion and profound deceit characterize the scene. The king, while expressing unbounded confidence in the viceroy, is doing his utmost, through the agency of the subtlest intriguer in the world, to inveigle him into confessions of treasonable schemes; and the minister is filling reams of paper with protestations of affection for the governor and secretary, with sneers at the character of the king, and with instructions as to the best method of deceiving him, and then laying the despatches before his majesty for correction and enlargement. To complete the picture, the monarch and his minister are seen urging the necessity of murdering the foremost man of the age upon the very dupe who was himself to be assassinated by the self-same pair; while the arch-plotter who controls the strings of all these complicated projects is equally false to king, governor, and secretary, and is engaging all the others in these blind and tortuous paths for the accomplishment of his own most secret and most ignoble aims.”

With this extract we now take our leave of Mr. Motley, desiring him only to accept our hearty thanks for these volumes, which we trust will soon take their place in every English library. Our quotations will have sufficed to show the ability of the writer. Of the scope and general character of his work we have given but a languid conception. The true merit of a great book must be learnt from the book itself. Our part has been rather to select varied specimens of style and power. Of Mr. Motley's antecedents we know nothing. If he has previously appeared before the public, his reputation has not crossed the Atlantic. It will not be so now. We believe that we may promise him as warm a welcome among ourselves as he will receive even in America; that his place will be at once conceded to him among the first historians in our common language.

ART. II.—THE ENGLISH LAW OF DIVORCE.

1. *First Report of the Commissioners appointed by Her Majesty to Inquire into the Law of Divorce.* 1853.
2. *Ecclesiastical Courts. A Report of the Judgment of Dr. Radcliffe in the Case of Talbot v. Talbot.*
3. *A Letter to the Hon. Justice Torrens.* By John Paget, Esq.
4. *A Letter to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland on the Judgment of the Court of Delegates in the Case of Talbot v. Talbot.* By T. T. Paget, Esq.
5. *A Letter to the Queen on Lord Cranworth's Marriage and Divorce Bill.* By the Hon. Mrs. Norton.
6. *Remarks upon the Law of Marriage and Divorce, suggested by the Hon. Mrs. Norton's Letter to the Queen.*

ONE of the obstacles in the way of a prompt and thorough reform of our Ecclesiastical Courts, is the difficulty of obtaining accurate information with regard to the practice and actual mode of working of those courts, divested of the technical language (which to the ears of the uninitiated, seems an unintelligible jargon) in which their proceedings are carried on. The phraseology of our courts of Common Law has become grafted into our ordinary conversation, and everybody is familiar with plaintiffs and defendants. It is not so with the language of Doctors' Commons; and if, in a mixed company, any one were to speak of promovents, impugnants, prodecents and administrants, he would be justly suspected of pedantry, and would probably be utterly unintelligible, unless some one of his audience had the misfortune of having at some time filled one of those characters. In such a case, the speaker would in all probability find that he had touched a very sore place, and would turn the conversation, and get out of the scrape as quickly as possible. We purpose, therefore, to place before our readers a concise and intelligible summary of the position in which the law now stands on the most important, and at the same time the most difficult matter confided to these courts, viz., that of divorce.

We shall not, in this article, enter upon the vexed questions as to what should, and what should not, be a sufficient ground for a divorce. All civilized countries which permit divorce at all, recognise the infidelity of the wife as a sufficient ground for relieving the husband from the bond of marriage. The law of England permits a legal separation, or divorce *a mensâ et*

thoro, on proof of such offence having been committed by either party; but in practice, and with exceptions too rare and peculiar to require notice, grants a complete divorce *a vinculo* only at the suit of the husband. Continental codes grant a complete divorce to the wife, if the husband has outraged her by bringing the partner of his guilt under the roof where the wife inhabits. The law of Scotland and of the principal States of North America, visits the infidelity of the husband with the same penalty as the infidelity of the wife.

For our present purpose, we accept the law as it stands; and when the law has determined what circumstances shall entitle any party to demand a divorce, we presume it will be admitted that every delay, every expense, every difficulty, except what is necessary for satisfactorily proving the existence of those circumstances, is a wrong and an injustice. Let us see how the law of England, having determined that a husband whose wife is unfaithful shall be entitled to a complete divorce, sets about to achieve that object.

It begins hopefully, by flatly contradicting itself.

The Law says, when you have once entered into a valid marriage, no subsequent circumstance but death shall absolve you from it, and enable you to contract a second union.

The Legislature says, prove that your partner in the marriage-contract has been faithless, and we will alter the law in your individual case; but we will only do so on the condition that you shall have previously obtained every redress that law will give you for your wrongs.

The first step which a husband is thus compelled to take to obtain his freedom, is one revolting to every man of honour and high feeling. He must appraise his wife, put a money-value on the sanctity of his hearth and the purity of his bed, pocket the price of infidelity, in the form of damages in an action of crim. con., and extort by law what he would be eternally disgraced were he to accept if voluntarily offered!

He then enters the Ecclesiastical Court and sues for a divorce *a mensâ et thoro*. Hitherto, revolting as the action against his wife's seducer is to all his feelings, he has been fighting in open day. But the scene now changes. As sometimes happens in a London fog, a single step takes him from broad daylight into the thickest obscurity. He may be met with counter charges, utterly groundless but difficult to disprove, and what is the machinery which the law provides for the elimination of truth in the Ecclesiastical Courts? Here is a picture by no means overcharged of the process :—

"In all courts the first material proceeding in the inquiry, and which necessarily precedes the evidence, consists in the statement of the, and
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on each side, and these statements are technically known by the name of 'The Pleadings.'

"In a criminal case they consist of the 'Indictment,' and 'Plea.'

"The 'Indictment' is a short and plain statement of the offence with which the prisoner is charged.

"The plea of 'Not guilty' requires the prosecutor to prove the case, and entitles the prisoner to give any evidence in his power of his innocence.

"In an action at Common Law the pleadings consist of the 'Declaration,' which contains the plaintiff's statement of his ground of complaint—the 'Plea,' which contains the defendant's answer; and if anything further remains to be told, these are followed by the 'Replication' and 'Rejoinder,' and other pleadings, distinguished by various technical designations, until the story on each side is fully before the court.

"In Chancery the same object is obtained by the 'Bill' of the plaintiff and the 'Answer' of the defendant.

"A suit for divorce by reason of adultery, in the Ecclesiastical Courts, partakes of the nature both of a criminal and a civil proceeding.

"The wife is on her trial for a crime, and so far as regards her the proceeding is criminal.

"The husband seeks redress for a wrong, and so far as regards him the proceeding is civil.

"The pleadings consist in the first place of the 'Libel,' which is exhibited by the husband or 'Promovent,' as he is technically called.

"This is analogous to the Indictment in a criminal or the Declaration in a civil proceeding. It contains a statement of the complaint.

"This is met by a Plea or 'Defensive Allegation,' which contains the counter-statement of the wife, who is technically designated as the 'Impugnant.'

"If further facts have to be brought forward on either side, and the nature and circumstances of the case are such as to render it necessary, each party may state those further facts and add to their original statements by pleading 'Additional Articles' until the story is complete on both sides.

"We now come to what is the pith, marrow, and essence of every judicial inquiry, however conducted—the Evidence. Each party produces his witnesses.

"Here the great and striking difference between the mode of procedure in the Ecclesiastical Courts and the Courts of Common Law commences.

"The proctor draws, or is supposed to draw, the article in support of which he produces a witness, from information furnished to him by that witness. The witness tells his story to the proctor. The proctor draws the article from the information so given, and then sends the witness in to prove it.

"This is the case where proctor and witness are both honest; but there is nothing whatever, except the subsequent penalties of perjury upon the witness if he is caught out, to prevent the process from being reversed, and the proctor from drawing the article to suit what he wants to prove, and then finding a witness to prove it.

"If the witness has a tolerable memory, and is sufficiently unscrupulous, he is pretty sure to prove any article he is designed to, for he goes direct from the proctor's or attorney's office to the Examiner, who is an officer of the court; he sits with him in a private room, no eye to watch him, no ear to mark his faltering voice as he approaches the perjury he is about to commit; the article he is to prove is read over to him, and his deposition taken down, almost in the very words to which he has been drilled by the attorney or the proctor whose office he has just quitted.

"This machinery, ingeniously as it is adapted for ensuring and protecting falsehood, sometimes fails. It occasionally happens that a witness shrinks from the actual commission of the crime he has undertaken, and speaks the truth he has promised to suppress; but this, as may well be supposed, is rare, and in general it may be assumed that a witness proves in chief the article to which he is designed.

"We now come to the cross-examination.

"Before a witness is produced, the proctor for the opposite party receives notice of the name of the witness and the articles he is vouched to support, and he then prepares interrogatories to be administered to the witness. These interrogatories are reduced into writing and given to the Examiner, who cross-examines the witness from them; but they are not communicated to the party who produces the witness, nor does he know what questions have been put, or what answers have been given, unless the witness divulges them, which he is cautioned not to do, a caution which, it is presumed, he does not very often obey. The proctor or counsel who prepares the interrogatories does not know what the witness has deposed in chief; and, as the examination in chief and the cross-examination are both in secret, it follows that there is no re-examination.

"The evidence remains under the seal of official secrecy until it is completed on both sides; when that is the case, each party is entitled to know what has been sworn, and, as it is technically called, 'Publication passes.'

"A more perfect system of *hocus-pocus*, anything more like a duel with hatchets in a dark cellar, can hardly be imagined.

"If the ingenuity of man had been employed for the express purpose of inventing a scheme for the concealment of the truth, one more perfect could hardly have been devised.

"The evidence is given in secret. Not even the judge who has to decide upon it is present when the witness is examined. No one but the officer of the court, whose lips are sealed by his official duty, knows the manner, demeanour, or general behaviour of the witness whilst giving his evidence.

"Cross-examination, the sword of truth, is turned from steel to lead. All who have wielded that weapon know how powerless it is except in the swift thrust and parry of oral contest. It is only in the rapid movements of such a struggle that the joints of the armour of fraud open and admit its point.

"A cross-examination by written interrogatories, in secret, and where the evidence given in chief is unknown, must (except under

circumstances of the most extraordinary good fortune) be a mere farce, a 'mockery, a delusion, and a snare.'"^{*}

The evidence of Dr. Lushington upon this matter, given in the year 1844, before a committee of the House of Lords, consisting of Lord Lyndhurst (Chancellor), the Bishop of London, Lord Brougham, Lord Cottenham, and Lord Campbell, is so important, and bears out so fully the passage we have just cited, that we shall extract it at considerable length:—

"90. In proceedings before you in Doctors' Commons, does the cause always proceed upon evidence written and taken upon interrogatory?—Always upon evidence taken by deposition in chief, and interrogatory in the nature of cross-examination.

"91. Upon a deposition in chief, followed by interrogatory in the nature of cross-examination, has the party tendering the witness, what is called the producent of the witness, an opportunity of examining in reply after the examination upon interrogatory?—No.

"92. So that whatever damage may be done in shaking the witnesses' testimony by the cross-examination, no opportunity whatever is given for setting that right by a re-examination.—No.

"93. Does the party framing the interrogatories, or framing the questions for the examination in chief know, or can he know, when he administers the second question, what answer will be given to the first?—The examination in chief is upon allegation; then the witness is examined by interrogatory, and it is the duty of the examiner to extract from the witness all that is pertinent to the averments in the articles on which he is examined. *Of course the other party knows nothing of the interrogatories, and the person putting the interrogatories cannot tell what answer will be given to any of them.*

"94. Consequently the second and third questions are propounded to the witness, in writing, in the dark, by the person propounding them, as to what answer shall have been given to the first.—*Certainly.*

"95. Consequently he may either have omitted to put a question which he would have put, had he known the answer to the first question, or he may have put a question which he would not have put had he known that answer?—*Certainly.*

"96. Does the party who cross-examines the witness upon interrogatories know what the examination in chief has been to which he is to cross-examine?—No further than knowing the plea upon which the witness is to be examined, and his name.

"97. He is left to guess in the dark as to what answers may have been given upon the different parts of the plea?—Yes, he presumes

* Sir Anthony Hart says, speaking of the similar system which formerly prevailed in the Court of Chancery, "As cross-examinations are at present, they are mere random hit sin the dark. When I was very young at the bar, I used to cross-examine, but I soon gave it up. For the last thirty years I hardly recommended it—I may say, I left it off as hopeless—I abandoned it in despair."—Per Sir Anthony Hart, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, in *Booth v. Parks*, 1 *Molloy*, 467.

that a witness who is produced to prove certain averments will give evidence in support of those averments; but knows nothing further.

"98. May it not happen that a witness in his examination in chief has given me, the opposite party who is to cross-examine him, a great advantage by answers in my favour; yet that I may, in the cross-interrogatories, do all I can to damage his testimony, though it has been given in my own favour?—Certainly, it may so happen.

"99. May it not happen that a witness may have given evidence in his examination in chief that may be perfectly obscure and unintelligible without cross-examination, and yet no cross-examination can be made upon it by way of explanation?—If it is a good examiner he will not let it be obscure and unintelligible.

"100. Is the examiner employed by the party, or is he an officer of the court?—He is the proper officer of the court, and only acts under the authority of the court; but there are several examiners, and the parties are at liberty to choose which examiner they please.

"101. Then the examination is conducted by the examiner, both in chief and in the cross-examination, by administering interrogatories put in the absence of both parties?—Yes.

"102. In the examination in chief is it not discretionary with the examiner in what way he shall obtain answers upon the allegation or the plea? Has he anything more than the instruction which he derives from the allegation as to the matters to which he is to confine himself?—Nothing else. He uses his judgment in the best way he can to get the truth out upon the examination in chief.

"103. He not being employed by the party, and acting in the absence of the party, may not much depend upon the fairness of the examiner, as to whether the truth is really got out or not?—*Unquestionably the whole case must depend upon it.* He is upon his oath.

"111. From your knowledge and acquaintance with the common law proceedings by *viva voce* testimony, as well as with the civil law proceedings by written examination, is it your opinion that written examination bears any comparison, in its force and effect for obtaining the truth between the parties, with *viva voce* examination in the Common Law Courts?—*I am certainly of opinion that, if we compare the two simply, viva voce examination tends more to elucidate the truth than any examination upon paper can do; but, at the same time, I wish to add that it very seldom occurs in our courts that there is much difficulty as to the matter of fact: it does occur occasionally, but seldom, because the witnesses produced are generally willing witnesses, and they state the whole, so that there is not that difficulty which you would anticipate, or that obscurity in the evidence. The examiners, several of them, are exceedingly skilful, and they take it down in the very words of the witness, after having first thoroughly purged his mind to see what he knows upon the subject.*

"112. Does the examiner exercise the least cross-examination of the witness? Is not that left entirely to the interrogatories?—*Entirely.*

"113. You have said that the witness is generally a willing witness. Suppose the witness is too willing. In that case, when at

common law, he would be put down, and his credit would go to pieces by cross-examination; may he not escape altogether, or almost altogether, by this proceeding of examination on written allegations, and cross-examination by interrogatory?—My answer to that would be this: *I have no hesitation in saying that the mode of cross-examination at common law is preferable for the elucidation of the truth; but I cannot consent to admit that where there is an over-willing witness, and where the examiner takes his evidence properly, it does not appear upon the face of the evidence that he is an over-willing witness, especially when you come to compare it with his evidence upon the cross-interrogatories, and with that of the other witnesses in the case.*

“114. Supposing that he is not only a too willing witness, but that he is a skilful witness as well as a willing witness, what means have you by written interrogatories, framed by one who has not heard his examination in chief, of sifting his credit, and preventing him from deceiving the court?—*No doubt that is very difficult, because the cross-interrogatories cannot be followed up.*

“115. Suppose a witness has made ever so fair and consistent, and not, apparently, too zealous an examination in chief, *may it not often happen that he is perjuring himself, and is in league with the party producent?*—Certainly, such cases may have arisen.

“116. Do the means of detection which are afforded by the cross-interrogatories bear any proportion in point of efficacy to the means of detection which *virâ voce* cross-examination affords?—*I think not. I have always been of that opinion.*

“117. Does not much depend, as to the credit of the witness, upon his personal demeanour in giving his evidence?—No doubt.

“118. Is not that wholly wanting to the Consistorial Judge?—No doubt.

“119. Is not it almost wholly wanting even to the examiner?—He has him alone in his room, and the examiner will form his own opinion as to the integrity of the witness from the manner in which he gives his evidence.

“120. The question supposes the evidence given in chief to be perfect; then all that goes down as if it were gospel: then comes the cross-interrogatory, which merely consists, without any discretion exercised by the examiner, of his reading the previously-framed written interrogatories, the examiner having no discretion, but being obliged just to read what has been written by the framer of the interrogatories, who never saw the witness, and who does not know a word of what he is to say. How can the examiner, by seeing his demeanour in answering those written questions, form any judgment whatever of his credit, *unless by the merest providence or accident in the world the framer of the interrogatories has stumbled by chance in the dark upon some question that tests his conscience?*—I apprehend the examiner, though it is not conveyed to the court, always has an impression of his own as to the veracity of the witness. He talks the whole case over with him, and he sees the manner in which he answers the questions. I have no doubt the examiner always has his own impression. Indeed, I have conversed with the best examiners; we have had some

most admirable examiners, and I hardly ever found that they were wrong in the opinion they had formed as to the real truth of the witness."

Having passed this ordeal—having, notwithstanding the difficulties thus opposed, established his right to a divorce *à mensâ et thoro*, to a decree which, while it relieves him from the society of his faithless partner, sentences him to "live a man forbid,"—he is at last permitted to appear at the bar of the House of Lords, there to commence *de novo*, to prove over again what he has proved twice before, and to establish, for the third time, a right to redress, so strong that it entitles him to relief by a special Act of Parliament. Thus, whilst law and justice admit that the right to relief is unanswerable, the only mode by which that relief can be obtained is when, after three tedious and expensive processes—after commencing with an action which a Lord Chancellor has denounced as "a disgrace to the country," and "a stigma on the law of England," and concluding by a process which a Chief Justice has declared to be "a scandalous practice," and a lay peer has held up to contempt, as "disgusting and demoralizing," the sword of the Legislature at last cuts the knot in the individual case, and leaves the law of the land where it found it—in what law-makers themselves have designated as a "barbarous," "indecent," "oppressive," "anomalous," "preposterous," and "utterly disgraceful" condition!

Such are the means which the law provides for the vindication of an unquestioned right, in the very small number of cases in which it permits that right to be vindicated at all; for a process, the cost of which must amount, at the lowest estimate, to many hundreds of pounds, and may, and frequently does, amount to thousands, can be attainable only by a very small percentage of the persons aggrieved. But partial, costly, and inefficient as is the assertion of a right, this same law becomes the most terrible agent in the infliction of a wrong. Impotent to protect, it is powerful to oppress; weak for the weak, it is strong for the strong; powerless for good, it is omnipotent for evil. We have seen how difficult, how tedious, how costly is that process to assert a right; let us now observe the same process when employed to inflict a wrong:—

"The first step which a man desirous to get rid of his wife takes, is to find some one so needy, or so unprincipled, that he can accuse him as her seducer without fear of contradiction; and as the law regards the seduction of a wife as a wrong, similar in kind to an injury to a horse or a package of goods, the husband sues the alleged paramour for a compensation in money. The defendant allows judgment to go by default; in other words, he admits his own and the wife's guilt, and then disappears no one knows whither. A writ issues to assess the

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damages—a touching picture is drawn of the ruin of domestic felicity; and the jury mark their sense of the outrage, which has been committed upon morality, by awarding large damages, which are of course never recovered or even attempted to be enforced.

“Whilst this is going on—whilst the character of the wife is being blasted for ever, she cannot be heard. The law says to her, ‘You are not concerned in this inquiry—you have no more to do with it than your husband’s horse, and no more right to interfere: it is admitted that you have been seduced and degraded, and we will not allow you to say you have not. The only matter we have now to inquire into, is your money value!’

“The next step on the part of the husband is a suit in the Ecclesiastical Court against his wife. Here it is true that the wife is a party to the suit; she has a right to appear and to defend herself if she can; but what kind of court and what mode of procedure has the law provided for her vindication?

“The inquiry is secret. The witnesses are unseen—they are never confronted with each other or with the accused person—they deliver their testimony in a private room. The very tribunal which decides on their evidence, never sees the face of one single witness, cross-examination is powerless and perjury is safe. With a character already damaged by inquiries, to which she was no party—a spirit broken by years of ill-usage—shunned, deserted, friendless, and penniless, she is left to protect herself as best she can from charges of which all she knows is that they are false, and that they are supported by witnesses who give their evidence in the dark! Singular, indeed, would be the good fortune of any woman who, before such a tribunal, and in the face of such difficulties, should succeed in establishing her innocence! Yet this is the only tribunal: this is the only course of proceeding provided by the law of England!

“The only check lies with the House of Lords. A man may get rid of one wife by the process I have described, but he *cannot marry another* without the sanction of the Legislature.”

“A case has recently occurred illustrating the truth of the above observations, which we extract from Mr. John Paget’s Letter to Mr. Justice Torrens; the illustration is all the more forcible from the circumstance that in this case the rare result of the vindication of the character of a woman falsely accused of adultery by her husband and falsely admitted to be an adulteress by her alleged paramour, has been attained.

Mr. Hunt, a gentleman of large fortune, charged his wife with adultery with a youth of nineteen years of age, the son of Lord Portman. The usual action was brought. The case came on for trial in June, 1854. The counsel for the plaintiff opens his case; he is instructed to treat the defendant with gentleness, to represent him as a youth who had fallen a victim to the attractions of a woman some years his senior, to describe him as the seduced

rather than the seducer. The object rather of compassion than of reprobation.

The Attorney-General is instructed by Mr. Portman, or Mr. Portman's friends, to accept this representation, to admit that Mr. Portman had undoubtedly committed adultery with Mrs. Hunt, to unite with his learned friend in pitying their respective clients and in laying all the blame on Mrs. Hunt, ("*les absents ont toujours tort*,") and to agree that a verdict should be recorded against his client for 50*l.* damages.

The Judge (Chief Baron Pollock) highly commends the course. The conduct of the counsel and of the parties meets with his full approbation. Public morals are spared the contamination they would suffer by the publication of disgusting details. The Chief Baron congratulates the jury, bows to the counsel, and all parties leave the court mutually commending each other. What Mrs. Hunt may think of this proceeding never appears to enter into the mind of any one of the parties to this pleasant and amicable arrangement.

A year and half passes away, and Mr. Hunt appears in Doctors' Commons to pray for his divorce. On the 13th of February, 1856, nineteen months after Mrs. Hunt had been branded with infamy in a public court, and in a public proceeding where her voice could not be heard to deny her guilt, she is at last permitted to hurl back the foul charge in her husband's face.

"I am not guilty," (such is the substance of her plea.) "You, my husband in name, but not in fact,—you who charge me with having broken my marriage-vow, have never performed yours! Whilst you have denied me the rights of a wife and the hopes of a mother, you have rioted in debauchery which you have not power to enjoy, and you dare not deny that you are yourself an adulterer. You and the boy from whose fears you extorted a false admission of his guilt, know that as far as either of you are concerned, I am pure as on what is called in bitter mockery my marriage-morn. I know and I will prove that I am still a virgin!"

And with true womanly courage, Mrs. Hunt does prove it; turns round upon her husband, claims a divorce from him on the ground of his guilt, and obtains it. Sir John Dodson, delivering his judgment, says—"This is the conclusion at which the Court arrives, that the husband in this case has been guilty of adultery; that his wife has not, and consequently she is entitled to her prayer."

Whilst we are engaged in pointing out what we consider grave defects in the system of our Ecclesiastical Courts, we have pleasure in recording this signal vindication of an innocent

woman, through their means; but a solitary instance of this kind by no means weakens the general force of our argument.

Mrs. Hunt's case is, it is to be hoped, exceptional. She owes her vindication from a false charge to the good luck of having been the victim of a cruel deceit. But for this fortunate circumstance, she would have had but little chance of ever clearing her character; and had her husband remained satisfied with the verdict at Common Law, and not proceeded to the Ecclesiastical Court, her case would have been hopeless.

Nor are the evils we have pointed out the only ones incident to the present system. The partiality of the law is not for husband or wife, not for sex, but for guilt. The women of England, of whose wrongs we hear so much, have one special and peculiar privilege which in justice they ought to be acquainted with; though the knowledge may be attended with some dangers to what are ironically termed their lords and masters. Every married woman in this country has the unquestioned right to institute proceedings, it matters not whether true or false, against her husband in the Ecclesiastical Court, in common parlance, to *put him in Doctors' Commons*; to torture him there in the dark, and from time to time to make him pay the costs of his own rack and thumb-screws! which if he fails punctually to discharge, he is in contempt of Court, and is forthwith consigned to prison! This is the process by which husbands are brought to reason, and induced to enter into separation-deeds, to the satisfaction of brothers and uncles, whose hard-hearted advice the gentle and forgiving wife is reluctantly compelled to follow, instead of receiving back to her loving arms the luckless husband who has been, or been accused of being, what Lord Cranworth playfully calls, "a little prodigate!"

How long shall a court and a system of procedure which has over and over again been condemned by Chancellors and Chief Justices, by the very judges who preside in it, by the officers who exercise its powers, by the unhappy suitors who are compelled to resort to it for relief—a court "which retains in its practice and procedure in the nineteenth century, the mystery, the darkness, the torture—moral if not physical—all the impediments to the investigation of truth, which disgraced the worst tribunals of the Tudors and the Stuarts,"* be permitted to continue an integral part of our institutions?

How long shall we be content to remain the only civilized country in the world which retains such a tribunal for such inquiries, and permit a petty inquisition, lurking under the low archways, and

* Letter to the Lord Lieutenant.

skulking in the narrow and intricate lanes within the very shadow of the dome of St. Paul's, to set at nought the rules which have been accepted as axioms for centuries in Westminster Hall?

Is this state of things to continue? Is there any great difficulty, if the task is undertaken honestly and boldly, in finding a remedy? We think not; we believe the remedy to be easy of attainment and near at hand. We find a great defect in our own domestic management; let us see how our neighbours arrange such affairs. We have not far to go—a spring across the Tweed—a step on the heather—half a revolution of the wheel of a railway carriage—a kick over the head of a restive pony—and we are in Scotland. It depends upon which side of the hawthorn they whisper their vows upon, whether the lovers are under English or Scotch law.

To hear people who know nothing about the subject talk of Scotch divorces, one would suppose that the marriage tie in that country were a slip-knot which any one might loosen at pleasure. Nothing can be more absurd, or display more complete ignorance, than such a notion. The English law permits divorce for adultery and for cruelty. The Scotch law permits divorce for adultery and desertion. The real and main difference is, that whilst the law of England throws every difficulty that ingenuity can devise in the way of proving facts and investigating truth, the Scotch law proceeds to the inquiry in the mode which experience and common sense have shown to be efficient in other analogous cases, goes to the point at once, and does not insist upon two defective, illusory, obscure, tedious, and costly trials as preliminary to the real and substantial inquiry, the decision of which is to determine the future status of the parties.

The action of crim. con., though recognised by the law of Scotland, has fallen into disuse. The power of granting full and complete relief, of decreeing a divorce which is attended by all the consequences which in England attach to a successful action at law, a successful suit in the Ecclesiastical Court, and a successful application to the Legislature for a special Act of Parliament, is vested in the Court of Session; and that tribunal proceeds to the inquiry in the same manner, guided by the same rules, and calling to its assistance the same means and appliances as in the investigation of any other question of fact.

The proceedings commence with what is called the "Oath of Calumny." The "Pursuer," in a foric peculiarly solemn, pledges his oath to his belief that his wife has been guilty of adultery, and that the facts stated on the libel are true.* The witnesses

* Lothian's Practice, p. 123.

are examined *vis à voce* in the presence of the parties and their agents, they are cross-examined and re-examined, the parties themselves may also be examined; and the law provides (though we believe in practice this power is rarely if ever exercised) that a jury may be summoned to determine the fact of guilt.* Such is the machinery provided by the law of Scotland for adjudicating upon questions of divorce; and it would be difficult, if not impossible, to point out any single respect in which it is not infinitely superior to the law of England. It contains, however, one defect. The witnesses, though examined, as we have observed, *vis à voce*, and in the presence of the parties and their counsel, are not examined in the presence of the Court, but their evidence is taken down in writing by the examiner, and transmitted by him to the Court.

This system, though infinitely less defective than that of the English Courts, in which the parties are excluded and the witness is seen by no one but the examiner, is yet open to grave objection, and its defects have been pointed out most forcibly by Mr. Maconochie (one of the examiners) in his evidence before the Committee of the House of Lords:—

“11. You take the evidence down in writing?—Yes. Generally counsel are present who examine the witnesses, and the commissioner dictates to the clerk, as nearly as possible, the very words used by the witness.

“14. You put down the questions as well as the answers?—Yes.

“15. That is, therefore, an effectual examination of the witnesses, subject to one objection, that the judge who is to decide upon the question and upon the evidence does not see the witnesses?—Yes.

“16. Consequently the demeanour of the witnesses, though seen by you, the examiner, is concealed from the Judge?—Completely; and I consider it a most vicious part of the system.

“20. Have you seen instances where it appeared to you that there were material observations to be made upon the conduct or demeanour of the witnesses in giving their examination, and which would have tended to influence your judgment as to their credit?—Frequently.

“21. In those cases have you any power of making a note of that, for the information of the Court?—No; I do not think we have. For instance, a witness will answer one question readily, and another question is put to him which he ought to answer as readily, and he will stand twenty minutes silent before making any answer.

“22. And that you just take down as if he had answered the one in the same way as the other?—Yes. I have done sometimes what was, perhaps, going beyond my duty. I have mentioned on the record that the witness did stand so and so, or hesitated in giving his answer.

“23. But you would only do that in extreme cases?—Yes.

* 6 & 7 W. IV.; 6 Geo. IV.; 1 Fraser, 702; 1 Shand, 433.

"24. Anything as to colouring or faltering, or those circumstances which go to make up the demeanour of the witness, you can make no note of at all?—No; *most unfortunately that is out of our power.*

"25. Have you known cases where you saw ground to suspect that there was foul play or collusion going on in which your note would give no intimation of that suspicion?—I have.

"26. Consequently that case, if you had had to decide it, would probably have met with a different fate from what it met with in the Court to which you reported?—*I should say so.* The committee are aware that formerly, and until about thirty years ago, when jury trial in civil cases was introduced into Scotland, in most cases of proof the evidence was taken by commission. The Consistorial cases, however, were an exception. And indeed *I have known an instance in my own practice where the Court of Session itself had thought it of such importance that the judges should see the demeanour of the witnesses examined, that they granted a commission to themselves to take the evidence.*"

And this opinion is confirmed by the testimony of the Lord Justice-General, who in reply to the question—

"Is it your opinion that a Court which does not see the witnesses when it pronounced its judgment, but only takes their evidence as reported, is as competent to deal with the evidence as if the same Court had seen the witnesses?" *answers "No;" and adds a strong expression of his opinion, that it is a great advantage to see the witnesses.*

Thus we find that even in the mitigated form in which the evil exists in the Scotch Courts, though guarded by the presence of the parties, by *vivá voce* examination and cross-examination, by the presence of an experienced and impartial examiner,—still, the system of taking evidence in writing and requiring a Court to decide upon that testimony without seeing the witness, is felt by those whose experience entitles their opinion to the utmost respect, to be an evil of great magnitude.

Let the Court of Session do in *all* cases what Mr. Macnochie states they did in *one*. Let them, whenever a disputed question of fact arises, insist upon the production of the witness in open court, and we should be fully satisfied with a short Act of Parliament which should call into existence south of the Tweed a tribunal and a mode of procedure in divorce cases similar to that which exists at the present moment on the north.

And what are the evils to be apprehended from such a change? Is the marriage vow held less sacred in Edinburgh than in London? Are wives less faithful or husbands more apt to be "a little profligate" in Glasgow than in Dublin? in Edinburgh than in London? We apprehend not; and did we entertain and express a contrary belief, we should feel some uneasiness as to our personal safety the next time we walk down Princes-street. The Committee

of the House of Lords, however, were desirous to obtain the best information as to whether any such result as a relaxation of morals need be apprehended, and examined the Lord Advocate upon the subject, who replied with a degree of circumspection becoming one who was about to ascend the highest step on the Judicial Bench:—

“137. Is it conceived generally that in proportion to the number of people in Scotland there exists a greater degree of immorality than in other countries?—I really cannot answer that question; my experience does not enable me to do so. In the first place, I cannot speak to the degree of immorality, of the nature referred to, in Scotland; in the second place, still less can I do so in regard to other countries.”

The learned Lord who conducted the examination appears not to have been completely satisfied with so guarded a reply, and had recourse to Dr. Lushington, who answered with less reserve:—

“152. Are you acquainted with the mode of proceeding in the Scotch Courts?—Yes, perfectly.

“153. Are you acquainted with the fact of there being a greater number of divorces there in proportion to the number of the people than there are in England?—Yes.

“154. Are you aware, from what you know of the people of Scotland, whether there is a greater amount of immorality, such as would form a ground for a divorce in that country, than there is in this part of the United Kingdom, in proportion to the number of the people?—No, I should think not.”

We should think not, too, and the only surprise to us is how it can ever have been gravely argued that the ease and cheapness of the remedy could promote the evil, or the increased facility and certainty of the punishment afford additional inducement to the crime.

But it is not to Scotland alone that we may look for enlightened reform and the results of experience upon this subject. The jurisdiction which is exercised in that country by the Court of Session is confided in the State of New York to the Court of Chancery. The proceeding is simple, and is, in our opinion, better adapted to our institutions, and would be more easily interwoven into our existing practice than that which prevails in Scotland. The complainant files a bill in the Court of Chancery. If the fact of adultery (the only ground for divorce *à vinculo*) is denied, that issue is tried by a jury. If the jury find that the offence has been committed, they return a verdict accordingly, and thereupon the Chancellor decrees a dissolution of the marriage.* Here we have, ready to our hands, a mode of proceeding grafted on a system of law sprung from our own. The machinery

* Kent's Commentaries, vol. ii. p. 82.

is already in our possession, and we have absolutely nothing to do but to set it to work.

No system can be satisfactory which does not provide in some way that all the parties interested in the question shall be before the Court. The husband, the wife, and the alleged paramour have each a right to be heard. The action for crim. con. excludes the wife, and, as we have seen, affords every facility for collusion and conspiracy between the husband and the alleged paramour. The proceeding in the Ecclesiastical Court affords a similar opportunity for collusion between the husband and the wife. There the alleged paramour cannot appear or deny the charge that is made against him; an injustice less in degree, but of the same nature as that inflicted upon the wife in the action at law, is inflicted upon him. The difficulty which at first sight presents itself in this kind of triangular duel is, however, merely technical, and more imaginary than real. There is no practical difficulty whatever in framing such rules of practice, with regard to the order in which each party should be heard, and should be entitled to examine and cross-examine, which would enable each to place the case before the Court fully and fairly, and the machinery already established in our Courts of Equity affords every facility for the purpose.

Again, no system can be satisfactory which does not afford the most ample means of investigating the truth of statements, ascertaining the existence of facts, and testing the credibility of witnesses. Here the Courts of Equity are perhaps even more defective than the Ecclesiastical Courts, and this seems to have been present to the mind of the learned Lord who addressed the following questions to Dr. Lushington:—

“125. From your knowledge generally of the course of proceeding in our jurisprudence, as well as your having been a diligent attendant upon the Chancery Commission for two or three years, you are aware of the mode of examination in the Court of Chancery?—Yes.

“126. Are you not aware that it is much more imperfect than in Doctors' Commons, it being by interrogatory on both sides, and there being no discretion given to the examiner to put questions at his discretion, as is the practice with you in the examination in chief?—Exactly.

“127. So that even the examination in chief is all carried on in the dark, the second question being framed before you know the answer to the first?—Yes.”

Many improvements have, we believe, taken place in this respect in the Court of Chancery; but the old defects still exist, and, what must remain, for many years at least, a serious impediment to the introduction of an improved system, there is an inaptitude, both in the judges and the bar of the Equity Courts,

arising from the habits of their practice, for the practical examination of witnesses.

Whilst, therefore, we resort to the practice prevailing in Equity to bring the parties before the Court, and to raise the various issues between them for the determination of such of those issues as depend upon inquiries into facts, we must employ the machinery of the Courts of Common Law.

There is yet a third requirement. To do full justice, to mitigate as far as possible those evil consequences which inevitably fall in some degree on parties free from blame, on the confiding husband, the faithful wife, or the innocent children, the powers of the Court must not be limited to the simple act of dissolving the marriage contract. Let a fit tribunal be appointed, and then invest that tribunal with a wide discretion as to the custody of children and the provision for the future sustenance of the wife.

In a Court intrusted with powers of this description, the value of the long experience, the high character, and the eminent ability of such judges as now preside in our Ecclesiastical Courts cannot be over-estimated.

For these reasons we think that the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the law of divorce have arrived at a right decision in recommending "that a new tribunal shall be constituted to try all questions of divorce," and that such tribunal shall consist of elements drawn as well from the Courts of Equity as from the Common Law and Ecclesiastical Courts.

We also heartily agree in their recommendation:—

"That the party who seeks a divorce shall pledge his belief to the truth of the case."

"That the judges shall have the power of examining the parties, and also of ordering any witnesses to be produced, who in their opinion may throw light on the question."

"That the rules of evidence shall be the same as those which prevail in the Temporal Courts of the kingdom."

"That the evidence shall be oral, and taken down in the presence of the parties."

To this we would add, that the evidence should be given not only in the presence of the parties, but also of the Court:—

"That the Court shall be intrusted with a large discretion in prescribing whether any and what provision shall be made to the wife, in adjusting the rights which she and her husband may respectively have in each other's property, and in providing for the guardianship and maintenance of the children."

The recommendation of the Commissioners that the distinction between divorces *à mensâ et thoro* and divorces *à vinculo* should be still maintained, and that whilst the husband should be entitled to claim the latter in the case of the adultery of the wife, his own

infidelity should only be visited by the former, we hope to discuss at length on some future occasion. In the present article we have purposely avoided any inquiry as to what should constitute a just ground of divorce in favour of either man or woman, in order that we might the more effectually expose the monstrous evils in the administration of the law as it now exists. The recommendation alluded to has called forth much eloquent and indignant remonstrance from Mrs. Norton, and given occasion for the exercise of much ingenious argument and to the display of brilliant wit and varied reading on the part of the anonymous author of the "Remarks."

With the circumstances of Mrs. Norton's own case all the world are familiar. Everybody remembers the utter "break down" of the infamous testimony which was brought to support the charges against her. Everybody has read the manly letters which reflect so much credit on Sir John Bayley and Lord Wynford; everybody has heard of the "Greenacre" correspondence; of Mr. Norton's own repeated avowal of his conviction of his wife's innocence, and of the falsehood of the charges brought against her. Everybody knows that Mr. Norton is still a police magistrate. Mrs. Norton possesses beauty, wit, courage; she wields the weapons peculiar to her own sex and to ours; she is surrounded by faithful relations, powerful friends, eager partisans, and a public which pays homage to her genius; yet all these have been of no avail to prevent her from falling a victim to that system of law to the destruction of which she has vowed to devote her remaining life, her brilliant talents, and her untiring energy.

Into the extraordinary story which forms the theme of the other pamphlets, the titles of which we have placed at the head of this article, we refrain from entering. Whilst these pages have been passing through the press, and after three years spent in the dim obscurity of the Ecclesiastical Courts of Dublin, amid horrors which recall the image of Ugolino groping blindly over the bodies of his children in the Tower of Hunger, that case has at last emerged into daylight at the bar of the House of Lords. In respectful silence we await the decision of that august tribunal. The fifth act of the tragedy is on the stage, and until the curtain falls, any narrative of the plot would be imperfect, and any criticism upon the actors premature.

ART. III.—TYPES OF MANKIND.

1. *Types of Mankind: or Ethnological Researches, based upon the Ancient Monuments, Paintings, Sculptures, and Crania of Races, and upon their Natural, Geographical, Philological, and Biblical History: Illustrated by selections from the inedited papers of Samuel George Morton, M.D., and by additional contributions from Professor L. Agassiz, LL.D., W. Usher, M.D., and Professor H. S. Patterson, M.D. By J. C. Nott, M.D., and Geo. R. Gliddon.* London: Trübner and Co. 1854.
2. *Preliminary Dissertation of "A Grammar and Dictionary of the Malay Language."* By John Crawfurd, F.R.S. Two Vols. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1852.

IT was in the year 1830, as he himself tells us, that the late learned and excellent Professor S. G. Morton, of Philadelphia, commenced the study of Ethnology. Being about to deliver his introductory lecture on anatomy, he proposed to illustrate the differences in the form of the skull in the five great races of man, but could obtain examples of only three of them to exhibit to his class.* This circumstance was the starting point of his labours, and in the twenty succeeding years he amassed by far the largest and most complete collection of skulls ever formed. These he made the basis of his subsequent researches. Unlike Prichard, the English ethnographer, without undervaluing the philological department of the study, but rather, perhaps, estimating its worth more correctly, he strove diligently and successfully in the more exact field of physical investigation. The first great work in which he engaged was the illustration of the cranial peculiarities of the native races of America. The "*Crania Americana*" contains nearly a hundred fine plates of the skulls, ancient and modern, of the aborigines of North and South America. This volume, which appeared in 1839, is prefaced by a general review and arrangement of all the known families of man, under the five Blumenbachian races, distributed into twenty-two families. The conclusions deduced from his examination of the American races are the following:—"I. That the American race differs essentially from all others, not excepting the Mongolian; the feeble analogies of

* Catalogue of Skulls. Third Edition. Introduction.

language, and the more obvious ones in civil and religious institutions and the arts, denote nothing beyond casual or colonial communication with the Asiatic nations; and even these analogies may perhaps be accounted for, as Humboldt has suggested, in the mere coincidence arising from similar wants and impulses in nations inhabiting similar latitudes. 2. That the American nations, excepting the Polar tribes, are of one race and of one species, but of two great families, which resemble each other in physical, but differ in intellectual character. 3. That the cranial remains discovered in the Mounds from Peru to Wisconsin belong to the same race, and probably to the Toltec family.*

The publication of this work secured to Morton an eminent position among physiological ethnologists. It was the first application upon anything like a commensurate scale of the study of cranial peculiarities to the illustration of a great division of the human family. With other commendations, it obtained for him the following expressions of approbation from Baron Alexander Humboldt. "*Les richesses craniologiques que vous avez été assez heureux de réunir, ont trouvé en vous un digne interprète. Votre ouvrage est également remarquable par la profondeur des vues anatomiques, par le détail numérique des rapports de conformation organique, par l'absence des rêveries poétiques qui sont les mythes de la Physiologie moderne, par les généralités dont votre 'Introductory Essay' abonde.*"

In this Essay the question is asked: "Whether it is not more consistent with the known government of the universe, to suppose that the same Omnipotence who created man, would adapt him at once to the physical as well as to the moral circumstances in which he was to dwell upon the earth?" Here we have a diversity of origins assumed more as a probability than adopted as an opinion. Morton seems to have exercised the greatest deliberation and caution in forming a decided opinion upon this important subject. In his next great work we find that opinion more distinctly expressed as a deduction. But it was not till the full maturity of his researches that he ultimately arrived at the settled conviction, that what he had formerly assumed to be most consistent with all we know of the benevolent wisdom and foresight of the great Creator, and most conducive to the preservation and welfare of his chief creature, man, was really the teaching of a comprehensive and enlightened ethnology. Of this we have the fullest evidence in the volume which stands at the head of this article, and which contains some of Morton's last MSS. left incomplete by his premature decease.

* *Crania Americana*, p. 260.

His next principal effort was to bring cranioscopic ethnology to the elucidation of the most famous people of antiquity, the Egyptians. By a singular combination of favourable circumstances under the energetic direction of a great mind, we behold not merely the citizen of a new State, but the inhabitant of a new world, discovered only 350 years ago, successfully investigating the oldest domain of archæology, and by the cranial relics of the ancient Egyptians themselves, throwing light upon their origin and history. Indeed, this most curious branch of ethnological science is mainly indebted to Morton for its formation and development. By it he had already proved that the ancient Mound-builders of America belonged to the same family of man as that of the modern Indian, and had shown the general identity of the man of all times of the American Continent. By this mode of investigation, he now undertook the examination of the ethnological problem of the ancient Egyptians in an elaborate and learned essay, entitled, "*Crania Ægyptiaca*." Much previous discussion had taken place as to the ethnic character of this people. From a well known passage in Herodotus it was concluded they were negroes; M. Volney seems to have assumed this as a settled point. Dr. Prichard argued at great length and with much learning, for an affinity between them and the Hindoos, and endeavoured to prove them both to be marked with the peculiarities of the Negro race. In pursuing this argument he makes use of these very suggestive remarks, bearing expressly on the question we have just alluded to: "It seems vain to attempt by means of historical or philological researches to lift up the veil which conceals the original condition of nations and the revolutions of human society in the first ages of the world. Having traced the existence of the Hindoos and the Egyptians as separate nations into those early times in which the light of history is but a feeble dawning, it would be the most cautious, and perhaps the most philosophical course to abstain from any conjecture as to their mutual relation beyond this period, or from any attempt to penetrate into the nature of causes of which we only know the distant results."*. Dr. Morton proved, as we shall presently show, that there were other and much more reliable materials than either history or languages afford for the study of the ancient Egyptian people. Baron Cuvier, from the examination of embalmed heads preserved in European cabinets, had already declared in the most distinct terms, that these wonderful people were neither the Gallas of Abyssinia, nor the Bosjesmans, nor any race of Negroes, but, whatever may have been the hue of their skins, they belonged to the same race with ourselves.

* Physical History of Mankind. II. 221.

The following are some of Dr. Morton's conclusions on this interesting subject:—

"The valley of the Nile, both in Egypt and Nubia, was originally peopled by a branch of the Caucasian race. Negroes were numerous in Egypt, but their social position in ancient times was the same that it now is—that of servants and slaves. The national characters of all these families of man, the Egyptians, Caucasian nations of Asia and Europe, Pelasgi or Hellenes, Scythians and Phœnicians, Negroes, &c., are distinctly figured on the monuments: and all of them, excepting the Scythians and Phœnicians, have been identified in the catacombs. The physical or organic characters which distinguish the several races of men are as old as the oldest records of our species."*

The term Caucasian employed in these conclusions was doubtless used merely to designate a certain combination of physical characters, without assuming the truth of any theory which may have been connected with it. The subsequent investigations of Dr. Morton led him to regard the ancient Egyptians as a distinct primeval race, as we learn from the "*Types of Mankind*," a work enthusiastically designed as a literary memorial, and dedicated to the memory of Dr. Morton, by his two warmly attached friends, and is perhaps the most appropriate and permanent monument that could have been devised to his name.† We find here an unfinished MS. which may be considered to contain Morton's latest views. Here he expresses himself upon the ancient Egyptians in this unhesitating language:—

"Seven years of additional investigation," bringing us to the time immediately preceding his decease, "together with greatly increased materials, have convinced me that they were neither Asiatics nor Europeans, but aboriginal and indigenous inhabitants of the Valley of the Nile, or some contiguous region; peculiar in their physiognomy, isolated in their institutions, and forming one of the primordial centres of the human family."‡

It has been said, with much appearance of justice, that Morton "founded the true principle of philosophical inquiry into human origins." This identification of the families of men that he speaks of, by the personal relics of races long since summed-up in the great account of a most remote antiquity, is a subject that cannot fail to arrest the interest of the most inattentive inquirer. To the physiological ethnologist, it comes as the most precious

* *Crania Egyptiaca*, pp. 65, 66.

† We speak of the first edition, in quarto, of the "*Types of Mankind*." The subsequent cheaper ones are from the same stereotype plates, but in octavo, and on an inferior paper. The profuse illustrations of skulls and of races, chiefly from the facile pencil of Mrs. Gliddon, have no doubt contributed materially to the great circulation of the volume.

‡ *Types of Mankind*, p. 318.

boon ever bestowed on his science, imparting to it a character of exactness scarcely exceeded by the demonstrations of mathematics: reflecting a clear light, where before all was dark and mysteriously doubtful, the region of speculative and ingenious conjecture merely, of myth and fable. Whilst to another of the medical profession, the scientific world acknowledges itself to be mainly indebted for one of the most surprising discoveries of modern times—the key to Egyptian hieroglyphics,—to Morton we owe a scarcely less debt of gratitude for the first efficient application of this other great principle of elucidation. His fame must rest securely amongst philosophical inquirers, who have enlightened the world upon this solid basis. If he did not strictly invent, he made the first great practical application of this other key to unlock the secrets of ages which have ever been enveloped in wonder and mystery, to solve questions which have puzzled and confounded investigators at all periods. He brought the occupants of Egyptian catacombs really and personally before us, interrogated them in the crucial method as it were, and obtained from their own long-sealed lips the incontrovertible truths of a new science.*

The truthfulness of the delineations of the most ancient limners and sculptors is a curious circumstance in the identification of human races. How extraordinary does it appear at first view, that the profiles and portraitures of such remote ages should be found upon investigation to be faithful representations of natural features; that in them we can still distinctly recognise

* From a most pleasing and elegant biographical tribute to the memory of Morton, written with much feeling by Professor H. S. Patterson, forming one of the communications to the "*Types of Mankind*," we are made more intimately acquainted with his history, and the distinguishing peculiarities of the man. He was a native of Philadelphia, of Irish extraction; and, like Prichard, he was brought up in the strict principles of the Society of Friends. "What was most peculiar in him was, that magnetic power by which he attracted and bound men to him, and made them glad to serve him. . . . In his whole deportment there was an evident singleness of purpose, and a candour open as the day, which at once placed one at his case. Combined with this was a most winning gentleness of manner which drew one to him as with the cords of brotherly affection. He possessed, moreover, in a remarkable degree, the faculty of imparting to others his own enthusiasm, and filling them, for the time at least, with ardour for his own pursuit. Hence, in a measure, his success in enlisting the numerous collaborators, so necessary to him in his peculiar studies. It may be affirmed that no man ever came within the sphere of his influence without feeling for him some degree of personal attachment. His circle of attached friends was therefore large, and the expression of regret for his untimely loss general and sincere. . . . He overflowed with all kindly and gentle affections." So much is perhaps due here to the memory of him, who, in the language of probably the most accomplished judge of such matters existing, the excellent Professor Andreas Retzius, of Stockholm, "had done more for ethnography than any living physiologist."

racés and tribes by their nicest peculiarities. Reflection at once, however, reassures us that the artist then would adopt rational principles for the attainment of his object, would copy nature with fidelity as the surest means of realizing the illusion of art; that it was easier to work from models constantly before his eyes, than call upon his imagination to invent figures of men and women, such as never existed, who would have been unlike those ever seen by his patrons, and therefore despised by them. The cultivation of skill and fidelity must at all times have been alike the great object of human ingenuity, since man has ever been the same.*

In the discussion on the origin of human diversities, a good deal has been said upon the terms species, race, varieties, &c.; and much has been thought to hinge upon the true term to be employed to designate these differences. Scientific terms have of right arbitrary meanings attached to them; and all that is needed is, that these should be generally understood and applied by all persons making use of them. Morton gave a definition to the term species, which, besides the merit of simplicity, has this in addition, of being as nearly as possible the same in its purport as that of Prichard. The latter defines species to include "only the following conditions, namely, separate origin and distinctness of race, evinced by the constant transmission of some characteristic peculiarity of organization."† Morton tersely expresses the same idea thus: "A species is a primordial organic form."‡ If, therefore, the diversities in the various families of mankind, which we know are transmitted and permanent, are to be viewed as primitive and original—not accidentally acquired, and more than accidentally propagated, as Prichard argued—they become entitled to be regarded as specific differences. And the progress

* This question has been well indicated by two celebrated men, Visconti (*Iconographie Grecque*, I. v.) and Rosellini (*I Monumenti dell' Egitto*, Mon. Stor. ii. 461).

A further remarkable exemplification of this principle of truthfulness from another quarter, is afforded by a skull in the British Museum, brought by Mr. Layard from Nimroud. It was found in a chamber of the North-west Palace, to which there was an entrance but no exit, together with other bones, and armour, supposed to be the remains of the last defenders of the palace upon its destruction. It is delineated in the "Types of Mankind." Its size and graceful form, although it is very imperfect, prove its quality, that it belonged to a civilized and refined race of great capacity. In form it is quite different from the Egyptian skulls, and at once strikes the eye with the conviction that it belonged to one of the especial people of the Assyrian monuments. We behold in it, as it were, an anatomical model from which the sculptor has carved the bas-reliefs of the slabs magnificently adorning the walls of the palaces.

† *Physical History*, i. 105.

‡ Additional Observations on Hybridity in Animals, p. 8.

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of Morton's researches led him to avow this more and more confidently as he proceeded.

One result of Morton's inquiry into ancient Egyptian ethnology, a result much insisted upon by our authors, who treat it with accumulated and extended evidence, is the permanence of organic types in the human families, from all periods of which we have any record, as evidenced by the Egyptian monuments. We have had occasion to glance at it already. Assuredly, this does stand out as a most striking circumstance in the evidence for primordial diversity of races, and is perhaps the most important collateral result of Morton's labours in this branch of science. Of course it is not to him solely that we owe the materials for such testimony, nor the first conception of their application, but he has given them their fullest exposition. About Egyptian chronology, the learned are not yet unanimous. The latest writers of eminence, the illustrious Chevaliers Lepsius and Bunsen, extend the period of the commencement of the monarchy under Menes, to the greater part of 4000 years before the beginning of the Christian era; at least 5500 years from the present time. Baron Cuvier argued with great eloquence, that the last great revolution on the surface of our planet could not have been at any excessively remote period. Indeed, he agrees with Deluc and Dolomieu that it could not have occurred at a period much exceeding 5000 or 6000 years ago.* But with this opinion he couples the remark that this last catastrophe may have destroyed the then existing man of older continents and islands. Modern geologists are disposed greatly to extend this recent period of the earth's history; and in this volume, as we shall mention by-and-by, a period is claimed (whether legitimately or not we will not say) for man's existence on the globe, ten times as ancient as this. In the British Museum is a skull brought from Egypt by the present Sir John Bowring: it was derived from a stone coffin at the quarries of Mokattam, where the stones were hewed for building the Pyramids of Ghizeh; and is believed to have belonged to a master-builder engaged in their construction. The great pyramid here was the work of Shoopho or Cheops, and dates from a period of more than 5000 years ago. Also, it is considered to be probably of his son or relative, the Prince and Priest Merhet, whose tomb was removed *en masse* by Lepsius, and put together again in the Royal Museum at Berlin, that we still have the portrait.† This is an object of the deepest interest, and displays the delicate, almost femininely elegant, Egyptian lineaments in their truest expression. This cast of countenance prevails in the

* Discours sur les Révolutions du Surface du Globe, p. 345.

† Types of Mankind, p. 238.

delineations of all ages of the Egyptian monuments, and perfectly agrees with the mummified heads, so as to produce the settled conviction that it was the representation of the genuine Egyptian race, to be traced, unchanged in the main, from the earliest to the latest times. Coetaneously with such portraiture of the Egyptian race, we observe other families as distinctly marked, as faithfully possessing their ethnic peculiarities, and thus proving that they were as obviously recognised at these remote periods for well marked diverse races. These, although quite obvious to every eye, there may be some difficulty in many cases in referring to their modern representatives. Yet some of them may be so referred most unquestionably, as the Negro races, which are represented with as perfect fidelity as an artist of the present day could depict them. They possessed their native black hue, broad flat noses, thick turned-out lips, and woolly hair, at this remote period, strictly as at the present day. In them, the lapse of so many centuries, which we are bound to admit, as it appears to us, make up a very large portion of the time of man's existence on the globe, have not produced the slightest shadow of a change. They are the same, absolutely and in every respect, at that vastly remote yesterday, as to-day. The Ethiopian has not changed his skin, any more than the leopard his spots.*

From the investigations of Mr. Birch, the highest authority on Egyptian antiquities, we learn there are traces of a connexion between the Egyptians and Negro races during the 11th and 12th dynasties, 24 centuries before the Christian era. And although the delineations of Negroes in the paintings are not so old as this, not ascending higher perhaps than the 15th century before Christ, yet this lapse of between three and four thousand years is quite long enough to dispose of the ethnological problem of the variation of races by time. This is beyond question the greatest onward step ever made in ethnological science: in the forcible language of Morton, "The physical or organic characters which distinguish the several races of men, are as old as the oldest records of our species."⁶ Its importance can scarcely be over-estimated, always assuming that the evidence from which it

* Besides the well-depicted figures of Negroes in Egyptian tombs, the same people are painted upon Etruscan antiquities. Amongst the fine Etruscan vases in the British Museum are some, dating from about the third century before Christ, which are in the form of the Negro head, with the woolly locks painted upon it; or have the figures of Negroes amongst the other people delineated upon them. These latter the artist has marked more distinctly by scattering black knobs over the head to represent the little woolly curls of this race. And, it is especially remarkable, that whilst he has displayed so much skill in delineating the Negro head as to render it indisputable, the general figure is not distinguished by those peculiarities which modern observers well know belong to it.

is deduced is unimpeachable. And whilst we have not yet heard of any competent authority bold enough to call it in question, we at the same time acknowledge that the proofs adduced for its support from the Egyptian monuments, are followed out by all other ancient monumental documents in other parts of the world, and quite in accordance with the other facts that bear upon the problem.

In this volume there is a valuable paper by that distinguished palæontologist, Professor L. Agassiz, now of the University of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who adds the weight of his important authority to the doctrine of the specific difference of the races of man. The immediate object of the communication of this accomplished naturalist is one of great moment, for from the extensive range of his previous studies he is able to look at the problems of anthropology from an elevated point of view, and regard man in connexion with all other created beings, subjected from the first dawn of organic life to all the vicissitudes brought to light by the exploration of geological epochs. He shows in this paper, that there may be observed various centres of creation, primordial realms of the animal kingdom, in which all the living creatures harmonize under one prevailing type, and thus continue distinct faunæ.* His endeavour is to prove that each distinct realm or province is peopled by a race of men equally distinct and peculiarly appropriated. He has distributed the whole habitable globe into *eight realms*, the Arctic, the Mongol, the European, the American, the African, the Hottentot, the Malayan, and the Australian, and proved that the animal series in each is proper to it.† In some cases these realms have genera appropriate to them, as the walrus, the giraffe, the ornithorhynchus and marsupial animals of Australia. If the genus has representatives in other realms, the particular species of the realm does not travel out of it, as the polar bear, the bear of

* This is not a new doctrine amongst geologists. Professor Owen, in that remarkable work in which he gives a condensed view of his profound labours upon the fossil mammalia of the British Islands, invested with a charm peculiarly his own, says: "In the endeavour to trace the origin of our existing mammalia, I have been led to view them as descendants of a fraction of a peculiar and extensive mammalian fauna which overspread Europe and Asia at a period geologically recent, yet incalculably remote and long anterior to any evidence and record of the human race. It would appear, indeed, from the comparisons which the present state of palæontology permits to be instituted between the recent and extinct mammalian faunæ of other great natural divisions of the dry land, that these divisions also severally possessed a series of mammalia, as distinct and peculiar in each, during the Pliocene period, as at the present day."—*History of British Fossil Mammals*, p. 35.

† Of Polynesia, its races and animals, with great judgment he confesses the difficulty of dealing in so condensed a picture as that to which he is confined. This is, in truth, the great field for ethnological research and discovery.

Thibet, the brown bear, the American black bear ; the African and Asiatic elephants, &c. In this attempt, Prof. Agassiz has fully succeeded ; the men of his animal realms are distinct ; perhaps in many cases as distinct as some species of the other animals appropriated to these great divisions of the globe. In conclusion, whilst reverting to the definition of the term species, and the test of fertility of offspring or hybridity, which has been frequently included in defining this term, and also taken for granted, and has given rise to a controversy in America that Morton was engaged in at the period of his lamented decease, Agassiz says :—

“ Any definition of species in which the question of generation is introduced is objectionable. The assumption that the fertility of cross-breeds is necessarily limited to one or two generations does not alter the case, since in many instances it is not proved beyond dispute. It is, however, *beyond all question*, that individuals of *distinct* species may, in certain cases, be productive with one another, as well as with their own kind. It is equally certain that their offspring is a half-breed : that is to say, a being partaking of the peculiarities of the two parents and not identical with either. The only definition of species meeting all these difficulties is that of Dr. Morton, who characterizes them as *primordial organic forms*. Species are thus distinct forms of organic life, the origin of which is lost in the primitive establishment of the state of things now existing, and varieties are such modifications of the species as may return to the typical form under temporary influences. Accepting this definition with the qualifications just mentioned respecting hybridity, I am prepared to show that the differences existing between the races of men are of the same kind as the differences observed between the different families, genera, and species of monkeys, or other animals ; and that these different species of animals differ in the same degree one from the other as the races of men—nay, the differences between distinct races are often greater than those distinguishing species of animals one from the other. The chimpanzee and gorilla do not differ more one from the other than the Mandingo and the Guinea Negro : they together do not differ more from the orang than the Malay or white man differs from the Negro. In proof of this assertion, I need only refer the reader to the description of the anthropoid monkeys, published by Professor Owen* and Dr. J. Wyman,

* In the last of this gentleman's most admirable papers on the osteological characters of the Chimpanzees and Orangs, in the fourth volume of the Transactions of the Zoological Society, which is marked by the consummate skill and acumen of all his works, the observation is made, that “ in the comparison of the human skeleton with that of the other mammalia, especially those of the Quadrumanous order, the most striking and characteristic differences are presented by the skull.” And the discovery is announced of an important anatomical peculiarity presented in the skulls of Australians, Tasmanians, &c.—viz., “ the total absence of frontal sinuses ;” more remarkable from the unusual prominence perceived in this region amongst these very races. These sinuses in

and to such descriptions of the races of man as notice more important peculiarities than the mere differences in the colour of the skin. It is, however, but fair to exonerate these authors from the responsibility of any deduction I would draw from a renewed examination of the same facts, differing from theirs; for I maintain distinctly that the differences observed among the races of man are of the same kind and even greater than those upon which the anthropoid monkeys are considered as distinct species. Again; nobody can deny that the offspring of different races is always a half-breed, as between animals of different species, and not a child like either its mother or its father. These conclusions in no way conflict with the idea of the unity of mankind, which is as close as that of the members of any well-marked type of animals; and whosoever will consult history must remain satisfied that the moral question of brotherhood among men is not any more affected by these views than the direct obligations between immediate blood relations. Unity is determined by a typical structure, and by the similarity of natural abilities and propensities; and unless we deny the typical relations of the cat tribe, for instance, we must admit that unity is not only compatible with diversity of origin, but it is the universal law of nature."*

He then goes on to observe that either mankind originated from a common stock, the present differences being developed by subsequent changes, for which there is no evidence whatever, or

"We must acknowledge that the diversity among animals is a fact determined by the will of the Creator, and their geographical distribution part of the general plan which unites all organized beings into one great organic conception: whence it follows that what are called human races, down to their specialization as nations, are distinct primordial forms of the type of man. The consequences of the first alternative, which is contrary to all the modern results of science, run inevitably into the Lamarckian development theory, so well known in this country through the work entitled '*Vestiges of Creation*,' though its premises are generally adopted by those who would shrink from the conclusions to which they necessarily lead."†

We have not thought it necessary to refer at any length to the modifying extrinsic influences considered so potent by Prichard and others, such as climate, food, domestication, mode of life, customs, &c., yet hinted at rather than treated upon in modern works. It is generally allowed that climatic influences are the most powerful; and to these we have before alluded. We will now, however, quote from another work of Dr. Morton's a passage or two in which climate is estimated in the two chief spheres of its supposed operation—the colour of the skin, and the colour and

European and other races are large cavities produced by the receding of the two tables of the skull, and situated above the root of the nose. In the skull of the Australian we have found them entirely wanting.

* *Types of Mankind*, p. lxxiv.

† *Ibid.* p. lxxvi.

texture of the hair. In both of these it will be at once apparent that its effects are restricted within the smallest limits, so as to render it wholly inadequate to the production of the diversities observed in different races of men.

"It is a common opinion that climate alone is capable of producing all those diversities of complexion so remarkable in the human races. A very few facts may suffice to show that such cannot be the case. Thus the Negroes of Van Diemen's Land, who are among the blackest people on the earth, live in a climate as cold as that of Iceland,* while the Indo-Chinese nations, who live in tropical Asia, are of a brown and olive complexion. It is remarked by Humboldt that the American tribes of the Equinoxial Region have no darker skin than the mountaineers of the Temperate Zone. So also the Puelchés of the Magellanic Plains, beyond the fifty-fifth degree of South latitude, are absolutely darker than Abipones, Tobas, and other tribes, who are many degrees nearer the equator. Again, the Charruas, who inhabit south of the Rio de la Plata, are almost black, whilst the Guaycas, under the line, are among the fairest of the American tribes. Finally, not to multiply examples, those nations of the Caucasian race which have become inhabitants of the Torrid Zone in both hemispheres, although their descendants have been for centuries, and in Africa for many centuries, exposed to the most active influences of climate, have never, in a solitary instance, exhibited the transformation from the Caucasian to a Negro complexion. They become darker, it is true; but there is a point at which the change is arrested. Climate modifies the human complexion, but is far from being the cause of it."

"The texture of the hair varies greatly in different nations. In the Caucasian race it is for the most part long, soft, and curling, and of many shades of colour; and it retains these characters in that race in defiance of climate and locality. In the Mongolian, Indian, and Malay, the hair is almost invariably long, lank, and black, equally in the Torrid and the Frigid Zones. In the true Negro, on the contrary, the hair has all the appearance of wool, although its ultimate texture, as revealed by the microscope, appears to be the same as in the other races. That climate is not the cause of this condition of the hair, may be inferred from many facts, among which we shall be content to mention three. 1. The Tasmanian negroes of Van Diemen's Land are as woolly-headed as any existing people, and yet they inhabit a cold climate; while the Malays, who inhabit under the equator in the same longitudes, have remarkably straight hair. 2. The continent of America produces every known temperature; and yet among her multitudinous savage tribes, not one has woolly or even crispy hair. It is always long and straight." 3. If there were any latent power in the intertropical climate of this continent to render the hair long and black, as in the Indian, we ought by this time to have seen some evidence of it in the Negroes, who, with their ancestors

* There is a double mistake here. The Tasmanians are not Negroes in complexion; and, although dark, are by no means remarkably so, not even so dark as some Australians. Tasmania has a very different climate from Iceland.

and descendants, have inhabited St. Domingo for three centuries; but, on the contrary, the hair of these people is as intractably woolly as it is among the cognate tribes in the heart of Africa.”*

From the whole of our remarks it will be seen there is now a strong tendency to conclude that the great diverse families of mankind are quite distinct, that no perceptible changes of moment have been produced in them wherever we can trace them upwards, however remote the antiquity we are able to refer to, and therefore that this distinctness is original. When we refer to Dr. Morton's principle, that each race has been created with consummate skill to occupy that position in the great division of the world for which it is physically and morally fitted, we at once discover a reason for this disposition of human affairs, the validity of which it would require considerable temerity rashly to impugn. For by such means men would be made an anomaly upon the earth. The law by which animals are adapted to the relations in which they are placed, and by which the wisdom and goodness of the Creator are so prominently displayed, is universal and absolute. It belongs to all regions, all creatures, and every race, and scientific inquiries prove that it has prevailed as unexceptionally over all the shoreless ocean of time represented by past geological periods. Whilst the Esquimaux is fitted to wander in safety amid the desolation of the Arctic regions, frequently with his bare head exposed to every blast, and to supply all the wants he feels, so that this region of frost and storm becomes to him a dear home, a fatherland, which no bribe can induce him to exchange for the glades of happy England, or even the “fragrant plains of Araby the blessed;” these countries of eternal ice would present innumerable physical impossibilities for the residence of any of the races possessed of **the germs of the highest civilization**, the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, or English, with their arts and monuments, their commerce, their ships and engineering works, their science, literature, and books, that no human ingenuity could ever have overcome.

The Jews, the descendants of the ancient Hebrews, like the Gipsies, have usually occupied a very conspicuous place in all discussions on the history of the creature man, and the modifying influences of time, climate, &c., upon his physical properties. The Jews have a history more authentic than that of any other people; their antiquity as a race is indisputable, and their identity equally so. They are cosmopolites, and still sacredly faithful in all regions to the religious usages of their forefathers, one of which is the prohibition of intermarriages with Gentile people. Thus they combine in themselves a series of conditions that

* “An Illustrated System of Human Anatomy, Special, General, and Microscopic.” By S. G. Morton, M.D. Philadelphia. 1849. pp. 151, 154.

convert them into a touchstone by which to test ethnological theories. In physical constitution we find them unchanged by any external influences. Time has produced no modifying effects upon them. It is true we cannot refer with the same amplitude to delineations of the Israelitish race on monuments as old as those of the ancient Egyptians. Still, in these sculptures themselves, Belzoni, Morton, and other authorities, concluded with every appearance of probability, the Jews are depicted frequently, and, we may add, unequivocally. In the Assyrian bas-reliefs discovered at Kouyunjik captives are represented of marked Jewish lineaments on a series of slabs bearing cuneiform inscriptions, that have been interpreted to recount the taking of the city of Lachish by "Sennacherib, the mighty king."* In Nott and Gliddon's volume there is a long and instructive chapter, written by the former gentleman, who had already made it the subject of a special publication, devoted to the "Physical History of the Jews." This chapter contains two communications from Jewish authors, which may be taken as the summary of the whole. The first is from Mr. Isaac Leaser, the editor of the "Occident," a Philadelphian publication; and the other from a gentleman well known in this country for the extent of his Hebrew learning and his excellent qualities, the Rev. M. J. Raphall. Mr. Leaser observes—

"In respect to the true Jewish complexion, it is *fair*; which is proved by the variety of the people I have seen from Persia, Russia, Palestine, and Africa, not to mention those of Europe and America, the latter of whom are identical with the Europeans, like all other white inhabitants of this continent. All Jews that ever I have beheld are *identical in features*."†

Dr. Raphall's letter contains so many particulars of interest from such a high authority, that we insert it entire.

"The black Jews of Malabar are not descendants of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, but are of *Hindu origin*. At Cochin there are two distinct communities of Jews: one, white, was originally settled at Cranganor, but when the Portuguese became too powerful on that coast (A.D. 1500 to 1590) removed to Cochin. These Jews have been resident in India considerably above 1000 years, but still retain their Jewish cast of features, and, though of dark complexion, are not black. They never intermarry with the second community, also Jews, but black, of Hindu origin, and, according to tradition, originally bondmen, but converted and manumitted some 300 years ago. Though of the same religion, the two races keep distinct. In the interior of Africa many Negroes are found who profess to be Jews, practise circumcision, and keep the Sabbath. These are held to be the

* Layard's *Nineveh and Babylon*, p. 152.

† *Types of Mankind*, p. 121.

descendants of slaves who were converted by their Jewish masters, and then manumitted. All the Jews in the interior of Africa who are of really Jewish descent, as, for instance, in Timbuctoo, the Desert of Sahara, &c., though of dark complexion, are not black, and retain the characteristic cast of features of their race—so they do likewise in China.”*

If there had been any doubt about the impurity of blood of the *black Jews* of Malabar and Cochin, of which Dr. Prichard, in an unguarded moment, asserts “there is no evidence,”† this letter of so distinguished a Hebrew teacher would have quite disposed of it. Dr. Claudius Buchanan’s testimony, who visited the black Jews of Malabar fifty years ago, is however just as unequivocal and decided. He says—

“In the interior towns I was not always able to distinguish the Jew from the Hindu. . . . The white Jews look upon the black Jews as an *inferior race*, and as not of *pure caste*, which plainly demonstrates that they do not spring from a common stock in India.”

At the same time that we cannot withhold a feeling of wonder, mingled with respect, at the pertinacity with which God’s “chosen people” cling to the religious observances of their forefathers, and at the care exercised by the principal families in maintaining the purity of blood by intermarrying with Hebrews only,—still this is far from being universal amongst them. In other Jewish communities, besides those residing in Malabar, foreign alliances are practised to some extent. In the Asiatic dominions of the Sultan, the Turks do not alone intermarry with foreigners of Georgian and Circassian tribes, but with converted Armenians and Jews also extensively. And in our own country, as well as all others, occasional alliances take place with Gentile families. Still, the physical characters of the people, as a race, remain unchanged. Individuals are observed to deviate by light, and even sometimes red, hair, blue eyes, &c.; whilst in the race these deviations are swallowed up by an inherent principle of nature, which keeps up and exerts an unceasing tendency to a reversion to the parent stock. This principle, first expressly applied to the Jewish race we believe by Dr. W. F. Edwards, who explains it, when races are mingled in unequal numbers, by the predominating swallowing up the smaller, is one of great moment in ethnological investigations.‡ In the first place, it may be taken to present strong evidence of the *original diversity of races*—perhaps, in kind, the strongest we can attain to. In the next place, it affords a satisfactory foundation for the opinion

* Types of Mankind, p. 122.

† Physical History, iv. 598.

‡ Des Caractères Physiologiques des Races Humaines considérés dans leurs Rapports avec l’Histoire.

that *racés are permanent*. They are not interchangeable, but fixed by a power beyond man's control. And, thirdly, it presents a good basis for an extension of judicious researches into the physical characteristics of races, when the principle itself shall be duly recognised in ethnology. In cautious and instructed hands, we may hope for results from such researches equally important and unexpected—and far more reliable and useful than those which arise from erudite speculations on the languages of nations, and their resemblances. We are warned, even by the great German scholar, Niebuhr, not to build too much on the dissimilarities of languages in our theories of the origin of man.

With no feeling of disrespect towards the curious and learned dissertations of philologists, by what we have said in the preceding pages, we mean especially to direct and fix attention upon more stable and satisfactory principles of inquiry than any that languages afford. Language is a fleeting and changing element, compared with physical organization. The peculiar characteristics which mark the different groups of languages are, in all probability, primarily the result of the peculiar disposition of the organs of voice, and mental qualities, which give the impulse to them, belonging to different races. Resemblances in vocabularies, which have been sought out without rhyme or reason, and carried to the most extravagant lengths, may, when we pass over the elementary sounds and articulations, such as *mama* and *papa*, imitations of inarticulate sounds, &c., which are common to almost all languages, be merely the results of communication by commerce, colonization, &c. Professor Agassiz observes, in his character of zoologist,—

“As for languages, their common structure, and even the analogy in the sounds of different languages, far from indicating a derivation one from another, seem to us rather the necessary result of that similarity in the organs of speech which causes them naturally to produce the same sound. Who would now deny that it is as natural for men to speak as it is for a dog to bark, for an ass to bray, for a lion to roar, for a wolf to howl, when we see that no nations are so barbarous, so deprived of all human character, as to be unable to express in language their desires, their fears, their hopes? And if a unity of language, any analogy in sound and structure between the languages of the white races, indicate a closer connexion between the different natives of that race, would not the difference which has been observed in the structure of the languages of the wild races—would not the power the American Indians have naturally to utter gutturals, which the white can hardly imitate, afford additional evidence that these races did not originate from a common stock, but are only closely allied as men, endowed equally with the same intellectual powers, the same organs of speech, the same sympathies, only deve-

loped in slightly different ways in the different races, precisely as we observe the fact between closely allied species of the same genus among birds?

"There is no ornithologist who ever watched the natural habits of birds and their notes, who has not been surprised at the similarity of intonation of the notes of closely-allied species, and the greater difference between the notes of the birds belonging to different genera and families. The cry of the birds of prey is alike unpleasant in all, the song of all the thrushes is equally sweet and harmonious, and modulated upon similar rhythms and combined in similar melodies; the chit of all titmice is loquacious and hard; the quack of the duck is alike nasal in all. But who ever thought that the robin* learned his melody from the mocking-bird, or the mocking-bird from any other species of thrush? Who ever fancied that the field-crow learned his cawing from the raven or jackdaw? Certainly, no one at all acquainted with the natural history of birds. And why should it be different with men? Why should not the different races of men have originally spoken distinct languages, as they do at present, differing in the same proportions as their organs of speech are variously modified? And why should not these modifications, in their turn, be indicative of primitive differences among them? It were giving up all induction, all power of arguing from sound premises, if the force of such evidence were to be denied."†

Niebuhr, in a letter to which we have already made reference, expresses himself thus:—

"Great national races have never sprung from the growth of a single family into a nation, but always from the association of several families of human beings, raised above their fellow-animals by the nature of their wants and the gradual invention of a language, each of which families probably had originally formed a language peculiar to itself. This last idea belongs to Reinhold. By this I explain the immense variety of languages among the North American Indians, which it is absolutely impossible to refer to any common source, but which, in some cases, have resolved themselves into one language, as in Mexico and Peru, for instance; and also the number of synonyms in the earliest periods of languages. On this account I maintain that we must make a very cautious use of differences of language as applied to the theory of races, and have more regard to physical conformation; which latter is exactly the same, for instance, in most of the Indian tribes of North America. I believe, farther, that the origin of the human race is not connected with any given place, but is to be sought everywhere over the face of the earth; and that it is an idea more worthy of the power and wisdom of the Creator to assume that He gave each zone and climate its proper inhabitants, to whom that zone and climate would

* Of the United States, a species of thrush. The *Turdus migratorius*, red-breasted thrush.

† *Types of Mankind*, p. 282.

be most suitable, than to assume that the human species has degenerated in such innumerable instances."

Still in the hands of those distinguished men, who have devoted themselves to the cultivation of a knowledge of ancient and other languages, in the spirit of an enlightened philosophy, cautiously and independently, without the prejudice of theory, most valuable results sometimes ensue from lingual inquiries. Probably it would be difficult to point out a more just application of philological knowledge than the one embraced in the "Preliminary Dissertation" prefixed to "The Grammar and Dictionary of the Malay Language," of the Oriental scholar whose name is so intimately and so honourably connected with the Indian Archipelago; one more successful certainly cannot be shown. To bring it before the reader's notice, as far as is required for this brief sketch, will demand a little explanation.

One of the most celebrated of German philologists, the late Baron William Humboldt, wrote a work of great research upon an ancient Malayan tongue of the island of Java, called the Kawi. In this he endeavoured to show, from certain general characters common to the languages of the Malays, and of the inhabitants of the islands of the Indian and Pacific Oceans, from Madagascar to Easter Island in one direction, and from New Zealand to the Philippines in the other, that all these various races of people were at some former period intimately connected—indeed, were derived from one parent stock; and that, with regard to their languages, these are dialects belonging to one original stem, "the unity of which is not less demonstrable," as Prichard observes, "than that of the different members of the Indo-European family of languages."* This is very like supporting one hypothesis by the help of another. If the theory were true, it would make short work with the inhabitants of the most extensive region, having any common character, on the surface of the globe, who at the same time are admitted to present almost every diversity of physical constitution, and every degree, save the highest, of civilization. Such an opinion, from so distinguished a source, was gladly adopted by the advocates of the great theory of the unity of origin of races, although at most it could only be taken as one large instalment of what the theory required. Prichard quotes the conclusions of Humboldt, at considerable length, applies the name "Malayo-Polynesian" "to all those nations of the Great Southern Ocean whose dialects have been found to bear an affinity to the language of the Malays;"† and comprehends under it "the numerous and widely-dispersed tribes, who, though in some instances displaying certain diver-

* *Researches*, v. 15.† *Ibid.* p. 4.

sities in physical characters and manners, are proved by a decided affinity of dialects to be originally of one kindred." This is, perhaps, the most sweeping conclusion in the whole domain of philology, more close and exact than that which has been deduced from the resemblance in structure amongst the American languages, called the polysynthetic principle, where physiologists, with Morton at their head, acknowledge one great feature of similarity running through all the races; and, it should also be observed, a conclusion formed in the face of "certain diversities in physical characters." These "certain diversities" are, we believe, almost, but not quite, as extensive, as varied, as numerous and as distinct, as can be paralleled in all the other regions of the globe put together. We ought also to observe, that the hypothesis did not originate with Baron W. Humboldt, but with Forster, who accompanied Cooke in his second voyage; that it was opposed by Mr. Crawford, from an examination of the different dialects found in the Indian Ocean, in his first celebrated work;* that, as this vast region contains several negro tribes, manifestly incongruous, they have been excluded from the "Malayo-Polynesian race," upon the erroneous ground that they do not retain any words of the common tongue, the fact being the reverse; and that Humboldt concluded the Tagala language of the Philippines to be the best living representative of the Kawi. On this latter subject, Mr. Crawford observes:—

"The illustrious philosopher, linguist, and statesman, the late Baron William Humboldt, has, in his large work on the Kawi of Java, expressed the opinion that the Tagala of the Philippines is the most perfect living specimen of that Malayan tongue, which, with other writers, he fancies to have been the parent stock from which all the tongues of the brown race in the Eastern Archipelago, the Philippines, the Islands of the Pacific, and even the language of Madagascar, have sprung. I cannot help thinking that this hypothesis, maintained with much ingenuity, must have originated in this eminent scholar's practical unacquaintance with any one language of the many which came under his consideration, and that, had he possessed the necessary knowledge, the mere running over the pages of any Philippine dictionary would have satisfied him of the error of his theory. I conclude, then, by expressing my conviction that, as far as the evidence yielded by a comparison of the Tagala, Bisaya and Pampanga languages with the Malay and Javanese goes, there is no more ground for believing that the Philippine and Malayan languages have a common origin, than for concluding that Spanish and Portuguese are Semitic languages, because they contain a few hundred words of Arabic, or that the Welsh and Irish are of Latin origin because they contain a good many words of Latin; or that Italian is of Gothic origin because it contains a far

* The History of the Indian Archipelago.

greater number of words of Teutonic origin than any Philippine language does of Malay and Javanese."*

The object of Mr. Crawford's elaborate inquiry, which is conducted with great judgment and care, as well as learning, is the refutation of this hypothesis. In the opening of his labours, the author points out that language is neither a test of race, nor invariably identical with race, and that there is no indication of such supposed parent language or people in the regions referred to. Mr. Crawford differs fundamentally from the German philologists as to the number and kind of words to be selected as tests of a common tongue. Baron W. Humboldt contented himself with a vocabulary of 134 words, the synonyms of which he traced through nine languages, four out of which were Polynesian dialects, for the basis of his colossal hypothesis. The terms expressing the first and simplest ideas of mankind are those, our author considers, from the familiarity and frequency of the ideas they express, to be the most amenable to adoption. The personal pronouns are equally objectionable tests, "as they are the most interchangeable of all classes of words."† And the numerals must be excluded from early invented words, as they imply social advancement, and are the most likely words to be adopted by savages. The words chosen by our author, as tests of a unity of languages, are those indispensable to their structure, without which they cannot be spoken or written—"the prepositions, which represent the cases of languages of complex structure; and the auxiliaries, which represent times and moods."‡ "After as careful an examination as I have been able to make of the many languages involved in the present inquiry, and duly considering the physical and geographical character of the wide field over which they are spoken, with the social condition of its various inhabitants, I have come to the conclusion that the words which are common to so many tongues, have been chiefly derived from the languages of the two most civilized and adventurous nations of the Archipelago—the Malays and Javanese"§—people very nearly allied. In truth, these Malays are the maritime and commercial people of the great Indian and Pacific Oceans, who have penetrated everywhere for ages, who are known as traders and marauders in New Guinea and New Caledonia, as well as all intermediate islands, and whose enterprise and daring scarcely acknowledge any limits. And it is words from their language which have been introduced into all the others; frequently, it must be acknowledged, to express ideas entirely new to the people who have adopted them. Malay, therefore, is the great

* Preliminary Dissertation, p. cxxviii.

† Ibid. vi.

‡ Ibid. p. v.

§ Ibid. vii.

common element pervading in various degrees all the languages spoken in the vast regions we have described, whose introduction is nearly as easy to understand as it is to account for the English terms in the native languages of North America, Australia, or other countries, to which English commerce and colonization have extended.

"The Malay tongue is now, and was, when Europeans first visited the Archipelago, the common language of intercourse between the native nations among themselves, and between these and foreigners. It is in the Archipelago what French is in Western Europe, Italian in Eastern, Arabic in Western Asia, and Hindi in Hindustan. All nations who hold intercourse of business with strangers must understand it, and all strangers must acquire it. This is now the case, and seems for ages to have been so, in Sumatra, where other languages besides it are vernacular, in Java, in Celebes, in the Moluccas, in Timur, and in the Philippine group. The enterprising or roving character of the people whose native tongue it is, with its own softness of sound, simplicity of structure, and consequent facility of acquirement, have given it this preference over so many other languages."*

In proof that the numerous peoples comprised in the immense circle of these oceanic regions possess various languages proper to themselves, Mr. Crawford enters into a long and critical examination of *all* the vocabularies of these tongues that have been collected (and these are now numerous), accurately analysing their terms, and calculating the exact amount of their elements—words that may be referred to an exotic source, and native words. By this careful and laborious method, in the hands of an accomplished oriental scholar, who is in many cases personally acquainted with the peoples and languages he comments upon, familiar with eastern manners and customs, and well versed in the literature of these lands of sun and spices, we have a right to expect as reliable evidence as any that can be obtained. The result we cannot do better than give in his own concise summary:—

"There is no foundation for the prevalent notion that, Negroes excepted, all the descriptions of men from Madagascar to the utmost limits of the Pacific, and from Formosa to New Zealand, are one and the same race. On the contrary, they amount to several. Nor is there any foundation for the received opinion that all the Oriental Negroes are, throughout, the same race; for they amount to still more varieties than the men of brown complexion.

"Neither is there any ground whatever for the hypothesis that all the races of brown complexion speak essentially the same language, diversified by long time and separation into many dialects. Had this theory been true, the supposed parent tongue must have sprung up at

* Preliminary Dissertation, p. x.

a particular point, which the authors of the theory ought to be obliged to point out. Or it must have spontaneously sprung up at the same time at a hundred different and separate points, which would be a miracle in the history of language. Before its dissemination on the first supposition, and when it was created on the second, such a language must already have been, to a certain degree, a cultivated language, for many of the words of the supposed tongue imply no ordinary amount of civilization, and are very widely spread."*

We consider we possess in this able inquiry the most substantial progressive step in the philological branch of ethnology taken in recent times. By a far more ample and complete investigation of evidence, it overthrows an hypothesis which had at first the appearance of being based on profound learning and research—probably as great learning and research as could have been found out of the limits of a practical and intimate personal acquaintance with the subject discussed. This latter, however, has at length been brought to it, and the hypothesis has been found to want almost every element of probability. Our readers cannot fail to have observed also, that, quite in agreement with the investigation carried on of late years in the United States, Mr. Crawford's inquiries have resulted in the conviction that in this extensive region of the globe, there are numerous distinct races of men. Although his labours were not based upon physical characteristics, yet these have forced themselves upon his notice in all parts of the Indian and Pacific Oceans. The result has been opinions expressed in terms like the following:—

"Here," speaking of the inhabitants of the New Hebrides and New Caledonia, "without reckoning the Negro races of the Pacific which are known to exist, we have, reckoning from the Andamans, twelve varieties generally so differing from each other in complexion, in features, and in strength and stature, that some are puny pigmies under five feet high, and others large and powerful men of near six feet. To place all these in one category would be preposterous, and contrary to truth and nature. And yet this is what has been attempted by tracing all of them to one stock, imagined to have emigrated to the islands from the continent of India, where no Negro race now exists, or is known ever to have existed."† "As to the great bulk of the inhabitants of Australia, they are assuredly neither Malays, Negroes, nor Polynesians, nor a mixture of any of these, but a very peculiar people, distinct from all the other races of men."‡

These quotations refer to the *black* and *dark* races. Of the Polynesians, varying from *bright copper colour* to *nut brown*, which he considers a "race essentially the same throughout," there is neither physical nor philological evidence to connect

* Preliminary Dissertation, p. cclxxxii.

† Ibid. p. clxv.

‡ Ibid. clxxvi.

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them with the Malays. Of the numerous *brown* races coming within the sphere of this extensive Malayan influence, Mr. Crawford does not, so far as we have observed, express any further opinion by way of summary than the one already quoted; but in various parts of his excellent "Dissertation" they are pointed out as distinct in language and various other aspects: therefore we have reason to infer they are essentially different peoples. Ethnology, we consider, has gained much from Mr. Crawford's testimony on all these points; and coming as it does in support of the doctrines of Morton and others, we anticipate its being regarded in conjunction with these to mark an era in the history of the science, the precise bearing and influence of which it may be difficult at present to determine. That the effects of this advancing step will be most important in directing closer attention to the distinguishing peculiarities of the various tribes of man, those marks which have hitherto been passed over in the mind's first rapid glance to discover resemblances, cannot be doubted. Thence we may expect a great extension of knowledge, a multiplication of the stable elements of the science; and, perhaps ultimately, something like a classification and arrangement of the races of man that will be comprehensive and to be relied upon.*

One of the earliest to apply the doctrine of the essential diversity of human races, so fertile of results, to historical, political, and other problems, was, we believe, Dr. Robert Knox, in his singular work entitled "The Races of Men: a Fragment." This view explains much heretofore most obscure. One term of sacred import, Civilization, receives from it a limitation of application which the benevolent spirit is disposed to brook ill. We

* One essential element in Blumenbach's quinal arrangement of mankind, was the texture of the hair, yet he entirely passed over the very singular hair which grows in separate tufts. Even of this remarkable hair, such is the fertility of nature, there appears to be two well-marked varieties. That belonging to the Hottentot and Bushman grows in little dark knobs on the head, expressively designated in the term of contempt employed by the Hottentots in abusing one another, "pepper-kopf," pepper-head; for these knobs greatly resemble peppercorns scattered over the head. Such a thing was never heard of as a Hottentot having his hair cut. In the true Papuans the distinct tufts grow into longish slender ringlets, which not ungracefully adorn the brows, or, by art, may be teased out and amalgamated into one expanded mop-head (*Papuak*, frizzled, Malay), that no combination of peppercorn tufts can be made to resemble by any artifice.

The great Australian continent is inhabited by numerous tribes, which, although designated Papuan by the first authorities, have, one and all, however much they may differ in other respects, lank or at most flexuous hair. The correct view of them is that first unequivocally expressed by Mr. Crawford, as stated above, that they are "a very peculiar people, distinct from all the other races of men."

are generously inclined to desire for all whom we include as fellows in humanity, the same privileges, rich and expansive blessings, as those we enjoy ourselves. And at first view this desire, which recommends itself so forcibly to the heart as noble and right, appears not only commendable, but highly reasonable. Stern experience, however, teaches that in its wide application to the great family of man, it must be often modified, and sometimes restrained within very narrow limits indeed. The capability to receive the boon of civilization is very different in the different races of men. Some, we are constrained to admit, are so low in the scale of improveability that they are totally incapacitated for its reception. These, for that reason, more imperatively demand from us protection. And, amongst those fitted to receive it, there are so many shades and degrees of capacity, limiting and defining their progressive advancement, that nothing less than an extended acquaintance with human races can preside over the proper administration to their wants. How melancholy was the result of a most benevolent and devoted, but at the same time ill-judged and irrational attempt, made a very few years ago by Captain Gardiner and his companions, to convey the Christian religion to the Patagonians. Every individual engaged in it perished miserably, scarcely daring to land amongst the savages, through ignorance or defiance of these grades of nature. We need not advert to the failure of the most judicious efforts to win over the Fuegians, some tribes of Australians, and others to the slightest comforts of civilized man. Endeavours to restrain the young, as more pliant and improveable, and therefore more hopeful, and to impart to them the merest elements of education, have often been most lamentably unsuccessful. Of these limitations in the sphere of civilization, which "never spreads over the earth with equal and impartial tides," Sir E. Bulwer Lytton took perfect cognizance in his eloquent address delivered at Leeds. . . How very few of the almost numberless races of men have ever risen to the highest degrees of civilization, so as to leave an endurable influence and history behind them, such as the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Greeks, the Romans, and, in a lower grade, the nations of India, the Chinese, the Saracens, and the Mexicans. The reasons of these limitations have been in themselves, the restraints of nature, the want of the internal impulses to high advancement, not the want of outward favouring circumstances, such as eligible geographical position, congenial institutions, &c. These, the highly endowed races would have created for themselves, had inheritance denied them such privileges. Sir Edward maintains, with every appearance of truth, that there are only three races at present engaged in the career of great progress—the Germanic race, with

its various ramifications, the people of France, and the people of Great Britain with their offshoots.

One mournful fact forces itself upon our attention in this connexion, the progressive extinction of the lower races of man, if not civilizable, by contact with the higher, which appears to be almost universal. Of the fine and warlike tribes who peopled North America on its first becoming known to western nations, how very few remain. Millions then dwelt east of the great father of waters, the Mississippi, the remnant of which is now reduced to less than 100,000, removed of late years across that stream to the Far West. Yet these were tribes vastly superior to the Fuegians, Patagonians, Bosjesmans, and Tasmanians; probably there is not one to be compared with them on the whole continent of Australia. Of the Choctaws, whom Bartram, the naturalist, described as "tall, erect, and moderately robust, their limbs well-shaped, so as to form a perfect human figure; their features regular, and countenance open, dignified, and placid, yet the forehead and brow are so formed as to strike you instantly with heroism and bravery. . . . Their countenance and actions exhibit an air of magnanimity, superiority, and independence." Of these fine people, Dr. Nott now tells us:—

"We see every day, in the suburbs of Mobile, and wandering through our streets, the remnant of the Choctaw race, covered with nothing but blankets, and living in bark tents, scarcely a degree advanced above brutes of the field, quietly abiding their time. No human ingenuity can induce them to become educated, or to do an honest day's work; they are supported entirely by begging, besides a little traffic of the squaws in wood. To one who has lived among the American Indians, it is in vain to talk of civilizing them. You might as well attempt to change the nature of the buffalo."*

Without perfect isolation and great care, even the remnants of some races cannot be preserved. The Tasmanians and the Charibs of St. Vincent, the latter commonly but erroneously supposed by ethnologists to be extinct, are examples of such preservation. The insignificant remains of these races are both placed under Government conservation.

Probably the laws of races have in a large measure yet to be learned. That they cannot be disregarded, as they have hitherto been, is already apparent on all hands.

An improvement of blood by intermarriage appears to be the only way to impart those elements of progress which are the glorious birthright of the highest races. But this is at once liable to the fatal objection of deteriorating the nobler endowed people themselves; besides which, there are good grounds for

* *Types of Mankind*, p. 69.

inferring that hybrids produced by the intermixture of very discordant human races, not only naturally revert to the original stocks, but have a constant tendency to perish from weakness, shortness of life, and infertility of different kinds. If this were not so, we should not have such difficulty in pointing out one single example of such a mixed breed of any continued standing in any part of the world. Dr. Nott's long residence in the Southern Slave States of America, where a mixture of white and black races is extensive, renders his testimony on some of these points very valuable. He gives the following summary of the result of his observations, which, it must be remarked, he has had reason to modify in some degree by further experience, as we will explain just now:—

“1. That mulattoes are the shortest lived of any class of the human race. 2. That mulattoes are intermediate in intelligence between the blacks and the whites. 3. That they are less capable of undergoing fatigue and hardship than either the blacks or whites. 4. That the mulatto women are peculiarly delicate, and subject to a variety of chronic diseases. That they are bad breeders, bad nurses, liable to abortions, and that their children generally die young. 5. That when mulattoes intermarry, they are less prolific than when crossed on the parent stocks. 6. That when a Negro man married a white woman, the offspring partook more largely of the Negro type than when the reverse union had effect. 7. That mulattoes, like Negroes, although unacclimated, enjoy extraordinary exemption from yellow fever when brought to Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, or New Orleans.”*

The modification of his views, above alluded to, is that these conclusions are only strictly correct where the intermarriages occur between people of the Anglo-Saxon and Negro races; where they concern those derived from the Southern countries of Europe, as French, Italians, Spaniards, &c., such shortness of life and improlificacy of the mulattoes does not hold good. Besides being descended from darker skinned Europeans, as the author says, their parents are derived from warmer countries, and thus the offspring may be more congenial to the climatic influences of the Southern States.†

One question agitated in this volume, that of the antiquity of

* Types of Mankind, p. 373.

† Dr. Tschudi, who has paid great attention to the mixture of breeds in South America, and, in his “Travels in Peru,” gives a curious Table of the definitions and designations by which no less than twenty-three of these different mixtures are distinguished, bears a very similar testimony to that of Dr. Nott. He says: “To define their characteristics correctly would be impossible, for their minds partake of the mixture of their blood. As a general rule, it may be fairly said, that they unite in themselves all the faults, without any of the virtues, of their progenitors; as men, they are generally inferior to the pure races; and as members of society, they are the worst class of citizens.”

men on the surface of the globe, is decided by our authors in a positive manner upon grounds which do not seem to us adequate. It was the opinion of Cuvier, as already mentioned, that man's present advent on the earth could not *very greatly* antedate 5000 or 6000 years. This illustrious palæontologist, not admitting that any fossil remains of man or any of the quadrumana had been discovered, drew the conclusion, that neither had been called into existence since the last great revolution of our globe took place, unless the continents previously inhabited by them are now totally submerged. Since Cuvier's day, however, fossil remains of quadrumana have been met with, even in England. This, as Professor Owen so justly observed, although the remark is not perhaps quite applicable to Cuvier without some reservation, "should teach caution in the application of conclusions from merely negative facts."* Our authors, especially Dr. Usher in the palæontological chapter contributed by him, maintain with great confidence that fossil remains of man have been already found in various parts of the world, in accordance with the strong expectation of Morton. They also expressly claim, as it appears to us on somewhat loose evidence, that the bones of an American Indian discovered lying in the neighbourhood of burnt wood, at a depth of 16 feet in the delta of the Mississippi, have an antiquity of no less than 57,600 years. This account is derived from Dr. Dowler of New Orleans. In digging the foundations of the gas-works of that city, the workmen passed through four successive growths of timber, "the lowest so old that it cut like cheese." These trees are supposed to be the representatives of four distinct forests succeeding one another at vast intervals, which have grown and gone to decay, each in an old age quite marvellous, exceeding that of the Pyramid of Cheops, viz. 5700 years. The skull was found under the roots of a cypress-tree, belonging to the fourth forest level from the surface. Dr. Dowler's calculation to obtain the age of these human bones he divided into three eras. 1. That of colossal grasses, trembling prairies, &c. 2. That of the cypress basins. 3. That of the present live-oak platform. It will not, however, be necessary to trouble the reader with the different items. Suffice it to say, that by moderately assuming only two of these successions of cypress basins, when in truth there were four, and adding three subterranean groups, leaving out the fourth, as in this sort of calculation, it is well not to be too *exigent* and to make the utmost of one's data, he arrives at the conclusion, that a period of 57,600 years have elapsed since this very ancient hunter roamed through the forest, in which eventually he was entombed. One important item in

* History of British Fossil Mammals, p. xxxii.

the calculation is the rings marking the annual growth of the cypress-trees themselves. These are assumed to be 5700 in number in a cypress-tree of ten feet in diameter, taking each inch of diameter to contain from 95 to 120 (this latter number, it should be noted, represents no less than ten rings in each *line*, or twelfth of an inch!) of these annulations, which, it is not quite clear were counted in any one inch even, although this it is but reasonable to infer.* It may not be amiss to observe, that this mode of computing the age of trees is liable to astounding errors. Dr. Lindley points out, that in consequence of the extreme inequality in thickness of the annual layers of wood on opposite sides of the trunk of a tree, a person judging by those on the stunted side would commit an error amounting to more than 60 per cent. But, leaving the rather too readily assumed succession of the trees, and their amazing age, taken up with equal readiness, we may well ask, whether the delta of a river itself is sufficiently firm ground to build the hoariest of antiquities upon? Is it not especially liable to land-slips, to be undermined by currents, which in their force may wash down much heavier objects than a few human bones, and deposit them in a situation that in a very few ages would present a primeval appearance? And, putting aside all these objections, for we are neither botanists nor geologists, but think it not improbable that those who are, would at once see many other difficulties in the way of this extraordinary hypothesis, we will come to the fact of the preservation of non-fossilized wood and bones, the former in a state that might be cut with a knife like cheese. We believe this statement itself refutes such antiquity. Where organic substances, whether vegetable or animal, are fossilized by the infiltration of some earthy solution, which petrifies them, or by the carbonizing or bituminizing processes, as in the coal basins, or, where they become embedded in fossiliferous strata, they may be preserved from periods too remote to be properly estimated; but, where they lie in a moist situation, as this must have been, they would have wholly perished in a tenth-part of the time assumed. Further data are yet wanting to estimate the age of antiquities like these human bones with anything like pre-

* It is said the magnificent evergreen, discovered in the forests of California by Douglas, about which much interest has recently been excited by the receipt of a living specimen and of seeds of the plant, and which has been named by one botanist *Wellingtonia gigantea*, is sometimes 300 feet high, with a diameter of twenty-nine feet at five feet from the ground; yet an age of only 3000 years has been claimed for this colossal Nestor of the Sierra. This slow-growing tree is assumed to grow two inches in diameter in twenty years, to which Dr. Dowler's calculation is a mere fraction, for one of his cypresses would have grown about four-twelfths of one inch in this time, or one-third of an inch.

cision, for very ancient they undoubtedly may have been. Bones deposited in the eldest of the Celtic or British barrows of the Stone period, where they have been well protected from moisture and other destructive influences, are found to retain their perfect forms, although frequently too fragile to admit of removal in such state. It even not uncommonly happens that whilst these are so well preserved, other and later interments, as those of Saxon times, present a much more deteriorated state of the bones. But in the preceding case of the British barrows the circumstances afford us no justification for the inference of an antiquity anything like that of geological periods. What the precise age of these bones is, even within a few hundred years, it may be very difficult to determine; but that they do not belong to an age vastly remote, all the attendant circumstances combine to assure us. It may be seriously questioned, whether any British barrow yet opened can belong to a period beyond two or three thousand years before the Christian era, whilst there are reasons for believing that they mostly fall much within such period. Assuming this view, which we admit is not supported by such positive data as could be desired, to be not very grossly inaccurate, we may well require evidence of the most unexceptionable character where an antiquity is claimed for human remains to which that of the Egyptian pyramids is a mere trifle. In the admirable work of Squier and Davis, on the "Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley," the subject of the age of these monuments is discussed in a cautious manner, yet the writers are disposed to claim for them an antiquity considerably greater than that of our British barrows, principally from finding the bones in a less firm condition. Without denying that they may be quite as old as these primeval monuments of our own country, or even older, we may observe that the experience of English antiquaries is in favour of not relying with too much confidence on this state of preservation of bones, without taking the conditions of interment into account. At the same time, the bones of ancient Britons are only rarely found in a perfect and firm state; and the hills and downs of this country must present quite as favourable features for the preservation of human remains as the terraces of the river valleys of the United States. The reasoning based on the mound-builders never having selected the lowest of these terraces for their works, whence it has been inferred that this last terrace was formed subsequently to the erection of the mounds, always appeared to us weak and inconclusive. That learned antiquary, Dr. Daniel Wilson, in his valuable work on the "Archæology of Scotland," which may be said to be antiquities invested with all the charms of graceful literature, says a good deal about pre-Celtic races in these islands, and adduces evidence

in favour of the opinion that the Celts or Britons were preceded by an older race, who were even sufficiently versed in navigation to reach our island home in boats. Nay, he seems to consider that one at least of their boats was discovered some years ago in the Carse of Falkirk, and that remains of their skulls are still extant. Yet, it should be distinctly stated, that he shows no disposition to dogmatize on these obscure matters. The evidence deduced from the peculiar form of the ancient skulls, figured by Dr. Wilson, appears to stand in great need of confirmation by much more extended investigation, and more reliable induction, than any for which he had materials. That the rudest and simplest of the primeval aborigines of our island, the wielders of arms with flint arrow and spear-heads, could have crossed the North Sea by any species of navigation, seems to be an inverted sort of reasoning that could be justified by stern facts alone, much more severe and indisputable than any yet reported. Such subjects as these offer a shining field for the work of imagination, and Dr. Usher, earnest in support of a favourite hypothesis, in quoting freely from the writings of one of our continental neighbours, seems to be quite regardless of national propensities; otherwise, he would have hesitated before he endorsed with his countenance some of M. Boucher de Perthes's Celtic hammers and pickaxes, which are neither more nor less than fragments of the antlers of deer, each retaining one of its tines; so as to make them hammers and pickaxes in form alone, just as much as the pewter toys of children are tongs and pokers and frying-pans.

But this character of pleasant exaggeration is not confined to any nation. In one of its forms it has been said to identify itself markedly with the literature of a new country,—examples abounding in American literature of the disposition to dwell upon and exaggerate mere physical magnitudes. Perhaps the magnificent features of the country itself may in some measure give rise to this sentiment, although a more cultivated and chastened period will doubtless witness the correction of such a gross material manner. The “Types of Mankind,” which will be chiefly valuable as a storehouse of facts and references upon most of the subjects it embraces, thanks to the earnest industry of its authors, is not free from those peculiarities which appertain to American style, although perhaps not unusually distinguished for them. That *empresement* of American writers, so apparent in all parts of this volume, is apt to shine through in a more presuming tone than we are accustomed to on this side the Atlantic. One quite republican character has frequently struck us in reading it—the freedom with which private correspondence is used to illustrate the writers' theme. In the “Types of Mankind” this is a harmless freedom, which we should suppose

no one could for a moment object to; still it is evidently connected with a very different state of society from our own. We gladly testify to the general correctness and typographical excellence of this volume, but think the authors might have arranged their matter better, and regret they have given no Index, for the work is worth an index, which is no mean praise.

The "Types of Mankind," Mr. Crawford's masterly "Preliminary Dissertation," in which we consider the Malayo-Polynesian hypothesis is disposed of for ever, and other writings to which we have referred, appear to us to indicate a peculiar phase in ethnological inquiry that must be attended with important results. In the main, they might be summed up in a few lines. That, notwithstanding the strict unity of mankind, a unity manifested physically, intellectually, and morally—a sameness from the beginning in instincts, propensities, feelings and faculties, hopes and fears, and the like reverent looking upwards to a great unseen Cause, and constant adumbration of a future heritage, everywhere—there are numerous specifically distinct races of men, essentially differently endowed; that these races were perfectly distinct, and likewise identical, at periods the most remote to which we have any means of reference; that they are quite incapable of transmutation by any influences of which we have a knowledge.

The law by which mixed breeds die out, or revert, by a kind of assimilation, to the original stocks, needs to be further investigated, as well as the entire subject of gentilital diversities, before we can estimate them at their true value. The writers of the "Types of Mankind" have done well by this fresh and rich contribution to the science of ethnology, the result of very diligent inquiry, toward recalling attention to the question of its true philosophy. The arguments they adduce and the views they maintain, have long since been received on the continent of Europe. A polemical spirit elsewhere, too apparent in this volume itself, has been excited and has proved a serious bar to unprejudiced investigation. The purpose we have had in view is, totally disregarding every complication of the inquiry, to endeavour to direct the minds of our readers to the subject itself, as one intrinsically of high importance, and, when divested of all the clogs and hindrances to its truthful and philosophical discussion, one that admits of being satisfactorily resolved in consistency with the best interests of humanity, however exalted and enlarged a sense we may give the terms.

ART. IV.—SCANDINAVIA, PAST AND PRESENT.

1. *Svenska Folkets Historia af Erik Gustaf Geijer*. The History of the Swedish People. By Erik Gustavus Geijer, 3 vols. Orebro, 1836.
2. *Danmarks Riges Historie af G. L. Baden*. The History of Denmark. By G. L. Baden, 5 vols. Copenhagen, 1829—32.
3. *Haandbog i Faedrelandets Historie af C. F. Allen*. Handbook of the History of the Fatherland. By C. F. Allen. Fourth Improved Edition. Copenhagen, 1849.
4. *The Baltic and its Gates, Shores, and Cities, with a Notice of the White Sea*. By the Rev. Thos. Milner, M.A., F.R.G.S. Longmans, 1854.
5. *La Baltique*. Par L. Léouzou le Duc. Paris, 1855.
6. *Revue des Deux Mondes. Des Intérêts du Nord Scandinave dans la Guerre d'Orient*. Par M. A. Geffroy. Livraisons du Février, Juillet, Septembre, et Novembre, 1855.

THE recent treaty between the Allied Powers and Sweden, intended to set bounds in that direction to the aggressive policy of Russia, has naturally fixed the attention of the civilized world on the Scandinavian nations. They have been brought, as it were, into the foreground, and we have been led to inquire more particularly into their geographical extent, their statistical strength, and the character and history of their peoples; or, in other words, into their physical and political momentum in the scale of the European nations. It is a question of no trifling importance to us all, how far they are qualified to become a bulwark on the West against those encroachments which have been going on in every direction since the days of Peter called the Great, until they have involved us in the present terrible war. Not more than a hundred and thirty years ago, that is, since the peace of Nystad, Russia was a mere dukedom, containing about 15,000,000 of inhabitants. Since then it has grown into an immense empire with 60,000,000 people, and its acquisitions are thus enumerated by Sir John McNeill in his "Progress of Russia in the East."

1. The acquisitions of Russia from Sweden are greater than what remains of that kingdom.
2. Her acquisitions from Poland are nearly equal to the Austrian empire.
3. Her acquisitions from Turkey in Europe are of greater extent than the

Prussian dominions, exclusive of the Rhenish provinces. 4. Her acquisitions from Turkey in Asia are nearly equal in dimensions to the whole of the smaller states of Germany. 5. Her acquisitions from Persia are equal in extent to England. 6. Her acquisitions in Tartary have an area not inferior to that of Turkey in Europe, Greece, Italy, and Spain. 7. The acquisitions which she has made within the last sixty-four years are equal in extent and importance to the whole empire she had in Europe before that time. 8. The Russian frontier has been advanced towards Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Vienna, Paris, about 700 miles; towards Constantinople 600 miles; towards Stockholm 630 miles; and Teheran 1000 miles.

That is the rate at which this northern Colossus has been expanding itself into its present gigantic form, while Europe has looked quietly on as though it was a matter which in no way concerned it. It was surely high time to arise, and say to this monster of terrible powers of absorption—"Hitherto shalt thou go, and no farther, whether east or west." To the east, it is to be hoped, that we have put down impassable termini, so far as Turkey is concerned; but by no means, we fear, as concerns our Indian territories. And when we call to mind that Russia and her fidus Achates, Prussia, now possess nearly all the eastern coast of the Baltic, that these allied plunderers have long overawed the small Kingdom of Denmark, and that Russia, in 1809, not only seized on the Finnish portion of Sweden, a country much larger than Great Britain, but also invaded Sweden Proper, and advanced to within a couple of days' march of Stockholm, it must appear equally high time that we opposed some substantial obstacle to her progress in this direction. Once let the Baltic become a Russian lake, and the effect on the commerce and independence of Europe would be something too frightful to imagine. Neither should it be forgotten, that previous to the invasion of Russia by Napoleon, Bernadotte, then making overtures to the French Emperor, pointed out to him how ready would be the passage of an army to the northern coasts of Britain from the coast of Norway, adding that he would undertake to make the descent with 50,000 men, "the passage being only four-and-twenty hours' sail, with a wind that scarcely ever varies."

What Bernadotte offered to do for France may be done by Russia or for Russia, should it ever secure Sweden by conquest or alliance. The very possibility of so startling a contingency should induce us to consider who and what are these neighbours who hold in their hands such power for or against us. What is their strength, their military character, and the motives arising out of permanent circumstances to exercise these powers to our damage or our benefit. How far, and how best we may not

only prevent the Russian spirit of aggrandizement extending into these countries, but may fix them in the position of the effective guardians of European liberty and commerce in the north-west. For this reason we propose in the present article to take a rapid historical review of the Scandinavian kingdoms, seizing, in particular, on those salient points of their annals in which they have mostly influenced the destinies of Europe, and on those circumstances of their present condition which may determine their political course.

The Scandinavians have always displayed a vigorous, warlike, enterprising, and determined character. From the time when they burst in most formidable force on the notice of Europe, in the year 112 before Christ, when they defeated general after general of the Romans, and were only repulsed by the genius of Marius, the conqueror of Jugurtha, to the invasion of England, and their final ascendancy there, under the name of Normans; that is, for more than a thousand years, they were by far the most vigorous people of the whole world. Their character, their conquests, and their literature during that long period constitute a history which we cannot too familiarly study, if we would acquaint ourselves with the realities of our descent and that of our institutions: For these, however, we will refer our readers to Gibbon's "*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*," to the "*Heimskringla*" of Snorre Sturleson, to Worsaae's "*Danes in England*," to the "*Eddas and Visas of Iceland*," and to Howitt's "*History of the Literature and Romance of the North*." It will be all that we can do here to note, that whatever were the minor subdivisions of this great Cimbrian race, it is quite clear that they were an eastern people. They had a maritime turn, and settled themselves all along the western coast of Europe from Norway to the north-west point of France. This is manifest from the character of the languages of all those countries at the present day. Norwegians, Swedes, Danes, Holsteiners, Dutch, and Flemish. All these languages belong to the genus *Plat Deutsch*, and have unmistakeable and ineradicable features of a common origin, wholly distinct from the *Hoch Deutsch*, or German Proper. Nor are the characters of the language more essentially distinct than the character of the people. The Cimbrian race, but more especially the Scandinavian portion of it, have always been a martial, sea-faring, colonizing, and enterprising race. The Teutones, on the contrary, settled themselves down in the inland districts, and were, and remain in their descendants, the Germans, an essentially inland people, not given to maritime and colonial adventure, but to domestic and literary pursuits.

The Scandinavians, including the people of Norway, Denmark,

and Sweden, have had the most decided influence on the fortunes of this country. It is to them that we may trace our predominating tendencies to maritime life and enterprise; to the unconquerable propensity to colonize, subdue vast native tribes, and traffic all over the world. It is to them that we owe our free institutions, trial by jury, our parliaments, and our popular elective system. The Germans Proper, so far as we can discover, never had any free popular institutions since the days of Hermann, nor have they yet. True, they had an empire, and the emperor was elected, but by whom? Not by the people, but by princes, hence called electors. Trial by jury was unknown to them till very recently. But the laws and institutions of the Scandinavians were carried by them into all the countries which they conquered. In Iceland these were remarkably perfected and preserved. In England they were revived by Alfred and Kanute the Great, the royal descendants of the Saxons and Danes; the Saxons, it should always be borne in mind, not being a people of modern Saxony, but of the ancient Saxony, Holstein, still part of Denmark; while the Angles, the great progenitors of England, were still more Danish, being the people of Sleswick. The chairing of mayors, and members of parliament, is but a remains of the Swedish custom of lifting the king when elected on the shoulders of the chiefs on his shield that the people might see him! The Northmen carried these institutions to France, where they were incorporated by Rollo, or properly, Ralph Gänger, simply, Ralph Walker. The famous Norman "hue and cry"—*clameur de haro*—attested its northern origin.*

One of the most remarkable circumstances connected with the Scandinavian race is their claim to a most remote antiquity, and their undoubted possession of an historic and poetic literature, the latter of a magnificent character, though long merely oral, cotemporary with the literature of Greece and Rome, and vying with them in the Eddas, in their noblest qualities. Geijer, the Swedish historian, says:—"All that is known of ancient Germany is Roman; its primæval ages have left no primæval memories, and though it has been zealously attempted in modern times to fill up this vacuum by the aid of art, it cannot be said to have succeeded. We behold a temple in which learning worships itself; but in which the origin of the people is wanting. The youngest brother in this great race is that whose story we are about to relate. He is the youngest till his entrance into history; but he remained the longest in the paternal home, and has therefore the most to say about it."†

* See Geijer's "Svenska Folkets Historia;" Palgrave, c. iv. p. 142; Arne-sens "Islandske Rettergang," and Repp's "Trial by Jury," p. 104.

† Inledning till Svenska Historien, p. 2.

True, Scandinavia has wonderful traditions prior to the time of Hermann and the legions of Varus ; a distinct literature and splendid mythology peculiar to itself. True, the Germans have the Nibelungen Lied, but the Scandinavians have the magnificent originals, fragments of the Eddas out of which the German poet constructed that great poem, the genuine exclusive property of their forefathers, not Teuton but Scandinavian. The sublimity of their mythology, clearly like the people, of eastern origin, is something belonging to the highest regions of poetry ; but we must reluctantly leave this for more modern topics.

Planted in the noble and wild regions of the north, amongst mountains, clear, rocky, picturesque rivers, deep fiords, and sounding seas, this people, with their glorious traditions, soon developed an equally extraordinary character for war and sea-adventures. In Strinholm's "*Vikingafärda*," or "*Expeditions of the Vikings*," we have the marvellous but true story of their wanderings, adventures, and conquests. Though they dared to enter Italy, and to attempt the destruction of the colossal power of Rome, about a century before the Christian era, it was not till the ninth century that their marauding and colonizing expeditions reached their full extent, and filled the world with terror. In these enterprises they had subdued England, seized on Normandy, laid siege to Paris, and made extensive inroads into Belgium and Spain. They possessed themselves of Sicily and Naples, and placed Robert Guiscard on the throne. They ruled in Antioch and Tiberias under Tancred. They entered Switzerland, and established themselves in Uri, Underwalden, and Schwyz, where traces of them yet remain. They became masters of the Orkneys, the Faroe Isles, the Shetlands, and Hebrides, and retained many of these till a very recent period. They discovered Iceland in 861, and soon after peopled it. Thence they reached Greenland and the northern coasts of America, five hundred years before Columbus, giving it the name of Vineland. They traversed the coasts of the White Sea, which they termed Biarmaland, seized on Novgorod, and ruled Russia as Czars till 1598 ; and, in fact, the present dynasty of Romanoff is descended from the stock of Rurick the Scandinavian by the female line. From Russia they made their way to the Black Sea, and in 806 appeared before Constantinople, where their attacks were bought off by the effeminate emperors, who engaged them as guards under the name of Varangians, the *Väringjar* of the Icelandic Sagas.

Such were the ancient Scandinavians, a grand people with a grand antiquity. Such a people we might expect to play a great part in the history of Europe ; but their own offspring grew up and overtopped them in power and affluence. Eng-

land, in which their descendants, the Normans in 1066, completed the work of settlement, has succeeded to the greater portion of their spirit of conquest and colonization, of sea-fight and sea-traffic, and has cast the ancient mother somewhat into the shade. Yet the Scandinavians, down to the present day, have continued to show themselves a bold, independent, maritime, and martial people, and have occasionally blazed over Europe in all the fiery grandeur of their ancient days. We shall now present to notice some of the most striking of these demonstrations; but in doing this, we shall be compelled to pass over briefly the annals of Norway, because that country has, since the union of Calmar in 1397, been included under the crown of Sweden or Denmark. Previous to that point, its highest deeds are to be found recorded in the "*Heimskringla*" of Snorre Sturleson, a history more picturesque, graphic, and fascinating than any in existence, except the narrative of the Bible. It bears the reader, by a great dramatic power, into the presence of its royal and heroic personages, who are no merely walking theatrical kings and queens, but strong men and women flushed with all the warmth, the passions, and aspirations of existence.

The union of Calmar, to which we have just alluded, is one of the most important and significant facts in the history of Scandinavia. It has often been said that a great and first-rate power might, and for the safety of Europe ought, to be created in the north by the union of the different kingdoms of Scandinavia into a realm of the same blood and language. Such a union was this of Calmar, which was effected by the celebrated princess Margaret, daughter of Valdemar Atterdag of Denmark, and wife of Hakon VI., King of Norway, who, by the strong hand wrested the throne of Sweden from the unpopular Albert. But the event so desirable in theory, was an utter failure in practice. Every one of these nations thus bound together under one head was a high-spirited and martial nation. Every one of them had its old memories of separate national glory, of an ancient line of kings, and of mutual feuds and antipathies. They held together only 124 years, during which time they were continually rent and distracted by violent clashings of royalties and interests; and the first union finally terminated in Sweden breaking loose from the coalition drenched in the deluges of that blood-bath, which still remains a word of horror in Scandinavian annals.

It is only from this period that the European history of Scandinavia may be said to commence; for then the great Gustavus Wasa arose as the rescuer of his country, and became a universal name in the civilized world. The rupture between Denmark and Sweden, which terminated the unlucky union of Calmar in

1521, still left Norway, Scania, and other parts of the south of Sweden subject to the Danish crown. These possessions and other causes of national jealousy brought the two countries into repeated collisions, till the whole of the Danish territories in Sweden were conquered by the Swedes, and the integrity of that kingdom was established by the Treaty of Roskilde in 1658. We shall pass lightly over this period, which though distinguished by various able and excellent monarchs, has little interest for the European world just now. Directing our first attention to Denmark, there is one event which catches an Englishman's eye, the marriage of James VI. of Scotland, afterwards James I. of England, with the daughter of Frederick II. of Denmark, well known in our annals as Anne of Denmark, and mother of the unfortunate Charles I. But the monarch who first steps out of the mere circle of Scandinavianism, and appears on the great field of European history, is Christian IV., the contemporary of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. Here we are brought at once into the heart of great events—the Reformation, its losses and its triumphs. Christian IV. of Denmark had ascended the throne at the early age of twelve, and reigned fifty-two years. In him the old spirit of the Vikings seemed to have revived. He had a great passion for geographical discovery and maritime adventure. He sailed himself into the White Sea on an exploratory voyage, and always took a lively interest in the fisheries and trade of those frozen regions. He sent out a squadron to the East Indies, gained possession of Tranquebar, and organized an East India Company. He rescued the trade of Iceland from the Hanseatic merchants, explored the coasts of Greenland for traces of the ancient Norwegian colonies there, and sent out an expedition in quest of the north-west passage. He was a great patron of letters, and in many other ways promoted the interests and improvement of his subjects.

But in the great object of his ambition, that of becoming the champion of the Reformation in Germany, he was wholly unfortunate. He was defeated by Tilly, and his kingdom was invaded by the Austrians, and subsequently by the Swedes, in whose struggles with Austria, Christian saw an opportunity of regaining some of the lost possessions in Sweden.

In 1660, a revolution took place in Denmark, which deserves mention, from being one of the most singular on record. It was not effected by the people contending with the Crown for its rights, but by giving up the popular rights voluntarily to the monarch, and converting him at once from a constitutional king into an absolute one. The military expenditure and disasters had reduced the exchequer, and introduced much misery into Denmark. Frederick III., the son of Christian IV., had renewed the hostilities with Sweden, and once more the country

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had been invaded by the Swedes. The Peace of Copenhagen, of 1660, saw Denmark stripped of the districts of Schonen, Halland, Blekingen, and Båhus. The surrender of the payment of the Sound dues by Sweden added to the poverty of the treasury. The peasants and burghers, ground by taxation, saw with disgust the nobility exempt from all such burthens. On the meeting of the Diet, the peasants were not even cited, and the nobility were so confidently careless, that only thirty-five attended in person. A stormy debate ensued, in the course of which a proud noble applied to the Commons the epithet of "slaves," and told them they had no business to trouble themselves with state affairs. This roused the fury of the Commons, who, stimulated by persons in the interest of the Court, voted for transferring the power from the nobles to the Crown. They went further: they agreed to give up all their own privileges into the hands of the monarch, so as to rid themselves of the insolence and exactions of the nobles. They declared the Crown, which hitherto was elective, henceforth hereditary and absolute. The contagion flew from the Senate to the city; the people joined their representatives in the Diet; the nobles, alarmed, endeavoured to escape into the country, but found the gates closed, and were compelled to remain and sign the deed by which the Diet formally committed suicide, and empowered the King to regulate the charter of government "so as to his Majesty should seem best for the general welfare." Thus in a single day was the King made hereditary and absolute in a kingdom where all his ancestors had ruled only as feudal chiefs, controlled by their barons.

It is still more remarkable that a precisely similar revolution took place in Sweden in 1693, that is, thirty-three years after the example thus set by the sister kingdom, which would seem to have succeeded so well as to make all the Scandinavians in love with despotism; and that state of things continued down to our own time, being resumed only in Sweden by the revolution of 1809 on the deposition of Gustavus IV., and in Denmark by the Constitution of 1831. By these revolutions of 1660 and 1693 the Kings of Denmark and Sweden were declared to be above all laws, and having no judge but God. The only restriction was that which required the maintenance of Protestantism.

In Denmark, Frederick is said to have used this unlimited power with great moderation, but the consequences to the nobility were very soon perceptible. They had, up to this period, to them so fatal, resided on their estates like princes, and came to the Diet attended by most magnificent retinues. Within thirty years afterwards, their castles and palaces were in ruins, from inability to repair them. Instead of paying no taxes, they were oppressed

by exorbitant exactions. The offices they used to fill were now occupied by men of low estate, who did not forget to pay back to them the extortions and indignities they had so long experienced from them. It required a long time to abate these evils, and to introduce modifications and forbearance.

The son of Frederick, Christian V., renewed the maritime spirit of his grandfather; his victories over the Swedes at sea are yet celebrated in conjunction with the names of his famous admirals, Neils Juel, and Tordenskiold, and one of the national songs, "King Christian stood by the lofty mast," perpetuates his naval fame. He established a West India Company as his grandfather had an East India one, and he added to the Crown the islands of St. Thomas, St. Croex, and St. John. From the Treaty of Friedrichsburg in 1720, concluded by his son, Frederick IV., there was almost uninterrupted peace for a century, and the next event which we are called on to notice is one which concerns our own country, and almost our own times.

During this long pacific term Denmark had been blest by excellent monarchs, and none more so than Frederick VI., who married a daughter of George II. of England. Queen Louisa was beloved by the whole Danish nation for her amiable and generous qualities. But she died early, leaving an heir to the throne. The King married afterwards, Juliana Maria, a princess of Brunswick Wolfenbittel, a very different character,—scheming, unprincipled, and vengeful. She soon perceived that she could not fill the place in the King's or the people's hearts which Queen Louisa had done. She had a son of her own, and she determined if possible to secure the succession for him. This appeared the more easy of accomplishment because Christian, the heir apparent, was of weak intellect. Unfortunately for another English princess, Caroline Matilda, the youngest sister of George III., she was married to this poor creature of a prince at the age of sixteen, her husband being only seventeen. She is described as remarkably handsome, indeed, the handsomest woman of the Danish Court,—naturally lively, amiable, and affectionate. The marriage of this young couple and their ascent of the throne were nearly simultaneous; and contrary to the usual custom for a monarch, it was deemed advisable that he should travel. In his tour he fell in with the celebrated Struensee, a young physician of Altona. Christian VII., like all weak monarchs, must have favourites. Struensee speedily became the perfect master of Christian's mind and actions, and on their return to Copenhagen he was raised to the rank of Count, and soon after was made prime minister. The venerable Bernstorff was dismissed; Holk, the former favourite, removed from the Court; Rantzau, a former minister, recalled, at the instigation of Struensee, who had been joint editor of a paper

with him at Altona. Brandt, a disgraced gentleman of the bed-chamber, was recalled and ennobled. The brother of Struensee was made a councillor of justice.

No sooner was Struensee installed in ministerial power than he began a most sweeping and extraordinary series of reforms. He was a disciple of the new French school, and he attacked the ancient feudal institutions of the country with a vigour which would have delighted Rousseau or D'Alembert. He exhibited in his own person a whole board of administrative reform. He attacked ruthlessly the corruptions and assumptions of the nobles. He abolished, not only sinecures and unmerited pensions, but numerous offices that were useless or cumbrous, and placed the necessary ones in the hands of active men of business. He dissolved the Privy Council, which had gradually usurped all the royal prerogative; took measures for sending the aristocracy from the capital, where they spent their time in dissipation and schemes of self-promotion, to live upon their estates. He abolished serfdom, the torture; reduced the state expenditure; encouraged the arts and literature; gave free toleration to all religions; and, in order to promote and support his reforms, established the freedom of the press.

The execution of such wholesale reforms would have insured the destruction of the most powerful native nobleman that ever lived. The more just, the more necessary, the more admirable the reforms, the more inevitable the destruction. But to a stranger of plebeian origin they foretold a speedy and annihilating ruin. That which destroyed the Gracchi in Rome, agrarian reform, was certain to do the same for Struensee in Denmark. The landed aristocracy were sure to prove too powerful for him. But, in enfranchising the press he committed the same error which Joseph II. of Austria did. It was immediately bought up by his enemies and turned against him. It denounced him on every side with all the venom and fury of the most diabolical malice.

Meantime, a lowering and lynx-eyed foe was watching his career with secret exultation. Juliana Maria, the Queen Dowager, bent on raising her son to the throne, and burning with hate to the young Queen, who won all hearts from her, entered into conspiracy with the incensed nobles, the disbanded privy councillors, and the military, who were enraged at the dismissal of the royal guards. The gay and unsuspecting conduct of the young Queen, who was scarcely more than a child, gave only too much opportunity to the merciless enmity of this demon of a woman. Caroline, who found her husband a hopeless imbecile, had been treated by his former favourite, Holk, with great insolence, and the King had been instigated by him to behave in like manner. Struensee not

only showed her all the deference which was due to his queen, and natural to a young and intellectual lady, but prevailed on the King to manifest the same respect. But it was impossible to make anything but a fool of Christian. His great delight was to romp and scuffle and play all kinds of practical jokes, like a great school-boy, with his ministers and favourites. He insisted that they should not think of him at all as a king. Brandt and his physician, Berger, were constantly with him. They kept him as much as possible in the country, and never, if they could help it, let him go out of their sight. He would insist, amongst other follies, on the young Queen riding out in man's clothes with himself and Struensee. A negro and a little negro girl of ten years old were his constant playfellows, and not a statue in the gardens, a window in the castle, or a chair in the rooms, was safe from their riotous and boisterous play.

All this especially favoured the plans of the base Queen Dowager, who, in league with the hostile nobles, feigned a plot against the King; obtained from him in his bed at midnight an order for the arrest of the Queen, Struensee, Brandt, and others. The Queen was seized as, half-dressed, she endeavoured to fly to the King, and was carried off by Rantzau, who had deserted his benefactor, to Cronborg Castle. The vilest calumnies were propagated by the Queen Dowager and her party against her. She was accused of adultery with Struensee, and Juliana Maria urged not only her divorce, which took place, but that she should be tried for her life, with the purpose of setting aside her children in favour of her own son. In this purpose, which lay at the root of the whole proceeding, the Queen Dowager was disappointed. The King of England interfered to save his sister, and to secure the succession to her son. The unhappy young Queen, however, was separated for ever from her two children, and conveyed to Zell, in Hanover, where she lived, enthusiastically beloved by the whole people, but died of a broken heart, still under twenty-four years of age. Struensee and Brandt were beheaded with peculiar barbarities, and the Queen Dowager, though she succeeded for a time, lived to see the son of her victim assume the government, and herself and her accomplices regarded with the unfeigned abhorrence of the nation.

This fatal occurrence has no doubt had a disastrous effect on the subsequent relations of the two countries. Though we are of a kindred stock, of language still closely allied, from maritime position and character apparently destined to league together for mutual strength and benefit, we have never since shown a cordial regard for each other, and no matrimonial connexions have been again attempted between the royal houses of England and Denmark. We have, indeed, traded freely with each other, but by a singular fatality have repeatedly knocked our heads together as

enemies, where it had been much better to have laid them together as friends. Two particular occasions will spring to the memory of every Englishman as well as of every Dane,—the bombardment of Copenhagen in 1801, and the seizure of the Danish fleet in 1807. It is a curious fact that on both these occasions Russia was the originating cause of the quarrel, and on both left the Danes to bear the brunt of it.

In the early part of the revolutionary war with France, Denmark showed a prudent desire to remain neuter. Exposed both by land and sea to the attacks of the contending Powers, and sure in the event of taking part with either to suffer severely from one or both, no course could be so wise as that of strict neutrality; but that Denmark was not permitted to maintain. The Emperor Paul of Russia had been one of the most zealous enemies of France in the breaking out of the war; and so late as 1799, had threatened Denmark with war for trading with the French republic. Yet in 1800 he was, on the contrary, just as eager to arouse and combine Sweden, Denmark, and Prussia against England, with whom he was in treaty to resist the common enemy of Europe with all his force. The Armed Neutrality, originated by Catherine II., in 1780, to resist the claim of Great Britain to search neutral ships, was revived. Both Sweden and Denmark were loth to be forced into this quarrel. Their whole interest and well-being were opposed to it. Denmark, especially, had every reason to be at peace with the formidable maritime power of England. Never at any period had their commerce been so flourishing. Not only the trade of Europe, but of their colonies in the East and West Indies poured unexampled mercantile wealth into their ports, and the affluence of their trading population had reached an unprecedented pitch. The Czar, however, never ceased to urge, and even to menace; the Russian influence was even then too predominant in those countries; they gave way, and the disastrous consequences were soon seen. Out of 450 Swedish merchant vessels, 200 were immediately seized at sea, or in British ports. Numbers of Danish ships, richly laden, were captured. The Danish possessions both in the East and West Indies were exposed to attack, and were, ere long, nearly all taken; and—the Prussians having invaded Hanover, and the Danes marched 15,000 men into Hamburg and Lübeck, to put a stop to our trade there—on the 30th of March, 1801, the British fleet, consisting of eighteen ships of the line, four frigates, and thirty gun-boats, passed Cronborg Castle, under a heavy fire from one hundred pieces of cannon, and anchored opposite to the harbour of Copenhagen. The fleet was commanded by Sir Hyde Parker, with Nelson, fresh from the victory of the Nile, second in command. The sight of Cronborg,

where the sister of their sovereign had been confined under circumstances of so much indignity, is said to have created a keen desire for vengeance in the bosoms of the British sailors. Yet the son of the English princess was now Crown Prince, and in avenging her they must of necessity punish him. The Crown Prince was, in fact, the soul of the resistance which the city prepared enthusiastically to make.

It is worth while for us to mark attentively the difference between this attack and those which have been witnessed in the Baltic during the present war. The ten days during which the fleet had been detained in the Cattegat, had enabled the Danes to collect forces, and add to the previous defences of the place. The garrison consisted of 10,000 men. There were numerous battalions of volunteers. A corps of 1200 students displayed the highest ardour. The peasants flocked in from the country: merchants, and even children armed themselves. Every possible means of defence had been employed, and the imposing array of forts, ramparts, men-of-war, fire-ships, gun-boats, and floating batteries, was such as would have occasioned Sir James Graham, had it been in the present war, to telegraph to the admiral—"Take care of your ships. Remember the difference betwixt wooden vessels and stone walls."

The entrance to the port was protected by a great number of vessels moored in line, and flanked on each side by the crown batteries. The fire of these was crossed by other batteries on the isle of Amack, the citadel of Copenhagen, and temporary works. It appeared hardly possible that any ships could sustain such a multiplied and tremendous fire. It would now-a-days be declared hopeless, and our great and costly fleet would hover about in the parade of immense uselessness. But we had a Nelson there then, and the same heroic courage which would have made Nelson dash into Cronstadt in 1853, made him, on the memorable 2nd of April, 1801, dash in amongst the batteries, men-of-war, fire-ships, and gun-boats of Copenhagen; and even when signalled by his commander-in-chief, after the battle had raged for three hours, to draw off, wink hard, and fight on. Had it rested with Parker, we were beaten; but having a Nelson there, we won. That is just the difference in result between a mere admiral, an ordinary old gentlemen of routine, and a great hero. For four hours the most terrific battle raged that was ever seen between sea and land. Nelson declared that he had been in 105 actions, but in none so terrible as that. The Danes fought with all the sublime courage of their ancestors. Two thousand cannon for four hours poured forth death on every side. The loss of the British was 1200 men; that of the Danes, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, 6000. So say our accounts; the Danes say the English loss was 948;

that of the Danes, 1299. (Allen's *Handbook*.) Nay, Danish authors comfort themselves with the assurance that Nelson himself was beaten, that the council of war held on board his ship decided to draw off with a favourable wind which just set in, but that the Crown Prince, not knowing the real condition of the English, saved them by accepting Nelson's demand for an armistice. Thus were we conquered both at Copenhagen and Waterloo, and with our characteristic dulness did not know it. The result, however, was, that the English ships suffered immense damage; but the Danish ones, with the exception of one, the *Holstein*, were all destroyed, either during the battle or after it, as unserviceable. The town had besides received great damage. A truce was entered into for fourteen weeks, the only obstacle to a peace being the dread of the Russian vengeance on the part of the Danish government. Nelson immediately went in quest of the Russian fleet, which escaped into Cronstadt, where he would soon have followed it, had not the news of the assassination of Paul, and a demand for a cessation of hostilities on the part of his successor, put an end to further action.

The next collision between England and Denmark, the celebrated bombardment of Copenhagen, in 1807, and the rape of the Danish fleet, has been the subject of immense discussion, and abuse of England. Alexander of Russia had renounced the policy of Paul, and made alliances with England, Prussia, Sweden, Denmark, and Austria, against Napoleon; but the surrender of Mack at Ulm, the fall of Vienna, the memorable defeat at Austerlitz in 1805, of Jena and Auerstadt in 1806, and of Eylau and Friedland, in 1807, produced the Treaty of Tilsit. Here Alexander and Napoleon carried on those extraordinary demonstrations of a sudden friendship which were sufficiently ominous to Europe. Suddenly the Russians were seen invading Finland, and the English appeared before Copenhagen with a powerful naval force, demanding the surrender of the Danish fleet to the keeping of the English. A refusal by Denmark was followed by the bombardment of the town, and the capture of the fleet, which consisted of eighteen ships of the line, fifteen frigates, and thirty-seven brigs. These England pledged herself to return on the cessation of the general war, provided the Danes remained neuter: but the Danish Government declined the conditions, and war was declared against it.

Many and bitter were the revilings which not merely Napoleon and his allies, but our own Opposition at home, cast on the English name, for thus assailing a Power not actually at war, and for seizing its fleet. No one was so virtuously indignant as the Emperor Alexander, who issued a manifesto against England, denouncing the transaction as one which, for infamy, had no parallel in history; he himself being in the very act of doing the

same thing on a far larger scale, and without that sufficient cause which England could show, and which time has made public. We only seized a fleet which was on the point of being turned against us by our great foe of France; he invaded Sweden while at peace, and without any declaration of war, and usurped a whole country larger than Great Britain.

Since peace and altered circumstances have taken place, research in the Foreign Office of France has placed these matters in their true light. The Treaty of Tilsit is found to contain certain secret articles, by which Alexander was permitted by Napoleon to invade and appropriate Finland, and Napoleon was authorized by Alexander to enter Denmark and take possession of the Danish fleet to employ against us at sea. These secret articles, revealed to the British Government by a party cognizant of them, produced the acts so much condemned while the cause was unknown; but the now established proofs of its existence present the full justification of the deed.

Russia, which had thus brought Denmark into this destructive dilemma,—which upbraided the English for an act made necessary by its own insidious policy, while perpetrating a real deed of unjustifiable aggression, in five years committed a still greater robbery on Denmark than it had on Sweden, by contracting with Bernadotte to wrest Norway from Denmark and give it to Sweden. Alexander having got what he wanted from Napoleon, was soon at war with him again, and we shall find him at Abo in 1812 trafficking with the Crown Prince of Sweden for his aid in fresh aggressions. Russia, as she always does, in her new arrangements, had made great gain for herself. She had raised Prussia from a third-rate to a first-rate Power, by taking the possessions of neighbouring states and adding them to her. Thus Russia made herself at once the patron and relative of Prussia, and secured her wholly to her interests. Denmark was weakened in readiness for ulterior designs. Russia had approached near to Denmark and the Sound, which she coveted, by the acquisition of Finland, Courland, and Livonia. She had advanced herself still farther by her family alliances, and permanent influence on Prussia. The next thing was to secure Denmark, and, as this was not to be done by open war, which would raise all Europe, she attempted it by her secret diplomacy, and succeeded.

The story of the Holstein War is a long and intricate story. A slight outline of it may suffice for the reader. Denmark consists of Denmark Proper, and the two Duchies of Sleswick and Holstein. Holstein, though a portion of Germany, is an independent state, which, while it acknowledges the sovereignty of the King of Denmark as Duke of Holstein, just as Hanover used to acknowledge that of England, still, like that, constitutes

a German State, with a German people, and is included in the German Confederation. The King of Denmark desired to comprehend his different States under one general government, and to regulate the succession, having no children of his own. In January, 1848, he signed an ordinance by which he conferred a constitution on his States, with a common chamber for the kingdom and the two duchies, which was to assemble at fixed periods, alternately in the kingdom and the duchies. The duchies took the alarm, lest their individual charters and their Germanity should be compromised, and raised the standard of revolt. The Danes marched against the insurgents with 10,000 men, but were met by a body of Prussians on the 22nd of April, crossing the Eyder to support the duchies. Prussia came ostensibly as called on by the requirements of the Bund, or Confederation, but without being called on by the Bund. But not only Prussians—Hanoverians, Oldenburgers, and Brunswickers, besides swarms of revolutionary volunteers, on fire with the recent outbreak in France, came pouring in on the Danes under General Wrangel, and the Danes seemed likely to be annihilated. But, retreating for a time, they still fought bravely and triumphantly. In August of the following year, Prussia made an armistice with Denmark, and withdrew. England, France, Prussia, and Austria interposed to arrange a peace, but still the war went on, and the defeated Holsteiners cried aloud for aid to the German Bund, and Austria appeared in the field, herself but recently saved by Russia from the arms of the Hungarians.

In 1852, a peace was finally arranged, through the mediation of the great European powers. The independence and Germanity of the duchies were guaranteed, but the succession to the crown of Denmark and the duchies was determined by passing over the line of Augustenburg, whose duke had taken part with Holstein, and settling it on the male line of Sonderburg-Glücksberg, to the total exclusion of seven other lines of claimants. This, in fact, abolished the *Lex Regia*, which ever since the revolution of 1660 had regulated the succession in Denmark. It may be asked,—Why should this particular line be adopted, to the exclusion of all that went before it, or that came after it? Why *its* succession should be confined strictly to the heirs male, especially with the co-operation of England itself flourishing under a queen?—and why, on these failing, the succession should not pass on to the next succeeding line? For this there was a curious but unassigned cause. The Emperors of Russia claim to be the heads of the Holstein-Gottorp line. All others being thus cut off, on this failing, they come in, and Denmark and Holstein being made inseparable by this treaty,

called a "treaty for maintaining the integrity of Denmark," both Denmark and the duchies fall inevitably to Russia.

Thus is Denmark handed over, bound hand and foot, at perhaps no distant period, to Russia. And in this treaty England was one of the most active agents: to this treaty, which goes eventually to bring Russia out to the German Ocean, face to face with us,—to give her the command of Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck—of the Elbe, the Weser, the Eyder, and the Sound,—Lord Palmerston and the British Cabinet were deliberate parties! But more of this anon. Let us now take a glance at Sweden.

The breaking up of the Union of Calmar, in 1521, is memorable as producing one of the world's great men—Gustavus Wasa. The favourite idea of a united Scandinavia, revived in our own time, had proved, from the causes already noticed, a decided failure. The Swedes seeing the seat of government removed to Copenhagen, felt their country degraded to a province, and came to regard the Danish monarchs as tyrants and usurpers. The final scene in which the Union terminated is one of the most bloody tragedies in history. Christian II., "the Nero of the North," had made an expedition, during his father's life, into Sweden, to chastise it, and had left a name there which was a horror. Scarcely had he mounted the throne than he invaded Sweden once more, and besieged Stockholm. His army not having all arrived, he was unable to take the place. In this dilemma he had recourse to artifice. He proposed to make peace; and having got into his hands, as hostages, a number of the most promising young nobles, he at once broke his word, and shipped them off to Denmark as prisoners, and declared that he would hang every man of them, unless the city was at once made over. The proposition was received with indignation by the brave Sten Sture, the patriotic administrator, who attacked Christian, and compelled him to retire from the country.

Amongst the hostages was Gustavus Erichson, surnamed Wasa. Gustavus was the son of a distinguished nobleman, by his mother a near relative of Sten Sture, the regent. He was consigned to the keeping of a nobleman at his strong castle in Jutland, under a guarantee of 6000 florins for his safe custody. Yet he managed to escape and reach Sweden. His life, however, was in the utmost jeopardy, from the officers and emissaries of the tyrant. He was compelled to assume the garb of a peasant, hiding in woods and standing corn by day, and travelling by night, through incredible dangers and hardships. In Södermanland he went to the house of his sister, who was married to Privy-councillor Brahe. But his relatives, terrified, would have

nothing to do with him. His sister entreated him, with tears, not to bring certain ruin upon them; and her husband, hearing of the tyrant's return to Stockholm, hurried off to do him homage. Gustavus sought refuge on an estate of his father's at Råfnäs, and there he heard with horror of the terrible massacre which Christian had made of the nobility in Stockholm, known ever since, in Swedish history, as the Blood-Bath.

The ruthless tyrant and bigot, Christian, had put down the patriotic party. Sten Sture had been killed; his noble widow had in vain held the city for four months. She was obliged to surrender, but not until she had obtained from Christian a charter of full pardon and oblivion for all concerned. Christian affected to forget all in joy and festivity. For three days the gala was kept up at Court, when at once the Primate Trolle demanded vengeance against the Protestant clergy and the nobility for their rebellion. In vain the brave widow of Sten Sture reminded Christian of his charter of oblivion. He ordered the city gates to be closed, cannon to be planted in the market-place and at the crossings of the streets, and ninety-four victims, barons, knights, bishops, clergy, and city dignitaries, were marched by the sound of the castle bell, in a long procession, to the place of execution. There they were beheaded one after another. The burgomaster called on the people to rise, and destroy the tyrant and free the country; but they were paralyzed by the horrid spectacle. The streets ran rivers of the blood of 600 victims, and their bodies lay exposed in the market-place for two days and nights, when they were carted beyond the walls and burnt. After this grisly deed, Christian returned in triumph to Copenhagen.

The news of this diabolical act reached Gustavus Wasa in his retreat at Råfnäs. His father and many of his friends and kinsmen had fallen in the massacre. His mother and several of the most illustrious ladies were carried prisoners to Copenhagen, and treated with every indignity. On his own head a high price was set, and he was safe nowhere. He fled into Dalecarlia, a wild region of mines and mountains, inhabited by the most daring and independent race of Sweden. He hoped to rouse them to the rescue of their country; but that great bloody deed, and Christian's spies everywhere, had thoroughly unmanned even these hardy men. On his journey, his servant made off with his clothes and effects, and Gustavus pursued him till his horse fell under him—but in vain. Once more disguised as a peasant, he went on through sterile mountains, unpeopled heaths and forests, till he reached Fahlun, with its blazing fires, rolling smoke, and sooty copper-works. Here he laboured for some time in the mines; but his uneasy mind drove him on again. He engaged as a thrasher at a farm; but there the fineness of his linen and

his manners did not escape a sharp-eyed maid. The master, informed of this, soon recognised Gustavus as a fellow-student at Upsala, and, filled with terror, entreated him to plunge deeper into the mountains, and leave him and his family in safety. He next betook himself to the castle of a nobleman, who received him most affectionately, making himself sure of the offered reward. He mounted and rode off to the next military station, and was soon back again with twenty troopers. But the bird was flown, through a hint from the more noble wife, who furnished him with a horse and sledge for his escape. He sought refuge at the door of a monastery founded by his ancestors, but the monks shut the door in his face. His next asylum was with a worthy clergyman; but here the Philistines were upon him again, for the Danish soldiery were hunting everywhere. He was again rescued by the presence of mind of the lady, who, on the entrance of the troopers into the house, where Gustavus was sitting with the other farm-men, she gave him a cuff on the ear, and sent him off on pretence of some neglected errand. His host then concealed him under a load of straw, and drove him towards a place of security; but the soldiers met them on the way, examined the load of straw, ran their swords through it in various directions, and at one pass pierced the leg of Gustavus. He bore the wound without stirring, and was saved; but the blood soon running through the cart, and leaving a track on the snow, his ingenious host cut a wound in his horse's foot, and when the bloody track was remarked, showed that as the cause. Through such dangers and discouragements Gustavus escaped, finally roused the men of Dalecarlia, expelled the Danes, and was unanimously elected king. He became one of the noblest kings that ever reigned; completed the Reformation in Sweden, and remains one of the world's great names.

The fame of Gustavus was eclipsed by that of his illustrious descendant Gustavus Adolphus. Wasa was the saviour of his country, but Gustavus Adolphus was the saviour of Europe and of Protestantism. We have his story written in the immortal narrative of the Thirty Years' War, by Schiller, and need not retrace it even in outline. Sweden, in the lives of Gustavus Wasa, Gustavus Adolphus, and Charles XII., has given to the world three great romances, but each differing from the other in their essential characters and objects. Gustavus Wasa seizes on our imaginations by the story of his early dangers, hardships, and enterprizes; the cold repulses and treachery which pursued him in his days of struggle and peril; the noble patriotism which bore him above such obstacles as would have destroyed any ordinary man; and the dignity with which he emerged to distinction, and took his place amongst the great monarchs of history. But

Gustavus Adolphus takes his stand on a far nobler ground, and traces his history on a far wider canvas. He is the first Swedish monarch who steps out of his own northern region, and becomes, not a hero of a country, but of the world. It is no longer Sweden or Scandinavia that he defends, but it is Europe, Christianity, and civilization, of which he is the triumphant champion. With small means he encounters mighty empires and the most world-famous generals, and reanimates the fainting forces of Christendom, sets bounds to the power of a cruel despotism, and conquers freedom for the intellect, even in his death.

Charles XII. flashes across Europe like a meteor. His object is personal glory; his bravery and military genius transcend everything but the highest flights of romance; but lacking the sagacity of the statesman, destitute of the noble aims of true greatness, he misses the proudest fame by a hair's-breadth, and stands in history a radiant wonder, an unblest and barren splendour.

In Gustavus Adolphus, the piety of the man and the solemn greatness of his purposes are only equalled by his consummate talents as a strategist, and bravery as a leader. Protestantism in Germany was at the last gasp. The bigoted and inexorable Ferdinand II. of Austria, surrounded by monks and Jesuits, had sworn to extirpate the heresy of Luther. His generals, men of the most terrible reputation, Wallenstein, Tilly, Pappenheim, and Piccolomini, had massacred the people of Bohemia, and made a desert of it. They had everywhere defeated the Protestant princes, and ravaged their territories with incredible horrors. Tilly had sacked Magdeburg with atrocities which are an eternal infamy, before Adolphus could arrive to the rescue. The Protestant League was dissolved; the King of Denmark was driven from Germany, and pursued with ignominy into his own realm. Count Mansfeldt and Duke Christian of Bavaria alone remained in arms, but were totally unable to contend with the genius and the numerous armies of Tilly and Wallenstein.

Gustavus Adolphus, putting his trust in God, marched into Germany a simple 15,000 men, but they were men—soldiers tried in many a bloody fight in Poland, and 10,000 of them Scotch and English auxiliaries. In little more than two years, that is, from June 1630 to September 1632, he had humbled all these great generals, slain Tilly, avenged on him and his mercenaries the butcheries and villainies of Magdeburg. He had made alliances with Denmark, Poland, Russia, and France; had given heart to the Electors of Saxony, Brandenburg, Hesse Cassel, and Mecklenburg; had traversed Germany from the Elbe to the Rhine, from Pomerania to Switzerland; had re-conquered Bohemia; had made himself and his allies masters of Frankfort-on-the-Oder

and Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Mainz, Oppenheim, and Mannheim on the Rhine, and overrun Alsace and Louvaine. He had reduced Bavaria as far as Munich. He fell at Lützen near Dresden, but fell defeating the most potent enemy of Protestantism, Wallenstein; and his brave generals Horn, Torstenson, Banér, and Wrangel, under the able administration of his old friend and chancellor Oxenstiern, continued the contest for sixteen years, till they had seen the ignominious end of that ambitious soldier, and placed the Protestant religion on a firm basis by the Peace of Westphalia. By the deeds and death of Gustavus Adolphus the Protestant world stands for ever indebted to Sweden.

This great king, like Gustavus Wasa, was not happy in his successor. This was his only daughter, who was but six years old at his decease, and who became afterwards the celebrated Queen Christina, but celebrated with a very different celebrity. She exhibited one of those cases of extreme reaction which we often witness in family history. Her father offered up everything that he had—people, realm and life—for Protestantism; she abandoned his faith, and turned Catholic. He had made his throne illustrious; she abdicated it, with the same indifference that she abandoned her religion. She devoted herself to literature and science, astonished the world, gathered about her in the Farnese Palace at Rome a host of wondering dilettanti and artists; puzzled philosophers and scandalised her own sex; was for a time the idol of the saloons at Paris, but putting to death her master-of-the-horse and favourite, Monaldeschi, in the gallery at Fontainebleau, and thus becoming a horror, she returned to Rome, where she ended her days in connoisseurship and folly, having vainly desired to recover her once-despised crown.

In the story of Charles XII. we have an example of the wild waste of more military genius and dogged perseverance than ever existed, except in Napoleon Bonaparte. With the slightest degree of good policy, and perception of anything but his own wilful wishes and spirit of revenge, he would have crushed the rising power of Russia under Peter I., as a boy crushes a moth, and have given to Europe a new and more auspicious history. It was now that Russia was first beginning to grow on the attention of Europe, and had Providence willed it to be crushed, Charles was the man. He threw away the apparent opportunity, and Peter, after the final defeat of Charles, was rescued from almost inevitable destruction by the Turks, in a manner which seemed to indicate that Russia had a work to do in the world of which we do not yet see the end.

Charles XII. was but a boy of fifteen when he mounted the throne in 1699. He was distinguished only for the gaiety of his dress, and his devotion to field-sports. Encouraged by his youth

and this disposition, three powerful neighbours resolved on the partition of his possessions. These were the Kings of Denmark and Poland, and Peter of Russia. Sweden was thrown into the utmost consternation, but the young prince suddenly declared to his council that he would encounter them all in turn. He at once laid aside his frivolities, assumed the dress of a common soldier, adopted the simplest diet and the hardest couch. He demanded to be crowned, and as the Archbishop of Upsala was about to put the crown upon his head, he suddenly snatched it from him, and placed it there himself,—an action imitated by Napoleon at his coronation.

In 1700 the Danes fell upon Sleswick, the Poles on Livonia, and Peter on Ingria, and invested Narva with 80,000 men. The young king, nothing daunted, having made alliances with England and Holland, and left 8000 men to defend Pomerania, fell like a thunderbolt on the capital of the Danes, and compelled the king at once to sue for peace. That done, he marched against the Czar, and with a handful of men, not a tenth of the enemy, routed the army of the Czar with immense slaughter. Peter fled in haste, and Moscow, then the Russian capital, was thrown into consternation. Had Charles then pushed on, Peter and his Will had never more been heard of in history. The Duke of Saxony was now King of Poland. Charles defeated him repeatedly, and in two years had completely reduced and dethroned him, setting up as King of Poland Stanislaus Leczinski. But meantime Peter, with his characteristic perseverance, had been raising and disciplining fresh forces, and offered to reinstate Augustus of Saxony. The two monarchs once more opposed Charles at Grodno with 60,000 men, and were defeated with such celerity that regiment after regiment were put to the route before they could learn the fate of their neighbours. Such was the panic, that 7000 muskets were flung down undischarged. Once more it was in the power of Charles to annihilate the new empire of Russia; but he was so deeply incensed at the renewed attempt of Augustus on Poland, that he pursued him into his own territory of Saxony, and compelled him to sue for peace. And now he determined to dethrone the Czar. He had worn the crown seven years, yet was only nineteen, and he had already twice defeated Russia, conquered Poland and Saxony, imposed a new monarch on one country and a rigorous peace on the other. All Europe was astonished at his deeds. He himself led the most simple and unindulgent life. Dressed in a coarse blue coat with huge brass buttons, large jack-boots, and gauntlet gloves which reached to the elbows, he was almost constantly on horseback exercising his troops; rose at four o'clock, drank no wine, gave himself only a quarter of an hour at table, and knew no pleasure but that of defeating his

enemies. His army now consisted of 45,000 men, victorious and disciplined beyond any in the world. Nothing could have been easier to him than the defeat and dethronement of Peter. And there were, one would have thought, causes sufficient to have incensed his fiery spirit against Peter past every other consideration. Whilst Charles had been pursuing with a wonderful waste of time the King of Poland, Peter had actually invaded his kingdom, and pushed his way in Finland to the mouth of the Neva, where he at once commenced building a new capital. This indicated an intention on the part of the Czar to make himself a very near neighbour of Sweden, and might have been expected to rouse all the wrath of Charles. But no; Providence then appeared to blind Charles, as it has ever since done the monarchs of Europe, to the perils which Russia was preparing for the world. At this juncture Mazeppa, the Hetman of the Cossacks, appeared before him, just as he had entered Russia, and by a tale of great oppressions from the Czar, induced him to march to the Ukraine. It is wonderful that both of these princes did not perceive that the effectual mode of serving Mazeppa was to attack and ruin the Czar in his capital; but, instead of that, Charles marched off on the wild enterprise of succouring the Cossack in his distant regions. The horrors of this journey are only equalled by that of the French retreat in 1812. They had to march through vast steppes and forests, where neither sign of life nor food for man or horse was to be found. Their cannon were sunk in bogs, their horses and the soldiers died rapidly from disease and famine; and amid all their miseries three different hosts of Russians harassed their flanks and rear, and laid waste the whole country. The world knows the story of the battle of Pultawa, and the defeat of Charles's exhausted fragment of an army by 65,000 Russians.

While Charles remained at his celebrated retreat at Bender, in Turkey, he was called upon to witness with astonishment another of those wonderful escapes which Providence prepares for its intended scourges. Peter, his great enemy and the enemy of mankind, had been entrapped, by a feigned story of the defection of the Turks, into a march from Moldavia to Jassy, where he and his empress were surrounded, and were on the point of being massacred by the Turks. "Now," exclaimed Peter, "I am far worse off than my brother Charles at Pultawa;" and he shut himself up in his tent, doggedly awaiting his fate and refusing to see any one. Charles, who was informed of his situation, rode off to the Turkish camp, luxuriating in the thought of seeing the Russians at least compelled to lay down their arms, and Peter made prisoner; when, to his rage and astonishment, he saw the Russians allowed to march away unmolested! Russian secret

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diplomacy, and the jewels of the Czarina distributed amongst the Turkish officers, effected this wonderful escape.

Disgusted with this traitorous act, Charles hastened home in a route of sixteen days continued day and night without once drawing off his boots, and the hand of an assassin at the siege of Fredrickshall, in Norway, terminated the brilliant but useless career of this great achiever of miracles and neglecter of opportunities. To the last he was the same reckless and restless creature. He sacrificed 10,000 men by sending them in winter over the Norwegian mountains, where whole battalions perished by frost as they stood erect; where hundreds, blinded by the snow, plunged headlong over terrific precipices; and where for years the carcases of his soldiers drew the wild beasts to the spot, so that it became the most famous hunting-ground in all Norway. His death has commonly been attributed to a shot from the batteries of the city; but the Swedish historians declare that the spot where he died was far beyond musket-shot from the city, and that the wound was that of a pistol-bullet.

The military-exploits of the Swedes under Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII. had raised the martial reputation of Sweden to a lofty pitch. It was seen that under able guidance the army of Sweden was a very formidable power. That power was wasted and misguided by Charles, but the prestige of it remained with the nation. Yet in 1808-9 the realm was not able to prevent its dismemberment. Russia had now acquired her colossal dimensions. A constant succession of aggressive wars had raised the spirit and discipline of her troops. These were not now counted by tens but by hundreds of thousands. At the lowest calculation the Czar maintained 600,000 soldiers. Alexander, now on the throne, had cast longing glances on Finland, which lay so temptingly at his very door. By the Peace of Nystadt, Peter the Great had secured several provinces of the country, chiefly south of the Gulf of Finland, as Livonia and Esthonia, with part of Carelia, Ingria, and Viborg, the islands of Oesel, Dagö, and Moen.

Alexander now resolved to appropriate the whole of northern Finland, from Helsingfors to Tornea. True, Sweden was at peace with Russia, and Alexander, with his accustomed hypocrisy, called God to witness, in speaking with the Swedish ambassador, that he did not desire to touch a single village of the Swedish kings. But Alexander was a pious man, and pious kings seem to have a particular persuasion that they are called on to inherit the earth. When Nabal's vineyard is wanted, there never lacks a cause of accusation.

Gustavus IV. of Sweden possessed all the chivalry and the obstinacy of his race. He was the only king of Europe except that of England who resisted Buonaparte, and refused to fawn

upon him. He was at peace with Great Britain, and Alexander, who had now for his own purposes made an alliance with Napoleon, called on Gustavus to shut out the English vessels from the Baltic. Gustavus indignantly refused, though he was at the same time threatened with invasion by France, whose troops, under Bernadotte, already occupied Denmark. At once he found Finland invaded by 60,000 Russians, without any previous declaration of war. The Swedes were taken by surprise, and though they fought bravely, were unable to maintain their ground. In a couple of campaigns Finland was lost, and Alexander saw his treachery rewarded with possession of a country larger than Great Britain, and with the whole eastern coast of the Baltic from Tornea to Memel. The Aland Isles were also conquered and appropriated at this time. The unfortunate Gustavus, whose high honour and integrity of principle stood in noble contrast to those of most of the crowned heads of Europe, was not only deposed for his misfortunes, but his line deprived of the crown of Sweden for ever. These events led to the last of Sweden's great transactions on the general field of Europe, and which is by far the most extraordinary of all.

Alexander of Russia, having obtained by the Peace of Tilsit all that he desired from Napoleon, the possession of Finland, was not long in throwing off the burden of his friendship. The overbearing *hauteur* of Napoleon did not sit easy on the pride of the autocrat. He felt himself too great to play the part of one of the many crowned puppets of the French Emperor. Besides, the policy of Buonaparte was destructive to the interests of Russia. The continental system, which shut all European ports against the commerce of England, pressed as uncomfortably on Russia as on any country in the world; and the restless, irritating jealousy, and the haughty language with which Napoleon was constantly insisting on the rigid maintenance of his system, were peculiarly offensive to the Czar. He determined to free himself from this humiliating restraint, and he looked about for alliances to support him in his attempt at enfranchisement. This was by no means encouraging. Prussia and Austria had been under the foot of Napoleon, and maintained a timid alliance. Denmark was overrun by his troops, and bound to him by resentment against England, the result of the bombardment of 1801, and the rape of the fleet in 1807. Sweden he had himself recently robbed and humiliated, and the Swedes were hoping for redress from the French Emperor.

But unexpected events opened up to him a sudden and most marvellous ally. The Swedes had chosen the uncle of the deposed King, the brother of Gustavus III., who had been assassinated in his capital in 1792 by Count Ankerström. The new King, Charles XIII., was old, feeble, and childless. A successor

had been chosen in the Duke of Augustenburg, who was extremely popular in Norway, and had no very distant expectations of the succession in Denmark. This prince, member of an unlucky house, had scarcely arrived in Sweden, when he died suddenly, and not without suspicion of being poisoned; in fact, various rumours of such a fate awaiting him preceded his arrival. Russia, as well as a powerful party in Sweden, was bent on restoring the line of Wasa. Alexander was uncle to the young prince, who, by no fault of his own, was excluded from the throne. Whatever was the real cause, Augustenburg died, as had been predicted; and while the public mind in Sweden was agitated about the succession, the aged King, Charles XIII., applied to Napoleon for his advice in the case. But Napoleon had bound himself at Tilsit to leave the affairs of the North in the hands of Alexander, and especially not to interfere in those of Sweden. He, therefore, haughtily replied, "Address yourself to Alexander; he is great and generous;"—ominous words, which were ere long applied, to his astonishment and his destruction.

Yet, on the first view of the case, the selection of the Swedes augured anything but Russian alliance; showed on the surface everything in favour of Napoleon and France, for it fell on a French general and field-marshal, Bernadotte. The extraordinary manner in which this was brought about, and the eventful circumstance which it proved to France and to Europe, have been recently placed in a new and very curious light by M. A. Geffroy, in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, from the "*Souvenirs de l'Histoire Contemporaine de la Suède*." These *Souvenirs* were compiled and arranged by M. Bergmann, the son-in-law of Colonel Schinkel, aide-de-camp to the late King of Sweden, from the private papers left by his Majesty in the hands of that officer to serve as a basis of a history of his life. These revelations M. Geffroy has industriously compared and corrected by the official papers and despatches preserved in the archives of the Foreign Office at Paris; and the view which he presents, from these undoubted sources, of the causes which raised Bernadotte to the throne of Sweden, and hurled Napoleon from that of France, are not only extremely interesting under any circumstances, but especially so at this moment.

The generally-received version of these affairs is that Baron Mörner went to France on an official embassy, authorised to solicit from Napoleon the appointment of one of his generals as Crown Prince of Sweden, and that Bernadotte was selected in consequence. Nothing of the kind! Napoleon, already beginning to doubt the sincerity of Alexander, was greatly inclined to the scheme of reviving the ancient Scandinavia, by raising his ally, Frederick VI. of Denmark, to the throne of Sweden. The an-

cient and inextinguishable rivalries of the Danes and Swedes did not deter him, and Frederick had promised not only to maintain the liberal constitution conceded by Charles XIII. in 1809, but to extend it to Denmark. At this moment a new candidate was proposed and accepted, equally to the astonishment of Sweden, Napoleon, and the King of Denmark. This was the *ci-devant* serjeant of marines, Bernadotte, now a marshal of the empire, and Prince of Ponte-Corvo. This election originated in circumstances the most amusing.

A simple lieutenant of the Swedish army, M. Mörner, arrived in Paris in the middle of June, 1810, with despatches for Herr von Lagerbielke, the Swedish ambassador. Mörner was young, ardent, and anxious regarding both his own future and that of his country. Fond of France, an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon and his companions in arms, he conceived the idea of offering the crown of Sweden to one of these generals, certain that he should find in the Swedish nation and Diet an extensive response to such a proposition, and persuaded that, if he succeeded, he should have saved his country. His whole soul occupied with his daring design, he had scarcely delivered the despatches to M. Lagerbielke, to whom he took good care not to confide the secret, when he hastened to M. Lapie, the geographer, one of his Parisian friends. "In Sweden," said he, "we can think of nothing but how to repair our losses. There reigns amongst us a grand enthusiasm for Napoleon. We believe that he alone can solve our difficulties, and we are ready to accept the man he shall select for us."

Lapie was himself young and enthusiastic, proud of France, rejoicing in this widely-extended dependence on her sympathy and support; and, foreseeing that a rupture between France and Russia could not be far off, he seized with avidity the idea. The two young officers thought over all the distinguished generals of France. Whom should they make king? Eugène Beauharnais? Berthier? Massena? Davoust? Macdonald? No! all those were but the supple instruments of their master. They wanted a great man. Mörner owned his predilection for Bernadotte; Lapie had nothing to say against it. A relative of the Emperor, liberal, already known and loved in the north of Germany for his government of Hanover, already favourably known to the Swedes for his kindness to their prisoners in 1806 at Lübeck, a child of the revolution, a brave captain, having been minister of war and ambassador, possessed of great personal wealth, and of a principedom: the affair was settled—that was the man! This was the first scene in the extraordinary drama which terminated in the plains of Leipsic in 1813.

Lapie hurried away to communicate the project to General

Guilleminot, in order to learn through him how the Emperor would be disposed. Mörner hastened to Signeul, the consul-general of Sweden in Paris. Signeul, who was ambitious of exchanging his post of consul-general for that of minister of legation, and who fully took in the belief that this affair was the settled plan of Sweden, advised Mörner to go at once to the Prince of Ponte-Corvo, without saying anything to Lagerbielke.

Mörner saw Bernadotte. He introduced himself as the organ of a large and influential party in Sweden—as a member of the Diet, the wishes of which were well known to him, and that Charles XIII. would have no other will than that of that assembly. Bernadotte listened eagerly to this unexpected communication, but with an air of doubt and with a polished reserve which embarrassed Mörner, at the same time that he himself called to mind the strange prophecy of Mademoiselle Lenormand, who assured him that he would wear a crown, but would have to cross the sea for it.

Mörner next imparted the secret to General Wrede, whom Charles XIII. had employed to deliver his last letter to Napoleon. General Wrede was a man of an ancient and honourable family, possessed great influence, was attached to France, and particularly to Bernadotte, in whose house he was a familiar guest. He had left Sweden before the death of the Duke of Augustenburg, readily gave credit to Mörner as to the state of public feeling in Sweden, and was on the very point of returning thither. He at once spoke frankly to Bernadotte on the subject, who, assured by this second overture from such a quarter that the proposition came from the Swedish people, agreed that Mörner should submit it in writing, and that he would lay it before the Emperor. Napoleon replied with affected carelessness that he would not interfere with the wishes of Sweden. No sooner was this done than Bernadotte accepted the offer, and General Wrede, on the very day that he left for Stockholm, informed M. Lagerbielke of the fact. It was as if a thunderbolt had fallen at the feet of the ambassador. A transaction of such immense importance negotiated without his knowledge! He looked upon himself as lost. Meantime Mörner returned in all haste to Stockholm, and spread the report that Napoleon desired to present to the favour of the Swedish nation his able marshal and relative, the Prince of Corvo. General Wrede appeared immediately on his heels, confirming the news. The excitement in town and country became excessive. Every different party was thrown into terror, anger, or exultation. The aristocratic party, with the King at its head, had resolved on electing the brother of the late Duke of Augustenburg; the party of Russia and the old dynasty was equally bent on the young Prince Wasa. The old king was especially annoyed at this new

project, which had sprung he knew not whence. On the very day that the committee of the Diet had voted for the Duke of Augustenburg, there arrived a message from the Consul-General in France, with the formal acceptance by Bernadotte of the proposal on the part of Sweden to make him Crown Prince, accompanied by his grateful acknowledgments, and portraits of the Prince and Princess of Ponte-Corvo and their son, which General Wrede was commissioned to present to the King.

Here was an embarrassment! But Wrede and Mörner set actively to work. The letter of the Consul-General and the portraits were presented to the King between eleven and twelve o'clock at night. Numerous copies of the letter were struck off, and circulated amongst the different orders of the Diet. The letter was accompanied to the deputies of the peasantry by a little picture of Prince Oscar, the son of Bernadotte, playing with his father's sword. Poems, songs, and addresses were improvised and distributed in all directions. A report was spread with equal rapidity, that the Emperor of Russia, disappointed in his hopes of placing his nephew on the throne, was resolved on a fresh invasion, and that Napoleon had determined to defeat it by giving Sweden one of his most wise and valiant marshals as Prince Royal. The ruse succeeded; and it was amid acclamations and an enthusiasm which scarcely permitted the tardiness of legal forms, that the Diet on the 21st of August, 1810, elected the Prince of Ponte-Corvo, Prince Royal of Sweden, and heir-presumptive to the throne.

Such were the unparalleled circumstances by which Bernadotte, the quondam serjeant of marines, was made King of Sweden; and it would be difficult to say whether the election were more repugnant to the feelings of the main body of the Swedish people, who desired to see their country equally independent of France and Russia,—to those of Alexander, who beheld with natural dread a prince and general of France, and a most able and politic one, placed so near to him,—or those of Buonaparte, who had long regarded Bernadotte with jealousy and suspicion, and had rather seen him anywhere than at the head of a powerful and independent kingdom.

The Prince Royal elect made his public entry into Stockholm on the 2nd of November. The failing health of the King, the confidence which the talents of Bernadotte had inspired, the prospect of a strong alliance with France through him,—all these causes united to place the national power in his hands, and to cast upon him at the same time a terrible responsibility. The very crowds and cries which surrounded him, expressed the thousand expectations which his presence raised. The peasantry, who had heard so much of his humble origin and popular senti-

ments, looked to him to curb the pride and oppressions of the nobles; the nobles flattered themselves that he would support their cause, in the hope that they would support him; the mass of the people believed that a republican was the most likely to maintain the principles of the revolution of 1809; the merchants trusted that he would be able to obtain from Napoleon freedom for the trade with England, so indispensable to Sweden; and the army felt sure, with such a general, they should be called to seize Norway, and reconquer Finland. Nor was this all. Bernadotte knew that there existed a legitimist party in the country which might long remain a formidable organ in the hands of internal factions or external enemies. How was he to lay the foundations of a new dynasty amid all these conflicting interests? how satisfy at once the demands of France, England, and Russia? Nothing but firmness, prudence, and sagacity, could avail to surmount the difficulties of his situation; but these Bernadotte possessed.

Napoleon gave him no respite. He demanded incessantly, and with his usual haughty impetuosity, that Bernadotte should declare war against England, and shut out of the Baltic both English and American merchandise. Alexander regarded him at first with suspicion, but his spies soon dissipated his fears. They soon perceived that Bernadotte was not disposed to be at once master of a powerful kingdom, and the vassal of France. Alexander made offers of friendship; they were accepted by Bernadotte with real or affected pleasure, and his course became clearer. For the next two years there was a great strife to secure the alliance of the Crown Prince; and the proud, disdainful, imperious temper of Napoleon, who could not brook that one who had been created by him out of nothing—but a serjeant of marines, should presume to exercise an independent will, threw the prize into the hands of the more astute Russian, and decided the fate of Europe and his own.

England, which had made some show of restoring the legitimate prince, soon became satisfied that Bernadotte would lean to the English alliance. Meantime, Alexander of Russia displayed more and more decided symptoms of an intention to break with France. He hastened to make peace with the Turks, and to pour his sentimental assurances into the ears of Count Stedingk, the Swedish ambassador. As he had called God to witness in 1807, that he had no wish to touch a single Swedish village, so now he professed to be greatly troubled that he had been obliged to seize all Finland. "Let us forget the past," said the Czar. "I find myself in terrible circumstances, and I swear upon my honour that I never wished evil to Sweden. But now that unhappy affair of Finland is over, and I wish to show my respect for your King, and my regard for the Crown Prince. Great

misfortunes are frequently succeeded by great prosperities. A Gustavus Adolphus issued from Sweden for the salvation of Germany, and who knows what may happen again?" And he began to unveil his disgust at the encroachments of Buonaparte. "What does he mean," he said, "by his attempt to add the north of Germany to his empire, and all its mercantile towns? He might grasp a dozen cities of Germany, but Hamburg, Lübeck, and Bremen, 'our Holy Trinity,' as Romanoff says,—I am weary of his perpetual vexations."*

The result was the offer of Norway to Sweden as the price of Bernadotte's adhesion to the proposed alliance. England also offered to Sweden as a colony, Surinam, Demerara, or Porto Rico.†

But all this would not have prevailed with Bernadotte, who leaned firmly and tenaciously towards France, with her old associations, had not the unbearable pride, insolence, and domineering spirit of Napoleon repelled him, and finally decided his course. So late as March, 1811, Bernadotte used this language to M. Alquier, the French ambassador, when pressed by him to decide for France. "I must have Norway,—Norway, which Sweden desires, and which desires to belong to Sweden,—and I can obtain it through another power than France." "From England, perhaps?" interposed the ambassador. "Well, yes, from England; but I protest that I only desire to adhere to the Emperor. Let his majesty give me Norway; let the Swedish people believe that I owe to him that mark of protection, and I will guarantee all the changes that he desires in the system and government of Sweden. I promise him 50,000 men ready equipped by the end of May, and 10,000 more by July. I will lead them wherever he wishes. I will execute any enterprise that he may direct. Behold that western point of Norway. It is separated from England only by a sail of twenty-four hours, with a wind which scarcely ever varies. *I will go there if he wishes.*"‡

But Napoleon would never listen to the transfer of Norway; that was the territory of his firm ally, Denmark: Finland, but not Norway. In October of the same year, an English agent landed at Gothenburg under a fictitious name; eluded the French spies; traversed by night woods, bogs, and hills, and in a small village of the interior of Sweden, met a Swedish agent, where the terms of a treaty were settled, in which Russia and Turkey, England and Sweden, were the contracting powers; in which Sweden was to receive Norway, and renounce for ever

* Despatch of 25th Feb. 1811.

† Ib. 17th April, 1811.

‡ Ib. in cipher, March 19th, 1811.

Finland ; and Alexander and Bernadotte were to unite all their talents, powers, and experience against France. In December following, the Swedish aristocracy were astonished by seeing the Countess Armfeldt, wife of General Armfeldt, a Finn, and hitherto one of the most decided partizans of the ancient dynasty, appear at a soirée of the prime minister Engelström, decorated with the portraits of the two Czarinas, the Dowager and the reigning Empress ; to hear that she was appointed lady of honour at the Court of Russia, and to see the Crown Prince enter, take his seat beside her, and in a long conversation pay her the most flattering attentions. In the following January, the sudden invasion of Swedish Pomerania by the French, showed that the crisis was come, and that henceforth Napoleon and Bernadotte were irreconcilable opponents. The proud, brusque words of Napoleon, when Charles XIII. appealed to him for aid on the loss of Finland—"Apply to Alexander, he is great and generous!" were now taken up by Bernadotte. It was a fatal speech.

From that time offers of alliance and aid poured in from all quarters. Prussia, ready to rebel once more against the common enemy, sent secret messages, and was at the same time concerting common measures with Russia. The insurgents of Spain and Portugal, where Lord Wellington was already in active operation,—even the old Bourbon dynasty paid court to him. Moreau returned from America to fight under his banners, and emigrants flocked from all quarters to combine their efforts against the universal foe, Napoleon.

The French Emperor rushed with his usual impetuosity against Russia. He crossed the Niemen on the 25th of June ; Wilna was occupied three days afterwards ; Witepsk on the 28th of July ; Smolensk on the 17th of August. Alexander was in the utmost terror. He had only 140,000 men to oppose to the 400,000 of Napoleon ; he had no generals of mark or experience : confusion reigned everywhere. In the utmost consternation he demanded an interview with Bernadotte, now the sole hope of Europe, at Abo ; and Bernadotte, who had his objects to gain, took his time. When the Russian ambassador, in great trepidation, said to him that the Emperor waited for him, he rose, laid his hand on his sword, and said, theatrically, "The Emperor waits ! Good. He who knows how to win battles may regard himself as the equal of kings."

Bernadotte took his time, and went. At Abo the final ruin of Napoleon was sketched out with a master's hand, by his old companion in arms. Bernadotte knew all the strength and weakness of Napoleon ; he had long watched the causes which would ultimately break up the wonderful career of his victories.

He listened to the fears of Alexander, and bade him dismiss them ; told him that it was the timidity of his opponents which had given to Napoleon the victories of Austerlitz and Wagram ; that, as regarded the present war, nothing could equal his infatuated blindness ; that, treating the wishes of Poland with contempt, neglecting the palpably necessary measures of securing his flanks by the alliance of Turkey and Sweden, east and west, he was only rushing on suicide in the vast deserts 500 miles from his frontiers ; that all that was necessary on the part of Russia was to commence a war of devastation ; to destroy all his resources, in the manner of the ancient Scythians and Parthians ; to pursue him everywhere with a war of fanaticism and desolation ; to admit of no peace till he was driven to the left bank of the Rhine, where the oppressed and vengeful nationalities would arise and annihilate him ;—that Napoleon, so brilliant and bold in attack, would show himself incapable of conducting a retreat of eight hours : a retreat would be the certain signal of his ruin. If he approached St. Petersburg, he engaged for himself to make a descent on France with 50,000 men, and to call on both the republican and constitutional parties to arise and liberate their country from the tyrant. Meantime they must close the passage of the Berezina against him, when they would inevitably secure his person. They must then proclaim everywhere his death, and his whole dynasty would go to pieces with far greater rapidity than it grew.

Every one knows how well these instructions were carried out, how the final hope of Napoleon was destroyed by the conflagration of Moscow, and the terrors of that fearful retreat, in which clouds of Cossacks, mingling with those of the snow and the hail, completed the most horrible tragedy which the history of wars, from the world's foundation, contains ; with what consummate ability Bernadotte led his Swedes through all the great and eventful campaign of 1813, from Leipsic to Paris, and how he received his reward—the possession of Norway, and a family compact between himself and the Czar of Russia—while Denmark, with a fatal blindness to the signs of the times, adhered to the falling power, and became, like Saxony, dismembered and debilitated.

Having taken this review of the history and character of the Scandinavian nations, the question at this moment is, what is their value in Europe as barriers against Russian aggression ? Whether separate, or united, they may best contribute to that object, undoubtedly the paramount object of European policy in this age ? How we may best conserve the freedom of the Baltic ? How we may keep back Russia from stepping, by means of Denmark, into the very heart of Europe, and actually face to face with London ?

We perceive that the Scandinavian nations have a great and ancient fame, and that they have, as under Gustavus Adolphus and Bernadotte, turned the tide of European events, and decided the fate of the civilized world. But we perceive, too, that Russia has of late made formidable inroads on the territorial extent, and still more on the character and tendencies, of a portion of those nations. She has torn Finland from Sweden, and Norway from Denmark; and the lands which the latter has received as some recompense are German lands, thoroughly infected with German and Russian influences, and likely at a critical moment to become a weakness rather than a strength. But beyond all this, Russia, as we have seen, has taken secure measures for entering, some day, into entire possession of Denmark. With the extraordinary assent of England, she has restricted the succession to the crown of that country to the heirs male of one specific line, passing over several others; and that one line, so restricted, failing, has expressly reserved her own right as head of the house of Holstein-Gottorp, as well as that of the two younger branches of that house. If any one doubts this, let him consult the protocol of Warsaw just published by Parliament. If, next, he will see where Russia would be, failing the male heirs of the house of Glücksburg; let him take any map of Europe, which will show him Russian Denmark face to face with London, within a short sail of the whole coast of England; commanding the Sound, and thus locking up the Baltic at will. He will see it embraced by the loving arms of Prussia, most of whose princes are already officers high in the Russian service. He will see it backed by all the compliant States of Germany, whose courts are Russianized by family marriages, and supported by Holland, whose king is cousin to the Czar, his mother a sister of the late Nicholas.

If this does not open up a sufficiently appalling prospect, let the reader next open the *Almanach de Gotha*, and there contemplate the network of Russia's family marriages, involving the whole of Germany, and extending its ramifications to almost every country of Europe, including France and England. He will see how wonderfully the will of Peter I. has been carried out. Here are a few of these royal matrimonial meshes. The grandmother and mother of Nicholas were German princesses. The widow of Nicholas, dowager Czarina, sister to the King of Prussia. His brother, Alexander I., married a princess of Baden; his brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, a princess of Würtemberg. One sister is Queen of Würtemberg, another Dowager Grand-Duchess of Weimar. Of Nicholas's children, the present Czar married a daughter of the Grand-Duke of Hesse; the Grand-Duke Constantine, a princess of Saxe-Altenburg; the Grand-Duke Nicholas, a princess of Oldenburg. One daughter

of Nicholas married the Prince Royal of Würtemberg, the Queen of Würtemberg being a sister of Nicholas. Another daughter married a prince of Hesse-Cassel, but died; and he married a princess of Prussia, and is a colonel of Hussars in Russia. A prince of Oldenburg married a Grand-Duchess of Russia; and their son is now a Russian General, and President of the department of civil and ecclesiastical affairs, and is styled Imperial Highness by ukase of the Czar. The Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is a nephew of the King of Prussia, and of a sister of Nicholas: he is colonel of a Russian regiment of Carbineers. The Grand-Duke of Nassau married a daughter of the late Grand-Duke Michael, and is colonel of Russian Uhlans. The sister of the King of Prussia is Dowager-Czarina; his eldest brother is colonel of a Russian rifle regiment; and his son, the proposed husband of our Princess Royal, is major of the 1st regiment of Russian Foot Guards, colonel of the 8th regiment of Russian Infantry, and colonel of the 20th regiment of Russian Infantry. The next brother of the King is at once a colonel in the Russian, Prussian, and Austrian services; and his son is a major-general of the Russian Horse Guards, and colonel of Russian Hussars. The third brother of the King of Prussia is a general of cavalry, colonel of the 1st regiment of Dragoons, and colonel of the 7th regiment of Cuirassiers, in Russia. Besides these, there are numerous uncles, aunts, and cousins of the Prussian King, who are interlaced by marriages with the Russian imperial family; the husbands, brothers, and sons, being officers of the Russian army. Then there are the families of Saxe-Weimar and Würtemberg, of Sayn-Wittgenstein and others, abounding with Russian marriages and Russian officers. The list of all the German family alliances with Russia would occupy many pages; and these connexions, interlaced a hundred ways, extend themselves to the courts of France and England. The families of both Louis Napoleon and Prince Albert are closely connected with the imperial family of Russia. This is, indeed, a wonderful family alliance—the most wonderful that the world ever knew.

It is apparent, therefore, that whatever country attacks Russia, attacks the near relations of all the courts of Europe. It is equally clear, that when the people of Europe find it necessary to fight in defence of public liberties and rights, they have a royal-family alliance pitted against them from end to end of Europe, deadening, opposing, and insidiously defeating their aims.

Bearing this extraordinary state of things in mind, we now come to the grand question—How we may best defend Scandinavia against the incessantly aggressive policy of Russia. Seeing Germany so extensively paralyzed by it, and Poland wholly

absorbed by it, we cannot behold without alarm the exposed condition of the Scandinavian nations. Denmark, as we have seen, has already been dismembered and enfeebled by Russian means, and the very succession to its throne secured by European treaty to the Czar. Thus prepared to be handed over, one of these days, to Russia—surrounded by Russian influences in Germany—watched by the greedy eyes of Prussia, the great Russian vassal,—how is Denmark to be saved from this imminent jeopardy of Russian appropriation? A powerful party, both in Denmark and Sweden, say—By uniting the three Scandinavian nations into one federal state, each retaining its own independent constitution, as Norway does, under one common crown. This, no doubt, would realize a grand and natural idea,—that of a real Scandinavia, a union of three people of cognate race, language, and spirit, into one potent and first-rate European power. Here, indeed, could we successfully carry out this scheme, we should raise up a truly noble and independent empire in the North, capable of resisting the aggressions and neutralizing the insidious spirit of Russian encroachment. This certainly would afford the surest means of protecting Denmark, while it strengthens Sweden against the common enemy.

But we must not conceal from ourselves that there are formidable impediments to the accomplishment of so magnificent a scheme. In the first place, the integrity of the Danish kingdom, and the peculiar mode of succession, so favourable to Russia, are guaranteed by nearly all the great powers of Europe; and we fear that they are far from being disposed to retrace their steps, and leave the people of Denmark to exercise their unquestionable right to decide on their own destiny and government. What has induced the legislature of Denmark to render more clear by the Act of Succession of July 31st, 1853, the claims of Russia on the reversion to its crown? What has caused it to decline the late offers of defensive alliance with the Allies, so promptly accepted by Sweden? Are not these facts woefully significant of Russian influence, which the Allies are not urgent to dispel?

In the next place, it remains a question, how far, having erected Scandinavia into a powerful kingdom, we can guarantee it against these Russian influences. We know the indefatigable energy and zeal, the profound subtlety, and the perseverant tenacity of Russia in working out her ends. The moment that Scandinavia was safe from her pretensions, and raised above the fear of her arms, she would become the object of her most persuasive flatteries—of the most ardent desire of her exclusive friendship. Every means would be put into play to win her over to her interested alliance, and to inoculate her with her peculiar

principles of fraternity. In uniting Denmark and Sweden, we give the key of the Baltic into the hand of Scandinavia; and what security have we that Scandinavia shall not, like so many other nations, one day become Russianised? Already, there exists there a powerful Russian party. Already, the system of family alliance is begun by the Queen of Sweden being a Russian princess, sister-in-law of a daughter of Nicholas. Already, the Czar holds a powerful engine in his hands for operating on Sweden, by his near kinship to the dethroned house of Wasa. We have raised Greece into a kingdom independent of Turkey, and have found her, during the present war, plotting and even raising the standard of rebellion in the Turkish provinces, against not only Turkey, but us. One day, say the opponents of this union, we may see a united Scandinavia leagued with Russia and her German kindred and vassals against us; and that we may rely upon it, that Russia will leave no stone unturned to effect this.

In the third place, will not the hereditary rivalries of the races, proud and high-spirited as they are, be in danger of being revived rather than extinguished by the close contact of the union? This was certainly the case in the union of Calmar. "The favourite theme of the apostles of the new creed in Scandinavia," says Mr. Urquhart, the unwearied antagonist of Russianism, "is the union of Calmar. Now, if any event could have taught the futility of the project, it is precisely that fact." He quotes the letter of a Danish lady, who says:—

"I see in the idea of the union, the greatest danger which threatens Scandinavia, and in you who promulgate this doctrine, the tool of the power whom you think to resist. 'Union' is to produce for Russia in the North, the same results as Slavonic nationality is intended to bring about in the East,—the same results as union under Prussia is to produce in Germany;—as separation in the case of the Ottoman Empire—as the hope held out by her to the Princes of Moldavia and Wallachia, that each shall unite under his sway the dominion of the other. These results are discontent with the existing state of things, —vague agitations for the undefined object, distrust between sovereign and subjects, ill-will between man and man, and all those innumerable means of corruption which she knows so well how to profit by. Men who know their own rights, and respect those of others, and stand forward in defence of them, have nothing to fear from Russia. But does this strength dwell in the hearts of Swedes, who are seeking to incorporate with their own country the possessions of another sovereign? How different would it be were you longing for a right, and not for a proposition!"*

Russia has a wonderful faculty for sowing internal dissensions,

* Urquhart's "Progress of Russia," p. 175.

as well as a remarkable ability to sway proximate nations to her views; and however ardently we may seek for a united Scandinavia, we ought not to overlook the elements of strong party feeling already existing in Scandinavia. Here is precisely the place where Russia may be expected to insinuate the wedge of dissension, and convert the bond of union into the fretting ligature of jealousy.

But whatever view we take of the Scandinavian question, we must include in it a choice of evils. Russia is there, and will do her worst to damage the fairest plans. She is exerting gigantic power to render her Baltic coast impregnable at all points. Though we may control her in summer with our fleets, in winter she can march her myriads across the Sound on the ice, as she did in 1809, to the Swedish coast, and as Scandinavian sovereigns have done frequently from Sweden to Denmark, or the contrary. After all, the effectual guarantees of friendly relations with the Scandinavian nations exist in our commercial relations. These, as inestimable to them as to us, are the influences which will bind us together, and prevent, more than protocols or treaties, the mischievous influences of Russia. A powerful Scandinavia is the most vital of questions for the West of Europe, and especially for England; as an inviolable Turkey is for the East; and the public should never rest till that is established on the soundest basis. As a step towards this, the most satisfactory thing, perhaps, which the present war has produced, is the defensive treaty negotiated by France and England with Sweden—a country which can furnish, on occasion, 130,000 soldiers. By this we have stopped the progress of Russia to the west of the Baltic, and we ought never to give back the Aland Isles to Russia. True, they were made over to Russia as part equivalent for Norway, though Norway never belonged to Russia; but having retaken them in war, we have an undoubted right to deal with them on the principle of *uti possidetis*; and we ought to deal with them so as best to strengthen Sweden and maintain the freedom of the Baltic. With the Aland Isles commanding the very capital of Sweden, Russia may, at any moment, notwithstanding every pledge not to fortify those isles, not only seriously menace Sweden, but shut up the Gulf of Bothnia.

They who flatter themselves that by the present war we have put a stop to the aggressive career of Russia, can have read little of her history. She pauses now because she is playing a losing game, and foresees that another campaign must make that game ruinous. She pauses because she wants railways, and she frankly avows it, that she may be able to bring her troops across her vast surface to any point in a few days, and that, during the peace which

shall follow, be it longer or shorter, she may fortify every part of her coasts with tenfold strength. We hear what she is doing at this moment at Cronstadt,—putting down a triple row of piles entirely across the Gulf of Finland, six miles from Cronstadt, and twelve miles in length. At this work she has 30,000 men employed, and hopes, if the ice last, to finish it this year. Few openings are to be left in the row of piles, and these can be closed at will, and thus she boasts that there her steam navy, already consisting of eighteen ships of the line and frigates, fourteen corvettes, and seventy gun-boats, shall ride in defiance of the world's navies. These are such ominous prospects for Sweden that she is also preparing to fortify the port of Stockholm.

Let Russia, then, complete her railways. Let her be able to bring down in a few days her countless hordes from Tartary, Siberia, and the very borders of China; let her once possess Denmark, command Hamburg, Lübeck, and Bremen, the Eyder, the Weser, and the Elbe, backed and supported by sympathizing Prussia, and lesser German States; and Europe will be prostrated at her feet. This may appear, as M. Thiers has remarked, a chimerical idea, but everything in the history of Russia for the last hundred years warrants us in believing with him that it may become a terrible reality; and we contend that every possible exertion should be made at this important crisis, to guard against such a contingency. For this, it is not enough that we have made a defensive alliance with Sweden; we ought on no account to give back the Aland Isles, and it should be made a *sine qua non* that Russia should renounce the claims ceded to her in the Protocol of Warsaw, and confirmed in the treaty of 1852, on Denmark and the Duchies.

The negotiations now pending, with a view to the abolition of the Sound Dues, and the grant of a specific sum from the different nations of Europe and America in lieu of them, if successfully carried out, will remove one important item of Russian influence and intimidation, and be a decided step in the progress of Denmark towards increased strength and independence.



ART. V.—SUNDAY IN GREAT BRITAIN.

1. *Sabbath Laws and Sabbath Duties.* By Robert Cox. Edinburgh: Maclachlan and Stewart. 1851.
2. *The Sabbath.* By Sir William Domville, Bart. London: Chapman and Hall. 1855.
3. *Sermons in Glass.* London: John Chapman. 1854.
4. *The People's Sunday.* London: Effingham Wilson. 1855.
5. *Sunday Occupations.* By Charles K. Whipple. Boston: 1849.
6. *The Sunday Steamer.* Glasgow: Love. 1853.
7. *The Sabbath Question in relation to the Cabman's Strike.* By John Gordon. London: Whitfield. 1855.
8. *The Dies Non at Sydenham.* London: John Chapman. 1854.
9. *Sermons by the late Rev. F. Robertson.* Second Series. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1855.

AN interesting work might be written on the relics of Puritanism. It would be curious to trace, as far as it were possible, the thousand ways in which that wonderful burst of national thought has left its impress on our habits, our prejudices, and our manners. We are not exactly Puritans in these days, and are divided by many intervening barriers from the times of sincere religious conviction and honest enthusiasm. But men so strong, so zealous, and so high-minded as the Puritans were, do not work in vain; and all that is most peculiar in the English character—its truthfulness, its force, and its melancholy, though ultimately derived from much more remote sources, became crystallized in the Puritan type, and has retained the form then assumed even to the present time. We often hear the Puritans called bigoted and narrow-minded, but fail to estimate how much is included in this censure. Puritanism was unsuccessful because it attempted to compress within the limits of a narrow creed the wide and varied life of man. And yet what was this creed but that which is termed the great Protestant creed, and which is proclaimed at Bible meetings as infallible? The Puritans took Old and New Testament together, they moulded the writings of fifteen hundred years into a strange and seemingly consistent whole, and flinging themselves back into the spirit of the Jewish world,

tried in sad and sober earnest to make this earth the home of the saints. To them the Bible was a terrible reality, something not to be commented on and explained away, but an oracle of living truth, and of a truth equal in degree and in kind throughout. To us a theocracy is but one species of government: we speak of it as we speak of a Greek tyranny; we think it perhaps a sublime notion, or perhaps a foolish, because, in modern times, an impossible one. But to the warriors of Naseby and Edgehill, and to those who sent them there, it seemed as possible and as desirable as it could ever have done to Joshua or to Samuel. That a Jewish theocracy has been tried once for all in Christian Europe, and has been found inadequate and out of date, is a fact which thousands in England might lay profitably to heart. But men cling blindly to the skirts of the past, and long after life and spirit have fled, love to deck themselves in the garments of the dead.

For the endeavour they made, and the manner in which they made it, for the insight they attained into some of the deepest of man's relations to the unseen world, and for the lessons they have left us, we owe a debt to the Puritans which ought to make us always mention them with respect and admiration. But they gave us an inheritance of evil as well as good; and, although the good greatly preponderated, yet some of the evil they caused was sufficiently serious. They infected English society with a vague and unmeaning gloom. Not to be happy became through them a part of the English character. "*Le fond du caractère Anglais,*" says a recent French writer, "*c'est le manque de bonheur.*" And when we calculate not only the negative but the positive effects of this want of happiness, we may begin to see what is the price the world pays for the mistakes of its great men. It is not only that hours on hours of innocent enjoyment have been lost by generation after generation, but that a compensation has been sought in the poisonous excitement of money-getting. They laid a burden on English society which it has never been able to shake off, and this is the ground of the general complaint we may urge against them; but there was also a particular and definite injury which they inflicted on us and on our fathers: they invented the sin of Sabbath-breaking. They called a thing wrong, and persuaded others to treat a thing as wrong, which had been held to be right through the long ages of Christian antiquity, and is still held to be right throughout the whole of continental Europe. They proved it was wrong by arguments which would be ludicrous if they had not been so successful. However weak their logic may have been, the fact remains that they succeeded. They invented the sin, and they established it; they raised a

new external standard by which men have ever since gone on judging each other's grapes and figs; they have ruined thousands who have been thrown into despair by being told they have committed this sin, and embittered the lives of thousands more who are not quite sure they have avoided it. They invented the sin of Sabbath-breaking as certainly and as effectually as the priests of Egypt and India invented the sin of killing a cow. It is frightful to think how much these sins of human invention have cost mankind, and how much the world has suffered even from men as honest as the Puritans.

It is easy to understand that those who have felt the tyranny which the invention and establishment of this sin have imposed on the inhabitants of Great Britain, should have been anxious to meet their adversaries on their own ground, and have been willing to test the Sabbath controversy by an appeal to Scripture. Text was set against text, and deduction against deduction. Even here the Sabbatarians have really had no means of making a plausible case; they have had passages enough to adduce, as any one may have who asserts any proposition whatever relating to the conduct of human life: but it has been found practically impossible for them to maintain an argument throughout, without constantly shifting their premises. Still, all attentive readers of the polemical writings which have been poured forth in such abundance on this painful subject, must perceive that no real issue can be arrived at by these parades of conflicting texts. Before we permit selections made at random from the Jewish law to be made stumbling-blocks in our path, we must ask what the Jewish law has to do with us, and how the writers of the Jewish canonical books came to write what they did? If we are referred to the second chapter of Genesis, in which God is said to have rested after the labours of creation, we must make up our minds whence was derived the shape assumed by the Mosaic cosmogony, before we attach much importance to one of its details. The only satisfactory way of treating the matter is, in our opinion, to treat it historically. If the victim of a Scotch Sunday could but know the history of the day on which he suffers, he would at any rate start with something like a conviction as to his future duty. Rejecting all form of controversy, let us attempt to state what has been the real chain of facts by which men have come to keep, and to make others keep, the Christian day of rest as Mahometans keep the fast of Ramadan. Alas! even this parallel is imperfect. When the evening gun sounds, the Mahometan is set at liberty, he may eat and drink and be merry; but when our Sunday is over, it is Monday morning, and the poor man has to begin again his week of grinding toil.

We will attempt to give a slight sketch of what seems to us the probable history of the Sabbath. Without such an historical outline, it is impossible to approach the Sunday question satisfactorily. But we feel how brief and incomplete such a sketch must necessarily be. To do justice to the subject, would require a volume. Fortunately, those who wish to go fully into this history and the debateable points connected with it, may find all they need in the excellent works of Sir William Domville and Mr. Cox, specified at the head of our article. They are both learned, wise, and tolerably exhaustive. The work of Mr. Cox is especially valuable, although its whimsical arrangement and the extraordinary assortment of its contents, will rather baffle the hasty inquirer. Our readers may also be glad to be referred to a very elaborate article on Septenary Institutions, which appeared in the former series of this Review.* We have borrowed so freely from all these sources, that it is impossible to do more than make a general acknowledgment.

In the dawn of Mythology, we find the attention of mankind absorbed in the contemplation of the phenomena of day and night. The observer watched the dreadful gloom depart, and the glorious and cheering light return, with a feeling so intense, that when he embodied it in language, there seemed no bound to the imagery he could fitly employ. The key-note of all the most ancient poetry in the world is the rapture caused by the return of the sun. Those early poets could not trust the inductive reasoning that might have assured them that what had happened so invariably would happen always. Day after day the ruddy light in the grey east took a burden from their hearts. Gradually this sense of insecurity passed away, and they began to count longer spaces of time. The moon supplied the basis of their calendar, her revolution being short enough to remember, and yet long enough to mark off a considerable number of passing days. Then the period of the moon's revolution was itself broken up; and for convenience, time was calculated by the length of the fractional parts. The exact plan of division varied in different countries; throughout the greater portion of the East, the whole time was divided into four equal parts of seven days, corresponding with tolerable exactitude to the several periods during which the moon passed through its four quarters. There is no trace whatever in history of the division of time into weeks having been universal; but it is certainly the most natural, because it is based upon observation of the obvious changes in the appear-

* *The Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review*, vol. liv.

ance of the luminary itself. The Greeks, however, divided the whole into three parts, not looking to the apparent configuration of the moon, but only generally noting the stage to which it had arrived. The Chinese and Aztecs employed a division into six weeks of five days each, not from any observation of the heavens, but apparently because they found the division convenient. In the monthly calendar, certain days were naturally observed with peculiar solemnity. The seventh day of the month was held sacred in Greece as the birthday of Apollo, evidently because the seventh day was the day on which the moon attained the shape of a perfect crescent. Still more, when the calculation was by periods of seven days, would the day which at once marked the end of a period among men, and the attainment of a particular phase by the heavenly body, be held in honour. The very object of the division into weeks was that human things might revolve with a certain regularity, and it was at any rate in accordance with the purposes and origin of the hebdomadal institution, that the seventh day should bring with it solemnities both of religious rejoicing and of public assemblies.

At the time when Moses led his people out of Egypt, the institution of weeks had been long familiar to most of the nations, perhaps to all with which the Jews had intercourse, and the seventh day had become in some way or other a marked day, and the number seven itself a mystical or sacred number. To us it seems an inevitable inference that the Mosaic cosmogony owed its arrangement to the current division of time. No one can pretend to think that the first chapter of Genesis gives an account of the creation which, if taken literally, is a true account. Dishonest but pious men attempt to get rid of the difficulty, by saying that the words of the author have a real meaning very different from what the author intended them to have; that when it is said that God worked for a day, it is meant that He worked during long and indefinite periods of time; and that when it is said He rested, it is meant that He did not rest. Honest and pious men say that the accuracy of a cosmogonical narrative has nothing to do with a spiritual religion; but, if Moses wrote this narrative according to the light of the time in which he lived, it is not to be supposed that he drew upon pure fancy for his materials. There was sure to be some guiding conception by which he shaped the thoughts which the wonders of the physical world awakened. He had to tell his people how God worked, and he could draw no picture of work that was not modelled according to the work of man. God, it seemed to him, would work like man for six days, and, like man, would make

a day of rejoicing on the seventh. We are apt to mix up the conceptions of later times so intimately with those of the earliest times, that we are hardly aware how exceedingly anthropomorphic the language of the Pentateuch really is. It is said in the Book of Exodus (xxxi. 17), that after the creation God refreshed himself, or, as the Hebrew literally means, "took breath." As man worked for six days, and then, exhausted by his labour, rested and rejoiced on the seventh, so did God. All ancient nations looked for a cosmogonical system as part of their religious records, because the question that pressed on the men of the early world was, how they had come there—not, as in later times, where they were going. But when once a solution had been furnished by some poet or shaper of floating traditions, and when the narrative had, like that of Moses, been based on the analogy of a familiar institution, nothing could be more natural than that the cosmogonical story should re-act upon the institution, and invest it with a new character of peculiar sanctity. The seventh-day rest had suggested the notion of God's resting, and then the children of Israel were told to rest on the seventh day because God had hallowed it.

The analogy afforded by the rite of circumcision may serve to explain the next step in the history of the Sabbath. We know that circumcision was a custom widely spread through eastern nations, and yet it is spoken of as peculiar to the Jews. It was the sign by which Abraham and his seed were marked off to be a chosen people. To us it seems hard to understand how a custom can have a new commencement, because we are far from a time when religious feeling was creative; but to the early Jews it would have seemed quite natural that the old should become new, by having a new set of associations grouped around it. The Sabbath day had a new beginning during the wanderings of the children of Israel, and a new reason was attached to its observation. To the Fourth Commandment there is appended, in Exodus, as a reason for keeping the seventh day holy, the statement that God rested on that day, and hallowed it; but in Deuteronomy the reason for the observance is quite different. There the Jew is reminded that he had been a servant in the land of Egypt, and had been brought out thence, and is told that it is in remembrance of that great mercy that he is to keep the Sabbath day. In the Book of Exodus, before the Fourth Commandment is promulgated, the people are led to observe the Sabbath by the manna ceasing to fall on that day, and they are represented as being puzzled at this phenomenon, and not comprehending the reason given by Moses, who tells them that this is a day

specially holy to the Lord. It is very difficult to give anything like exact historical facts from the books of the Pentateuch, because these books, as we have them, are a compilation made at a very late date of the Jewish era. But we cannot doubt that, at the time of the declaration of the Mosaic law, there was a new beginning given to the Sabbath, that precise enactments were then laid down for its observance, and that it was kept as a weekly feast of thanksgiving for the mercies which had given the Jews an independent national existence.

The mode by which the Sabbath day was to be kept holy was to maintain a perfect rest. No servants were to be employed in labour, no animals to be used, no fire to be lit; it was to be a day of absolute physical inaction. The duty of a Jew on the Sabbath was to do nothing. He had to go through no peculiar religious rites; the only distinction that marked, on the Sabbath, the service of the Tabernacle or the Temple, was that on that day two lambs were offered instead of one. Nor was the rest to be taken because the tired labourer required rest, but because inaction was the highest tribute that could be paid to the solemnity of the day. It was no part of the Sabbath duty to pray or to meditate: the mental feelings that the day was to awaken were not those of aspiration, contrition, or love, but those of rejoicing and thanksgiving. To keep a day holy, to show gratitude, by doing nothing, is a notion so alien to western habits, so congenial to eastern, that we can hardly expect any but an Oriental to entertain it. With our restless thoughts and restless manners, we cannot understand how men who did nothing could get through their twenty-four hours. Amusements were not prohibited nor recommended, for the simple reason that, in the days of Moses, the Jew had no amusements. The notion of the Sabbath would not, however, preclude, it would rather encourage, festivals and friendly gatherings. And in later times, at least, the Jews appear to have frequently infringed the commandment against work, and to have devoted the day to secular pursuits. The prophets constantly urge the necessity of greater strictness, and it may be observed that by the time they preached to Israel a higher point of morality had been attained, and the Sabbath was required to be spent in cultivating a religious frame of mind. After the return from the Captivity, the Sabbath afforded an excellent field for the casuistry of the rabbis, and they exercised much ingenuity in deciding nice points, where the exigencies of human life conflicted with the rigidity of Sabbatical rules. When Christ came to sweep away the formalism of the Mosaic law, and to fulfil it only where it contained the germs of spiritual liberty, there was no subject on which he attacked

the current opinions of the day more decidedly or more explicitly than this of the Sabbath day. Under his teaching the institution assumed a new aspect, and the Jews were invited to understand that the Sabbath was made for man.

The new Church formed under the guidance of the Apostles was composed at first exclusively of Jews, and there can be no doubt that its members acted as all Jews did, and observed the Sabbath as they observed the rite of circumcision. When the Gentiles were admitted into the fold, the question was earnestly debated how far the Jewish law was obligatory on them. The comprehensive wisdom of St. Paul decided that the Jewish law was entirely abrogated, not only for the Gentile but for the Jew, and this opinion was adopted by the Church. We might have thought that no body of Christians who received the Epistle to the Romans as the genuine production of an inspired author, could have had any further doubt as to a point on which the teaching of that Epistle is so explicit. St. Paul there leaves it expressly to the conscience of the individual, whether he will observe one day more than another. If words can mean anything, the words he employs (Rom. xiv. 5, 6) must mean that there is no moral and no positive obligation to observe one day more than another. To the Christian all days were hallowed ; work was as much sanctified as rest, rejoicing with others as perpetual a duty, as weeping with them. If, however, any individual, or any collection of individuals, made a point of observing a particular day more than others, St. Paul as fully permitted them to do it, as he forbade their enforcing it on their neighbours. We think that the evidence that the Apostolic Church did observe the first day of the week with peculiar respect as commemorating the resurrection of Christ, is too strong to permit much doubt. We know, at any rate, that the day was observed in the age little removed from the era of the Apostles, and we also know in what spirit it was observed. The works of Justin Martyr, who wrote about the middle of the second century, contain two passages which we will quote, as they are short and very instructive :—

“On the day called *Dies Solis*, there is a meeting in one place of all the Christians who live either in the towns or in the country ; and the memoirs of the Apostles, or the writings of the Prophets, are read to them as long as is suitable. When the reader stops, the president pronounces an admonition, and exhorts to the imitation of those noble examples, after which we all arise and pray.”—

By these religious meetings the day was distinguished, not by anything else ; not by refraining from work or amusement during the portion of the day which these meetings did not

occupy. There was no imitation of the Jewish Sabbath. A Jew named Trypho made it a matter of reproach that the Christians had no Sabbath, and Justin thus replied :—

“The new law will have you keep a perpetual Sabbath. You, when you have passed a day in idleness, think you are religious. The Lord our God is not pleased with such things as these. If any one be guilty of perjury or fraud, let him reform; if he be an adulterer, let him repent; and he will then have kept the kind of Sabbath truly pleasing to God. You see that the elements are never idle, and keep no Sabbath. There was no need of the observance of Sabbaths before Moses, neither now is there any need of them after Jesus Christ.”

These two passages show, as clearly as any passages could show, the position which the first day of the week held in the life of the early church. And although in too many particulars the Christian Church relapsed into Judaical formalism, yet it was very long before any Christian or sect of Christians proposed to make a Jewish Sabbath obligatory on the faithful. To have done so would have seemed a dangerous heresy, incompatible with the true theory of Christian life. The baptized and regenerate followers of Jesus thought all their days equally hallowed, and pursued necessary work and necessary recreation indifferently on one day as on another. But the whole year was gradually marked out by the distinctions of the saintly calendar; Easter Sunday and Good Friday were the two great days of memorial solemnity; and in every week a remembrance of Easter was kept on the first, and a remembrance of Good Friday on the sixth day of the week. For the remaining days the roll of apostles and martyrs supplied abundant associations. While Christian life was fresh and Christian love warm, nothing could be more in accordance with the spirit of Christianity than this distribution of the year, and the conception of the relation of man to time which it involved. But every positive institution carries in it the seeds of decay, and formalism always finds a ready field in the rites of religion. Long before the Reformation, the calendar had ceased to correspond with the real life of Western Europe; there were many thoughts and many occupations held lawful, or at any rate entertained and followed, which did not exactly square with the theory of life which was embodied in the calendar. It was not that men were exactly worse, or that they saw anything to object to in the festivals and fasts of the Church, but they had a consciousness that such observances were out of date. Why do not the laity of the English Church observe Lent in the present day? The Church prescribes it; reason teaches that a month's withdrawal from society, a season of humiliation, are more than ever wanted

amid the bustle and the pride of modern times. But even religious laymen decline to observe Lent, because they see that it is impossible to observe it in a real and genuine way ; that they cannot fast forty days, because during thirty-five of these they must work, and that practically when the observance is attempted, it degenerates into a snare for timid consciences, and gives an opening for the most miserable casuistry. The Reformers treated the question of the Church Calendar much in the same way. They felt the impulses of a new life, a new moving power with which the calendar did not harmonize. They fell back on the teaching of St. Paul ; to the Lord they did *not* observe the days hitherto celebrated as sacred. They retained the institution of the Lord's day, because they knew that man required periodical intervals of rest and recreation, and stated occasions of joining in religious rites and receiving religious instruction. But, even in the days of Luther and Calvin, men, ignorant alike of Jewish and Christian history, began to vex themselves and others with doubts whether the Jewish Sabbath ought not to be observed by Christians. The founders of the Churches of Germany and Geneva spoke out at once, earnestly, decidedly, with a true instinctive sense of the bondage threatening the Protestant world. Their voice prevailed throughout the continent ; but unhappily it did not penetrate Great Britain. We think it worth while to quote two often-quoted passages from the works of Luther and Calvin, that English Sabbatarians may have one more opportunity of seeing how directly they fly in the face of teachers whom they profess to revere so devoutly :—

"As for the Sabbath," says Luther, "there is no necessity for its observance ; and if we do observe it, the reason ought to be, not because Moses commanded it, but because nature likewise teaches us to give ourselves, from time to time, a day's rest, in order that man and beast may recruit their strength, and that we may go and hear the word of God preached."—*Werke*, ii. 16.

Calvin having pointed out that the Christian, although free, will find it convenient to pray and rest at stated times, goes on to say—

"In this way we get rid of the trifling of the false prophets, who in later times instilled Jewish ideas into the people, alleging that nothing was abrogated but what was ceremonial in the Commandment (this they term, in their language, the taxation of the seventh day) while the moral part remains, viz., the observance of one day in seven. But this is nothing else than to insult the Jews, by changing the day, and yet mentally attributing to it the same sanctity, thus retaining the same typical distinction of days as had place among the Jews. And of a truth we see what profit they have made by such a doctrine. Those

who cling to their constitutions go thrice as far as the Jews in the gross and carnal superstition of Sabbatism."*

It is clear, we think, that the Puritan Sabbath took its rise in the study of the Old Testament prevalent at the beginning of the sixteenth century. But it was impossible that the Vulgate should have been long studied and the Decalogue repeated as a summary of duty, without persons being found from time to time who mixed up Jewish with Christian notions. Almost as soon as Christianity became the established religion of the Roman Empire, the arm of the secular power was called in to enforce the observance of the Lord's day. There was no attempt made to imitate the Jewish Sabbath, but there is undoubtedly a wide difference of feeling between the spirit which led St. Paul to leave the matter entirely to the conscience of each individual, and that which induced the promulgation of the imperial edicts. Constantine ordered that on the first day of the week all town occupations should cease, but that agricultural labours should be carried on (Cod. iii., 12, 3); and a century and a half later, Leo, in addition, forbade the exhibition on that day of theatrical and other spectacles. St. Augustine is, as far as we know, the first of the great writers of Christendom in whose writings there is a distinct trace of Sabbatarianism. He hints, but does not state explicitly, that the transference of the obligation to keep a Sabbath from the seventh to the first day had already become a part of the teaching of the Church, and he himself entreats his fellow-Christians to keep the Lord's day, "as the ancients were commanded to keep the Sabbath" (Aug. Op. x. 397). The Council of Laodicea stated that the observance of the Lord's day was of Divine appointment, and commanded that there should be on it a suspension of temporal employments and pursuits. The Schoolmen, beginning with Thomas Aquinas, taught that the Fourth Commandment was ceremonial in so far as it prescribed the observance of the seventh day, but moral in so far as it prescribed the observance of some particular day. And Tostatus, an eminent Spanish canonist of the fifteenth century, decides in his Commentary on Exodus† that "to travel on holy days, in which Sunday is included, to read even theological books, to play for one's amusement on musical instruments, to write letters on ordinary business, are unlawful." There certainly was a growing tendency in the writers of the Romish Church to desire that not only the Lord's day but all Christian

* Calvin's "Institutes," ii. 8, 34.

† We are indebted for this quotation to a learned article, headed *Extremes Meet*, which appeared in *The Saturday Review* of March 1, 1856.

holydays should be kept like Jewish Sabbaths: and possibly this feeling might have extended much further, if it had not been checked by the reaction springing from the Puritan movement. But we are not aware that it actually modified the habits or coloured the popular opinions of Catholic countries: still less can we account for the Puritan Sabbath by the writings of the Schoolmen. The Puritans found their Sabbath in the Old Testament. Even in the first quarter of the sixteenth century, Erasmus (Ep. 207) observed with regret the tendency towards Judaism awakened and fostered by the study of Hebrew literature under the auspices of Reuchlin, and had foretold the dangerous consequences to Christian liberty that might result from it. What could be more natural than that the study of the Old Testament should powerfully affect the minds of men to whom the contrast between the Canonical Scriptures and Judaism, was the one all-important discovery of their lives and of the age they lived in. Especially where there was no education, no critical power, no extensive knowledge of the succession of great historical events, it cannot be wondered that men who thought the whole Bible literally inspired should cling to the doctrine of the Old Testament as peculiarly congenial to their manners and their moral tastes. To the educated of the present day the Old Testament has long settled into its proper place as a part of universal history, a prelude to Christianity. But give the rude and ignorant the Bible as a whole, with all its parts of co-ordinate and co-existent authority, and what are they to make of it? Why should they refrain from seizing on the portions most adapted to their taste? A Chinese or a South Sea Islander, on opening the volume he is commanded to read, finds the Almighty represented as enjoining a human sacrifice, or commanding a prophet to commit adultery, and finds all the early saints indulging freely in polygamy. Even in the nineteenth century, and in Christian countries, Mormonism, avowedly based on the Old Testament, has grown and flourished. The higher classes and the men of learning resisted the Puritanism of Great Britain: it was a purely popular movement, and received its impulse from the uninstructed study of the Old Testament.

In Scotland the observance of a Jewish Sabbath was not of home growth. Knox, like the Geneva divines, while rejecting the keeping of holy days, retained the use of Sunday as a day appropriated to religious exercises and rest; but he does not appear to have prohibited recreation, or to have confused Sunday with the Sabbath. The doctrine of the Sabbath was imported from England about the close of the sixteenth century, and, as the rigour of Scotch Puritanism had by that time greatly increased, an innovation which was so much akin

to the Puritan spirit found a ready acceptance north of the Tweed. The different bodies of spiritual governors immediately set to work, driving people to church, fining them, imprisoning them, and bewildering them with petty regulations, until, finally, they had cut off all liberty of action. Several collections of the ordinances of the Kirk Sessions have been published recently, and there we have the whole record of this mournful but ludicrous history.* There are scarcely any contemporary documents which equally set before us the life of the quiet homely citizen of the day, or show more clearly under what a frightful spiritual bondage he was gradually falling. All games were strictly prohibited. One man is "set at the pillars" for playing at bowls on the Sabbath; another is fined twenty shillings for playing at football. Salmon fishers gave especial trouble; some resolute sportsmen even bade defiance to the elders of the Kirk, and fished in spite of them. But, generally, their tyranny was only too successful. We read of an unfortunate widow having to pay eight marks "for having spits and roasts at the fire in time of sermon." Even peaceful exercise and walking in the fresh air was rigorously put down. "Vaging" in the streets, or a stroll to Castlehill, was punished with imprisonment. An unhappy sinner named David Dugall was censured for "going to Cramond on the Lord's day morning with shoes," and was obliged to find surety against a repetition of the offence. The magistrates and their spiritual rulers were to see that the ordinances of the Sessions were executed, and it was directed that they "shall go up and down the streets upon the Lord's day, after the afternoon sermon, and cause take particular notice of such as shall be found forth of their houses, vaging upon the streets, and cause cite them before the session, to be rebuked and censured." The climax of folly and tyranny was, perhaps, reached by the Edinburgh Sessions, who ordered, April 5, 1658, that "the magistrates is to cause some English soldiers goe along the streets, and those outparts above written, both before sermon and after sermon, and lay hold both upon young and old whom they find out of their houses or out of church."

In England also a considerable period elapsed between the Reformation and the institution of a Judaical Sabbath. Cranmer taught, as explicitly as Luther and Calvin, that "we Christian men are not bound to the commandments of Moses' law concerning differences of times, days, and meats;" and in his Visitation Articles he required the clergy to teach the people

* See Mr. Cox's "Sabbath Laws and Sabbath Duties," pp. 306—310, and the authorities there quoted.

that they would grievously offend God if they abstained from working on Sundays in harvest-time; and by a statute of Edward VI. (5 & 6, c. 3), in the preamble of which it is recited that the observance of all religious festivals is left in the discretion of the Church, all persons are allowed, in case of need, to work, ride, or follow their calling on the Lord's day. In the reign of Elizabeth, plays were performed on Sunday at Court,* and Strype tells us that Aylmer, made Bishop of London in 1576, used to play at bowls on the Lord's day.† But the Puritans became strong enough, towards the end of the century, to make their wishes respected, even by Elizabeth. In 1581 the magistrates obtained from the Privy Council a prohibition against the acting of plays and interludes within the liberties of the City. Immediately after his accession, James I. issued a proclamation against indulgence, on Sundays, in unlawful exercises and pastimes, such as bull-baiting and bear-baiting. Subsequently he attempted to make a stand against Puritan asceticism, and in 1618 published the celebrated "Book of Sports," in which he declared it to be his pleasure that the people should not be debarred, after morning service on Sunday, from such recreations as dancing, archery, leaping, May games, and morrice-dances. In the early part of the reign of Charles I. an Act was passed, to the same effect as the proclamation of James I., against unlawful recreations, and another prohibiting carriers from travelling on Sundays. Charles I., like his father, tried to make a subsequent stand against Puritanism, and in 1633 revived the "Book of Sports;" but Puritanism was not to be put down by a king giving his subjects leave to dance; it soon had its own way, and laid down Sabbath regulations almost as tyrannous and foolish as those which had proceeded from the Kirk Sessions of Scotland. Even after the Restoration, and after that pattern of pious abstinence, Charles II., had reigned for a quarter of a century, the feeling of the country was still so substantially Puritan, that the Lord's Day Act was passed which still regulates the English Sunday. By this Act every one pursuing his ordinary calling on Sunday is liable to a fine of five shillings, or, in default of payment, to be put in the stocks. Subsequent legislation has done little to add to or vary this statute. A few Acts have been passed to exempt particular trades from its provisions, and a statute prohibits the opening on Sunday of places of amusement and of public debate. During the eighteenth century, the Act of Charles II. received its construction

* Disraeli's "Miscell. Lit.," p. 345.

† Strype's "Hist. Coll.," Bp. Aylmer, p. 216.

from the Courts of Law, and the construction they gave was on the whole a liberal one. In the latter half of the century, general religious laxity had induced a very careless observance of Sunday, and fresh attempts were made to procure parliamentary enactments for enforcing it rigidly. In 1794 and 1795 two bills for the purpose were brought into the House of Commons, but without success. How lax Sunday observance then was may be judged by the speech of a supporter of the second Bill, who said that "in the present year the building of great edifices is carried on openly, and in defiance of decency, on Sunday.* Fear of the French Revolution, the institution of Sunday-schools, and the influence of the Evangelical party, combined to make the observance of the Sunday more strict in recent years; and modern Puritanism was at one period so strong, that it nearly procured the success of Sir Andrew Agnew's stringent Sabbath Bill of 1837. The first reading was carried by a majority of 146, and the second by a majority of 44. Public agitation and the prospect of a dissolution, which the state of the King's health rendered probable, made the House of Commons as afraid of their constituents as they have shown themselves in 1856. Fortunately, the bill could not be carried through all its stages before the King died. Parliament was dissolved, and Sir Andrew Agnew lost his seat.

Such is the outline of the history of the Sabbath. And now, let us ask, how, at the present time, Sunday is actually observed in Scotland and in England? Of the Scotch Sabbath it is scarcely possible to speak with the moderation due to any custom obtaining in a nation which possesses so many claims to respect, and which displays so many signs of real religious life. The Scotch Sunday is one of the most mournful sights to be seen by any one who has learnt from the writings of St. Paul the doctrine of Christian liberty. Ignorant fanaticism has made the Scotch more Judaical than the Jews, and their casuistry more miserable than that of the Talmudists. Even the Puritans, who issued their edicts against men taking a quiet stroll on Sunday through city streets and country lanes, could hardly have believed that their descendants two centuries later would actually draw down the blinds on Sunday lest their eyes should wander abroad and admire the glory of the handiwork of God. In the nineteenth century of the Christian era, in a country where the Gospel has been preached by men who have freely bled for its sake; in a country which has produced rational beings like Adam Smith and Sir Walter Scott; it is actually thought a satisfactory homage to God, for men on one

* Knight's "Hist. of Eng." vol. iii. p. 588.

day in the week to draw down the blinds of their windows, and look in each other's mournful countenances. If Mungo Park had discovered an African tribe that did this, what lamentations we should have had over their blindness; what subscriptions, and meetings, and schemes for their conversion! We do not mean that this is a universal custom, but it is one frequent enough to be quoted as a Scotch observance.

The instances of Scotch scrupulousness with regard to the Sabbath which it is easy to gather within a short time are innumerable. We remember to have heard that a minister who was to preach in the afternoon service, took an early dinner with a friend. After the meal was over, he went into a garden at the back of the house, and walked up and down, thinking over his discourse. The garden, like most gardens in a town, was commanded by the windows of the adjoining houses. His host watched him in agony for some time, and at last entreated him to come in, because the scandal he would create by being seen walking in a garden would do much more harm than his preaching could do good. No wonder that in a country where this could happen, poor herring fishermen are forced to lose two nights a week, for a bit of Sunday comes into two nights, and to let their prey go by for forty-eight hours out of the few days which give them the wealth of their year. No wonder that great efforts have been made in Scotland to stop all railway travelling whatever on Sunday. Mr. Cox, whose name deserves to be held in the highest honour by all lovers of rational religion, combated this monstrous proposal with great earnestness; and, although he was beaten in the particular instance which gave rise to his book, he and those who have worked with him have had some success, and on the main lines communication is open throughout the week. They also managed, by great exertion and perseverance, to start a Sunday steamer on the Clyde: but the outcry of the clergy was fearful. And what does all this outcry lead to? It leads, on the one hand, to an external, an unreal observance; and on the other, to gross immorality. What is a poor Scotchman to do on a day when he has not to labour, but may not go out and refresh himself in the open air? What he actually does is to soak himself with whisky. Sunday drunkenness in the large Scotch towns had reached such a frightful pitch, that, in 1854, the Forbes Mackenzie Act was passed, prohibiting the sale of all fermented liquors on Sunday. Men have begun to get drunk on Monday and Tuesday instead; and now there are hosts of Temperance Societies wishing to prohibit the sale of these liquors throughout the week. So it always is. Folly leads to foolish legislation: one piece of foolish legislation

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leads to another, and then follows either a violent reaction or profound national degradation.

Bad as English Sabbatarianism is, it is not so bad as this. The Established Church retained too much of the spirit of Christian antiquity to permit the full Judaical development of Puritanism. We are too apt, in these days, when complaining of the little positive good the Church has done, to forget the immense negative good it has effected by its toleration, wisdom, and moderation. In the teaching of the English Church there is not a trace of Sabbatarianism. The Fourth Commandment was inserted, together with the rest of the Decalogue, in the Communion Service, at a time when the Reformers had no reason to suppose that its insertion would be misinterpreted. The Catechism is silent on the subject of the Lord's Day altogether; and in explaining the duty towards God taught by the Ten Commandments, it omits to include the obligation to keep the first day of the week holy. This silence has had undoubtedly a considerable effect on English society. Individual ministers may inculcate Sabbatarianism; but they cannot altogether ignore the silent contradiction of the Liturgy. English Sunday-keeping is not what Calvin calls a gross and carnal superstition. The upper classes, whatever their theory may be, practically keep Sunday much as they would keep a Christian holiday. In the country, they read the paper, and dress leisurely, go to church, lunch, stroll about their grounds, look at their horses and dogs, dine quietly with their family, have a little sacred music which sends them to sleep, read a sermon to their servants, and go to bed; having passed a day which satisfies their consciences, and enables them to go comfortably through the arduous duties of the week. In London, the day is passed much in the same way, except that the claims of society are a little more attended to. The poor, also, are not themselves under the Sabbatarian yoke, although the Judaical tenets of their superiors press in an indirect way very hardly on them. The misfortune of the English poor in large towns is, not that they have substituted the Old Testament for the New, but that they know no more of either Testament than they do of the Koran. To get shaved, to have hot meat for dinner, to go to afternoon church in a clean smock, and to smoke a pipe with his children playing about him, is the Sunday ambition of the agricultural labourer. The London poor man buys his provisions on Sunday morning, reads his Sunday paper, and then goes in a river steamboat or a cheap excursion train. It is the middle class, and especially the lower portion of the middle class, that is the stronghold of English Puritanism. Its members are principally Dissenters. They have warm reli-

gious feelings, and they and their ministers are, generally speaking, exceedingly ignorant. Their theological learning is about on a par with that of Cromwell's Ironsides. They keep Sunday not exactly as the Puritans of the Commonwealth kept it, because their practice is modified by that of the other classes of the society in which they live; but they keep it with a real desire to obey the Jewish law.

Unfortunately, the class of small shopkeepers is, in England, the governing class. A few grocers and tailors can make their borough member eat his words and deny his opinions, because they hold his re-election in their hands. On most questions the shopkeeping class does not interfere; but when it does interfere, it is sure to be successful. Let any one, who is neither a small shopkeeper nor a Member of Parliament, reflect seriously on the debate of this Session on the motion for opening the British Museum and National Gallery on Sunday, and he can hardly fail to see that the true lesson it teaches is, that the franchise must be lowered. The wrong kind of electors return the wrong kind of legislators. The higher class of artisans and of day labourers is, in thought, character, habits of reflection, even honesty, far above the class of petty shopkeepers; and if these men had votes, they might do something to regenerate the electoral body. Considering, however, that power rests where it does, we ought not, perhaps, to affect much surprise at the result of the division. But we may well be surprised at the speeches made. Lord Stanley's was an admirable speech; but otherwise the House did itself very little justice. The speakers in opposition to the motion, and almost every speaker was in opposition, seemed possessed by two leading convictions,—one, that it was the duty of the Legislature to keep the people in check by forcing upon them opinions, whether true or not, which are calculated to promote the cause of order; and the other, that Christianity has no reality independently of positive law. The former is a relic of what was once the creed of the whole governing body in the generation that was terrified by the French Revolution. The reaction produced by that great shock cost Scotland all that her ministers of religion once possessed, and it was not very much, of a liberal, educated, and intelligent spirit: it cost England all that it necessarily costs a country to exist for nearly half a century in ignorance of political principles, and in blindness to political facts. Religion sank to the level of an art of governing; and when it has once descended to this, it is hard to raise it. In the debate we refer to, speaker after speaker opposed what they termed the insertion of the wedge. Opening the National Gallery might be right and proper in itself; but it was getting

the wedge in. The people would lose the notion, which the speakers did not pretend to say was a true one, that Sunday was a Divine institution; and if they did, who could tell how far the wedge would go? All our institutions would break up; there would be no religion, no going to church, no influence of the clergy, no distinction between right and wrong.—Do the gentlemen who use this language really believe that Christianity is a true religion, and especially adapted to the wants of mankind? If it is, surely it will make its own way; and its existence cannot depend on one set of persons, who think it right to go into a gallery on Sunday, being kept out by another set who think it abstractedly right that they should go in.

The sooner we give up the whole system of Anti-Jacobin government the better. The working-classes of our large towns are not to be dandled and coaxed into being good babies. They know too much, think too much, disbelieve too much. Any one who glanced over the three columns of the *Times* filled with the list of petitions presented to the House in opposition to the measure, might have thought popular feeling was strongly against it. Really the petitions showed nothing. In the shape of schools and religious societies there existed a machinery by which names were easily procured to these petitions, while no machinery existed for procuring signatures in favour of the measure. Even with all the efforts of almost all the Dissenting schoolmasters and ministers in the kingdom, and of many clergymen of the Established Church, the number of signatures was not really great. Lord Stanley stated that they only amounted to about 100,000, a small number compared with that obtained wherever much interest is taken; the signatures, for instance, presented in 1837 in favour of the abolition of Church-rates amounted to 600,000. More reliable indications of the real state of, at least, metropolitan feeling on the subject were afforded by the proceedings at certain meetings, expressly called to advocate the Sabbatarian view. At Kentish Town, a meeting was convened by the Sunday Rest Association. Lord Shaftesbury was in the chair, and proposed that the proceedings should commence with prayer. This raised an opposition. Large bodies of working men were present, and an amendment negating the Chairman's proposal was carried, and subsequently the meeting pledged itself to promote the opening of public institutions on Sunday. It is unfair to treat this as an outburst of ungodliness: it was merely a protest against the constant attempt, made both in and out of Parliament, to treat non-electors as having no independent existence, and only requiring to be led, managed, and talked to by their superiors.

Practically, in the present state of public feeling, and with

the present constitution of the electoral body, it is not to be expected, perhaps scarcely to be desired, that we should shake off at once the yoke of Sabbatarianism. It is necessary that the great majority of the nation should first regard Sunday in its true light, as a Christian festival. How the festival should be kept is a subordinate question; it is more important that we should get rid of the notions of modern Judaism than that we should lay down precise rules for Sunday observance. There is, however, one day in the year which is kept exactly in the spirit in which every Sunday should be kept;—Christmas-day furnishes the model of a festival, observed as a festival should be. Religious worship, kindness to the poor, the cementing of family ties, cheerful recreation, rest from labour, all find their appropriate place in the duties and occupations of the day. We wish that there was a Christmas-day in every week; but even the one that we have in the year furnishes the standard at which we may aim in our efforts to cast off the Puritan burden. And let it not be said that it is a slight thing to effect so much. This little change involves the whole. Who ever heard of Christmas-day-breaking? The obviousness of the answer suggests how completely Jewish the sin of Sabbath-breaking is. We must get rid of this from our list of sins. One of the favourite common-places of the day is that crime begins in Sabbath-breaking. The dying criminal confesses to his chaplain that his errors began in playing on Sunday instead of going to church: the terror of the gallows is held up before the minds of boys in Sunday schools: and really it is quite true that men are corrupted and ultimately hung because they have indulged in recreation on Sunday. They are told they commit a deadly sin if they amuse themselves on the Sabbath: they do amuse themselves: the burthen of the sin is on their souls, and they perish. But at whose door does the sin lie? It lies not at their door, for they were too ignorant to be responsible, but at the door of those who invented the sin, who preached it to them, who misled them. This portion of our subject has been handled with so much wisdom and force in the sermons of the late Mr. Robertson, of Brighton, that we must find room for an extract:—

“The second ground on which we are opposed to the ultra-rigour of Sabbath observance, especially when it becomes coercive, is the danger of injuring the conscience. It is widely taught by St. Paul that he who does anything with offence, *i. e.*, with a feeling that it is wrong, does wrong. To him it is wrong, even though it be not wrong abstractedly. Therefore, it is always dangerous to multiply restrictions and requirements beyond what is essential; because men, feeling themselves hemmed in, break the artificial barrier, but breaking it with a

sense of guilt, do thereby become hardened in conscience and prepared for transgression against commandments which are Divine and of eternal obligation. Hence it is that the criminal has so often in his confessions traced his deterioration in crime to the first step of breaking the Sabbath-day; and no doubt with accurate truth. But what shall we infer from this? Shall we infer, as is so often done upon the platform and in religious books, that it proves the everlasting obligation of the Sabbath? Or shall we, with a far truer philosophy of the human soul, infer, in the language of St. Peter, that we have been laying on him 'a yoke which neither we nor our fathers were able to bear?'—in the language of St. Paul, that 'the motions of sin were by the law,' that the rigorous rule was itself the stimulating, moving cause of the sin; and that when the young man, worn out with his week's toil, first stole out into the fields to taste the fresh breath of a spring-day, he did it with a vague, secret sense of transgression, and that having, as it were, drawn his sword in defiance against the established code of the religious world, he felt that from thenceforward there was for him no return, and so he became an outcast, his sword against every man, and every man's sword against him? I believe this to be the true account of the matter, and believing it, I cannot but believe that the false, Jewish notions of the Sabbath-day which are prevalent have been exceedingly pernicious to the morals of the country."—*Second Series*, p. 192.

We hope also, though it is a smaller matter, that if it were understood and admitted that Sunday was a Christian festival, more mercy would be shown towards children in parish schools. On a day of rest, of recreation, of thankfulness, these poor little things are most frequently treated as follows. They have to attend school from nine to half-past ten, parade to church, sit through service with a man at hand ready to rap their knuckles if they do not attend; then to school again at two and service till five; in all seven hours. Who can wonder that on first leaving school they break the Sabbath, and go birds'-nesting or rabbit-hunting? We remember to have heard of a school examined by the Government Inspector, who asked, among other questions on the division of time, which was the longest day. At first he got no answer; in a minute or two, a little boy looked suddenly intelligent, and said, "I knows, sir; it's Sunday!" When our Puritan friends talk of the blessings of the Sabbath, we may ask them to remember some of its curses, the poor children groaning under the "longest day," and the emancipated boy beginning his career of crime by Sabbath-breaking. We may be sure that no one who believed Sunday to be a purely Christian festival would have invented either the torture for the child or the sin for the boy. And it is for this reason, because the effect of the institution depends so much more on the spirit in which it is observed, and on the notions

associated with it, than on the precise regulations laid down for its observance. Ultimately, however, and we hope before long, the subordinate part of the subject will have to be considered and decided on, and we therefore proceed to offer a few remarks, first on regulations intended to prevent trading on Sunday, and secondly on those intended to restrict amusement.

The Act of Charles II. was much narrowed in its operation by the interpretation of the judges: it expressly forbade all work whatever by all persons whatever; but it specially mentioned particular trades, and specially spoke of men's ordinary callings. The judges restrained the effect of the general words by that of the special words; or to use plain language, treated the Act as if the general words had never been inserted. There are also great practical difficulties in exacting the penalties which the Act provides. "The existing law," says Sir Richard Mayne, in his evidence given before the Committee of the Lords in 1850, on the Sunday Trading Prevention Bill, "is quite inoperative; the penalty being too small, the trader being only liable for one act on a Sunday, and it being also necessary to prove the particular article to have been sold which was exposed for sale." But as all contracts made on Sunday with reference to the subjects of a man's ordinary calling are void, and as bills and notes cannot be presented on Sunday, the larger operations of commerce cannot be carried on during this day. Practically, the law works very tolerably well, supposing that we are to have any legislation at all upon the subject. The Sunday is a day of rest from the labours of men's ordinary callings, with three principal exceptions: that of persons engaged in providing travellers with means of locomotion and refreshment; that of public servants, whose duties, such as those of the police and the post-office, cannot be suspended; and lastly, that of persons who supply the wants of the poorer inhabitants of large towns. Domestic servants stand on so different a footing from other labourers, and have really so much rest allowed them on Sunday, that we need not include them in the list of exceptions. The shop-trading on Sunday is of course illegal; but common sense tells us that if workmen are paid late on Saturday night, and if there are thousands of persons in large towns who have no means of keeping provisions even for a day, some kinds of shops must be open. There is no great amount of this kind of Sunday trading in England; in some large towns, such as Exeter and Halifax, there is said to be none; but in most large towns there is some, and in London there is a great deal. There are streets on streets in London, down which a person may walk at twelve at noon on Sunday, and he will hardly see a shop

closed. This is illegal, but it is permitted; and that is almost the same as being legal. Common sense, or perhaps we may say a common-sense interpretation of the Act, also permits persons to exercise their calling on Sunday, when the times at which they can exercise it are necessarily precarious. Fishermen, for instance, fish as much as they please. Last year, indeed, we had a conviction by magistrates in Worcestershire for gathering in the harvest on Sunday; but the very notoriety which the conviction gained, showed that it was a rarity; and the Home Secretary subsequently remitted the punishment on the ground that in the particular case, that of a person gathering his own harvest, the Act did not apply.

But such cases of conviction under the Act, though rare, make us ask ourselves whether we ought to allow those who only do what tacit permission has made almost legal, to be exposed to the chance of being informed against by any malicious or fanatic neighbour. It has been said that we ought to have an Act expressly recognising and sanctioning those exceptions which custom and common sense dictate. And the present state of the law also suggests another change. If we prohibit trading at all, we ought, it is said, to prohibit it effectually. It is scandalous that one man in a hundred who wishes to trade, should force, by the fear of his competition, the ninety and nine who are otherwise disposed, to trade against their wishes. And yet he can always do so, if he pleases, unless the law is stringent enough to put him down easily and effectually. The traders themselves are anxious not to trade, but they cannot help it. It was on these grounds that last year Lord Robert Grosvenor brought forward his bill, which met so lamentable an end under the intimidation of the Hyde Park riots. This bill was not a Sabbatarian bill; the reasons for it rested on quite a different basis from those alleged for rejecting the proposal to open on Sunday the public museums and galleries. The argument for it was a very good argument. It is for the public good, its supporters said, that there should be one day of rest in the week; but it is impossible that there should be a day unless the legislature interferes, because one selfish man can force a whole locality to work. Lord Stanley affirmed that there were in London 50,000 persons who were compelled on Sunday to work against their will; and the majority of those who actually trade, are, it was said, quite in favour of a strict measure which would prevent their trading. The butchers of Clare-market, for instance, all with only one or two exceptions, signed a petition in favour of the measure. The bill was therefore intended to secure an acknowledged public benefit, and was brought forward in the interest of the overworked poor.

It was in some measure opposed to the Sabbatarian doctrine, because it legalised trading on Sunday up to nine o'clock in the morning. But it broke down, because it really could not deal with the necessary exceptions. The only exceptions it allowed, were that milk should be saleable in the afternoon, and newspapers till ten o'clock in the morning. But much more might be reasonably asked for. The bill only applied to the metropolis, and therefore it was not necessary to consider such cases as those of the reaper and the fisherman. But numberless instances suggested themselves in which the proposed measure would bear very hardly on the comfort of the poor. Why was a man who only had a long sleep once a week, and only shaved once a week, to get up so early on Sunday, that not only he but all the other customers of the barber should be shaved before nine o'clock? Again, as Mr. Drummond informed the House, there are 150,000 families in London who live in a single room: it would be rather hard to compel these persons to get their Sunday's dinner on Saturday, and keep it through the night, tainting the atmosphere, and becoming itself corrupted. Then there are many trades connected with the innocent recreation of the poor. Was the poor man in his afternoon's walk, his one holiday-walk in a dreary week, not to be allowed to buy an orange or a twist of tobacco? The public-houses were open in the middle of the day and in the evening, why should not the confectioners' shops be open too? Why should not the hungry pedestrian be able to buy a biscuit or a bun, without exposing himself to the temptation of spirituous liquors?

Mr. Drummond exactly expressed the real difficulty when he said that he disliked the insinuation contained in the title of the bill that its object was to prevent unnecessary trading on Sunday. "In point of fact, unnecessary trading on the Sunday could only be trading by the rich." A certain amount of Sunday trading is necessary; at present, custom regulates the amount, but when it is attempted to give a precise and legal character to the trading, it is found impossible to do so satisfactorily: either the measure is harsh on the poor, or is so lax as to make its enforcement inoperative. The House of Commons, in giving up Lord Robert Grosvenor's Bill, was not so much intimidated as convinced of the truth of this position, when brought strongly before them. Those who talked about the selfishness of the luxurious members of clubs were quite wrong in supposing any wish to exist in the upper class to curtail the pleasures of the lower. In the last century, a well-known nobleman said that he was glad to have a rainy Sunday, because he hated to see the poor enjoying themselves.

We will venture to say that there is not a trace of this feeling to be found now in either House of Parliament, or in any club in Pall-mall. The upper classes are far more anxious to promote the enjoyment and comfort of the poor than the middle class are, although their wish is displayed in rather a languid and negative way. But the spokesmen of the London poor were quite right in saying that the wants of the rich on Sunday were supplied by the club or the comfortable private house, and that the wants of the poor could only be supplied by Sunday trading. The rich were not to argue from what they could give up to what the poor could give up. In a measure which did not affect the rich at all, they must be guided entirely by the actual requirements and capabilities of the poor.

Are we, then, to adopt the other alternative, and protect the Sunday by no legislation whatever? We think this is the conclusion at which the country will ultimately arrive. But it is not to be desired, and certainly not to be expected, at present. It can only be carried out when the notion is widely spread and firmly held, that Sunday is a Christian festival, and a day set apart by common consent as a day of rest, religious worship, and recreation. If this were really believed and acted on, we might safely dispense with all legislative protection, excepting, perhaps, that which would be solely directed to facilitating the stopping of great commercial transactions: laws, for instance, preventing bills or notes which fall due on Sunday, being presented for payment. The nation which wished for a Sunday might be safely trusted to keep it. The degree in which Sunday has been observed has varied very considerably within the period during which legislation on the subject has remained the same. The last sixty years have seen a marked and gradual improvement. There is a real anxiety among five-tenths of the population to have a day of rest from work. We do not believe there would be a shop open in Regent-street or a factory at work in Manchester on Sunday, because the Act of Charles II. was repealed. Why are the theatres closed in Passion-week? They are bound by no law: one theatre might, on the competition theory, open all the week long, and so force all the others to open too. But the theatres are shut because society and managers alike wish them to be shut. It is certain that a population which works for six days in the week, can do more than a population which works for seven. Can it be supposed that men who know this, and believe this, will entirely forget it when they have to adopt it in practice? It is said that the many will remember it, the few forget it; and the competition of the few will force the many to do as the few do. This is hard to prove or disprove, but

certainly the balance of probability is against it. In countries where the Sunday is protected only by the feelings of the people, we do not find that all shopkeepers open their shops in the same way as on week-days; nor can it be said that the competition of their seven days a week presses at all hardly on our six. The defenders of Sunday legislation tell us not only that all would be forced to keep open shop, but that the workman will give seven days' work for six days' wages. Has it ever occurred to them to ask whether continental labourers do this, and if so, how it can happen that their employers do not reap any advantage from it. Both propositions cannot be true—that the masters will make their servants work seven days because it is profitable, and that it is unprofitable to make servants work more than six. The fact is, that the notions of English Sabbatarians on the subject are derived from seeing the erection of large buildings carried on in Paris upon the Sunday. When the Government or any other great employer has a particular object to effect within a definite time, it is of course advantageous to carry on the work without intermission. Everything that can be said in favour of giving the Sunday to rest can be said, and much more strongly, in favour of giving the night to rest: and yet the wheels of civilized society would stop if every one went to bed at ten o'clock. There are plainly exceptional cases; but it is quite a mistake to suppose that the bulk of the French people either does or can work during the whole week as Englishmen work during six days of it. What degree of necessity justifies the exception being applied in a particular case is a question for the decision of the individual conscience, and for that general conscience which we call public opinion. To most Englishmen the object of completing great buildings, to add a lustre to a dynasty, would seem an insufficient object: if so, we have nothing to do but to proclaim our opinion, and ourselves adhere to it.

That the existing Sunday legislation has a bad side, which ought most seriously to be taken into account when its praises are sung, is evident when we hear of such facts as the petition of the Clare-market butchers mentioned above. They were so accustomed to walk in legislative leading-strings, that they had lost all notion that there was a right thing for them to do, and that they could do it. From all we can learn of the wants and habits of the London poor, we think it a work of necessity that these butchers should open their shops during a part of Sunday. But if they do not think so, why do they not shut their shops? They say they are afraid to shut them—that their neighbours would get the start of them, their custom would fall off, and they would be ruined. But thousands of Jews shut their shops on

Saturday, and take their chance of ruin: why cannot Christians imitate them on Sunday? If the traders put this as a matter of conscience, let them be ruined: why should the State stand between an honest man and the sacrifice his conscience demands of him? But if they treat it as a matter of expediency, and calculate probabilities, we think the true answer is this:—If the poor require that these shops should be open on Sunday, it is on the whole expedient that the shops should be open, rather than that the butchers should have an entire holiday. If the poor do not require these shops to be open, or so far as they do not require it, the probability is that no one would be ruined by closing his business-premises on Sunday. Society is too much alive to the importance of a day of rest to encourage trading where it is unnecessary. Perhaps, at first it might be desirable that, in imitation of the early-closing movement, the traders of a district should agree formally to close their shops on Sundays. But it is not the agreement that really binds the shopkeepers; it is their sense of what is right and wise, gradually quickened by education; and it is the force of the opinion of others. These causes would soon operate to put down Sunday trading when really unnecessary: but even an agreement, as springing more directly from the will of individuals, and made on their responsibility, would be better than the restraint of a legislative enactment.

But whatever doubt there may be as to the extent to which the Acts prohibiting Sunday trading can safely be repealed, there is no doubt whatever that Sunday recreation should not only be permitted, but encouraged. For the poor of large cities the kind of recreation which consists in seeing country sights and tasting country air during a few hours of Sunday, is nothing short of a necessity. That railways make this recreation possible is one of the very few alleviations which have been given to the misery of modern city life. It is quite as much an act of charity, even of necessity, to send a poor man by a Sunday excursion train, as to take an ass out of a pit. The poor of London are in a pit, and a very foul pit too; we cannot do much for them, but we can prolong and sweeten their life by giving them an occasional glimpse into a happier and purer existence. How certainly the country acts as a restorative both to the physical and moral health of town populations, has been stated over and over again by all those best qualified to form an opinion. "The improvement in the general conduct of the people of London," says Sir Richard Mayne, in the report above referred to, "has been very great in recent years, and I attribute it to the increase of facilities for getting out of town." Sir Joseph Paxton, in his evidence given before the Committee

of the Commons upon the Beer Act, describes with most convincing minuteness and vividness the effect produced by opening the noble grounds of Chatsworth to the artisans of Macclesfield and Derby. Drunkenness decreases, family union is promoted, happiness is tasted; and even the exercise of that spirit of decorum and respect for property, which the poor invariably display when placed upon their honour, must exalt and strengthen the general character.

The duty of providing as far as possible means whereby the poor of large cities may be enabled to visit the country on Sundays is so obvious, that we may be surprised that even Sabbatarians do not look on it as a work of necessity. We think it very probable that much of their reluctance to see the truth as it is, arises from an unconscious confusion of the English with the Jewish poor. In the Bible they find the lot of poverty blessed, as sheltering most readily within it the excellencies of humility, disinterestedness, and unquestioning faith. The way, then, to elevate the poor is, they say, not to break the Sabbath by taking them into the country, but to show them how they may bear and even be grateful for their poverty. This is to forget what a poor Jew was, and what a poor Londoner is. It is not a crust of dry bread and a cup of water that crushes and degrades a man, but unwearied labour, expulsion from honest society, and vicious thoughts. In a hot climate and a thinly-populated country, to listen to the teaching of the law with which he had long been familiar, to restrain avarice, to surrender himself to religious impressions, was a task quite within the compass of a poor man's power, and akin to the long-developed instincts of a Jew. His poverty may be compared with that of a Highland or a Cumberland peasant: they have little worldly comfort, but they have time for sober thought, and bodies healthy enough to be the dwelling-place of a healthy mind. Contrast with this the hopeless, heartless, grovelling, toiling, careworn misery of the poor in Bermondsey or Houndsditch. Health, relief from the strain on mind and body, quiet sleep in pure air, a change for the eye and the brain, are absolutely necessary before these men can be raised from their state of moral degradation. The physical question is the primary one,—Can the poor of London be made healthy enough to grow better? There is only one day in the week on which anything can be done to solve this question, and we are asked to throw this day away.

Where are we to stop? it is asked: are we to go on till not only the poor man has country recreation, but places of amusement open for him in towns? If any places of amusement are open, should any be compulsorily shut? The country recreation is so infinitely the more important point, that we do not

think the opening of town places of amusement very much worth discussing at present. But ultimately we see no reason to doubt that all amusements may and will be permitted. That the British Museum and National Gallery should be opened, cannot be denied for a moment, on any other than purely Sabbatarian grounds. A more plausible objection is made to permitting any place of amusement to be open on Sunday where money is taken at the doors, because to permit one and to refuse another, is to create a monopoly; and if all amusements are permitted, the nation will, it is feared, become absorbed in amusement on a day that should be devoted to better purposes. We have here exactly the same proposition as that urged for prohibiting Sunday trading; and here, again, its truth is equally questionable. If it is a bad thing to indulge in certain amusements on Sunday, why should we suppose that every one will indulge in them simply because he is permitted to do so? The Act of George II., which closes places of amusement, is as much a subject of uncertainty as the Act of Charles II. regarding trade. The Committee on Public Houses noticed in their report how easily it was evaded. "The inconsistency," they say, "that suffers the singing saloons of Manchester and Liverpool, and Cremorne and the Eagle Tavern Gardens, to be open on Sunday, and shuts in the face of all but the proprietors, and those who have free admission, the gardens of the Zoological Society, and the vast and varied school of secular instruction provided within the grounds and building of the Crystal Palace, is too glaring for continuance." The law thus, as it stands, fails where it most wishes to succeed. And if we attempt to lay down any rules as to what amusements are and what are not innocent, we are at once beset with infinite difficulties. What is an amusement? A clergyman lately told us that he had been severely censured by a Sabbatarian for carrying a walking-stick on Sunday. We despair, after this, of finding any recreation that all will agree in as innocent. We must leave the matter to the decision of conscience and taste; and we should hope that common sense, good feeling for others, and respect for the religious character of the day, might be trusted to pronounce, from time to time, what limits it would be advisable to impose by custom, not by law, on the liberty of recreation.

If we amuse ourselves, it is said, what is to hinder a Continental Sunday being transplanted into England? A Continental Sunday!—that is the bugbear. It is one that we may meet with confidence; for we do not hesitate to say that, in the greater portion of the Continent, the Sunday is kept better than in England. Even the Sunday of Paris is better than the Sunday of Edinburgh. What are the two things that we are

asked to compare? Let us leave out extremes, and compare the Sunday of a large English town with the Sunday of Germany or Switzerland. In what respect have we the advantage? A German father of a family goes to church in the morning, dines and smokes, spends his afternoon in tea-gardens with his family, and goes to the theatre in the evening. He spends a day more or less religious according to the dictates of his conscience—social, cheerful, bright with innocent pleasure. Who are we, that we should condemn him? It is a very favourite topic at religious meetings to express gratitude that the light of the Gospel shines so much more brightly here than on the Continent, and to thank God that we are not as other men are. Would a German, who saw blinds drawn down on Sunday, and walking-sticks rejected as an earthly vanity, much wish to be like us? To say nothing of the much higher and truer Christian liberty of those who have not “made a ghostly idol of their Sunday,” the German has conspicuously the advantage in two minor points—the power of sociality, and the power of enjoyment. The lamentable want of anything like enjoyment in England, except in field-sports, is the source of most of our great national faults, especially of money-worship. The few Englishmen, even in the higher ranks, who can enjoy, are scarcely comprehensible to the mass of their acquaintance. A recent writer,* to whose wisdom and honesty every writer on the Sunday question should pay a grateful tribute, tells a story of Lord Melbourne and a young guardsman going with some ladies to a theatre. Next day the guardsman complained to the ladies that the evening had been stupid, and that there had been nothing to see. Lord Melbourne was told of this, and exclaimed, “Nothing to see! were there not the lobsters in the fish-shops to look at as we went along?” Lord Melbourne was one of the few men who could enjoy. If only one man in five could take pleasure in looking at a lobster-shop, and only one man in ten would take his wife to look at the sight, England would be a very different country from what it is.

Great lamentations are poured forth over the number of persons who must be employed if popular recreation is permitted. It is a question partly of necessity, partly of good arrangement. The few must be sacrificed for the many. The physician who cures a fever or the surgeon who sets an arm on Sunday loses his rest. So, too, those excellent physicians and ministers of health, the engine-drivers and stokers of Sunday excursion trains, must lose their rest. It is unavoidable; but at the same time the actual number of persons requisite to carry on the machinery of recreation is, under good systematic

* Friends in Council Abroad. “*Fraser's Magazine*,” January, 1856.

arrangement, wonderfully small. The writer of a pamphlet entitled "*Sermons in Glass*" has calculated the relative proportion of persons employed and persons benefited in the ordinary channels of Sunday recreation; and he gives the following result of his inquiry:—

In omnibuses the services of one person benefit . . .	42
In railways	51
In steamboats	95
In the Crystal Palace they might benefit	200

We do not vouch for the accuracy of the calculation, but probably it approaches the truth. And whatever the number may be, nothing would be more easy to arrange than that persons employed on Sunday should have a holiday or half holiday in the week: the police engaged on Sunday have already in some districts a holiday, and a special service at church for them on Wednesday morning. It is true that in many kinds of recreation the work imposed on those employed might really not be compensated by any good gained by the people at large. In the present state of the English drama, for instance, we think it much better that the theatres should be shut on Sunday. It is difficult to say whether theatres at present afford least instruction or amusement. But no rigid rule should be laid down, and every particular instance can only be settled by consideration of the circumstances, of the balance of advantages, and of the general feeling on the subject.

Let us repeat once more what we have said above, that no question about the abolition of the laws limiting Sunday trading and Sunday recreation can be properly entertained and disposed of until the true notion of Sunday as a Christian festival has settled into the minds of men. No exertions to spread this truth can be too great or too rapid. But the mode of taking advantage of growing knowledge, and of more true and liberal opinions on the subject, is a matter requiring the exercise of moderation, of respect for others, and at the same time of firmness. On the one hand, we cannot expect that prejudices associated with religion should die out at once, or that feelings ingrained into national character should rapidly fade away. On the other hand, timidity may only prolong the struggle; we cannot consent to be defrauded of the liberty that is our due: and we may come to the conviction that there is not only sound doctrine, but sound advice, in the well-known sentence of "*Luther's Table Talk*" (p. 319)—

"If anywhere the day is made holy for the mere day's sake—if anywhere any one sets up its observance upon a Jewish foundation, then I order you to work on it, to ride on it, to dance on it, to feast on it, to do anything that shall remove this encroachment on Christian liberty."

ART. VI.—THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA.

1. *Acten des Wiener Congresses in den Jahren 1814, 1815.* Herausgegeben von J. L. Klüber. 9 vols. Erlangen: 1815—1835.
2. *Histoire du Congrès de Vienne.* Par l'auteur de l'Histoire de la diplomatie Française. (Flassan.) 3 vols. Paris: 1829.
3. *Denkwürdigkeiten und vermischte Schriften.* Von K. A. Varnhagen von Ense. Vol. V. Leipzig: 1840.
4. *Lebensbilder aus dem Befreiungskriege.* Von L. von Hormayr. Jena: 1844.
5. *Ans Karl von Nostitz, &c. Leben und Briefwechsel.* Dresden, u. Leipzig: 1848.
6. *Das Leben des Ministers Freiherrn vom Stein.* Von G. H. Pertz. Vols. III. and IV. Berlin: 1851.
7. *Correspondence, Despatches, and other Papers of Viscount Castlereagh, second Marquis of Londonderry.* Edited by his brother, Charles William Vane, Marquis of Londonderry. Vols. X. and XI. London: 1853.
8. *Hansard's Debates.* Vols. XXIX. and XXX.

OLD, ever renovating Europe has been the scene of many epochs and glad openings of new eras; but never before did the hearts of her children expand with such joyous universal hope, as in the spring and summer of 1814. The nights grew bright with illuminations, the days with national festivals and jubilees. Poets emulated the lark in gladsome song; philanthropists and social philosophers, busy as happy bees in summer's sunshine, gathered speculative honey for the sweetening of the nations; whilst universal mankind, literally from the throne to the cottage, mingled pious gratitude with fond resolves. For the conqueror, more dreadful still to the high than to the low ones of the earth, was conquered; the long weary struggle was gloriously ended, and there was once more PEACE! Born sovereigns who had learned the taste of the stranger's bread far away from native thrones, or had experienced some other humiliating eclipse of hereditary splendour, could now return home again with rejoicing, bringing their "sheaves" with them, and rich with "precious seed" of experience, make the people happy. And there was to be a remodelling of the map of Europe, and a general settlement upon lasting foundations. Germany was to initiate a new national life,

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and make ready for the awakening of old Barbarossa from his long sleep in the Harz mountain. Russia, the magnanimous "deliverer of Europe," having practically demonstrated its importance to mankind, was henceforth to be not only a leading member in the European system, but regarded itself the chosen champion of suffering nationalities—in Poland, Greece, and the Slavonic world generally. May not the Sclave be the coming man Europe has been waiting for? Alexander and his Russians had reasons for proud joy. The Netherlands were to be reunited as if no effectual Duke of Alva or Spanish Inquisition had ever operated there; and the new kingdom was to be closely united with England, both by family and political ties. As to this country, what feelings, what hope could be too high for it? It was but a hundred years since it had for the first time taken a prominent part in continental affairs, and gained the peace of Utrecht; and now kings and heroes, the *élite* of all Europe, have come over to testify personally their admiration and gratitude to the sturdy islanders whose subsidies were so bountiful. The pulse of England beat high, and her stern bosom warmed even towards Cossacks with flat noses and slanting eyes.—The Regent of England, on his right hand the Hero of England carrying the sword of State which he knows how to wield, and surrounded by the high and the beautiful of the land, joined in the people's cathedral with all ranks and conditions of men, in ascribing all glory to the Most High. Now surely liberty and plenty shall begin to reign, what shall hinder?—The weight that had long pressed upon the spirits of men was removed, and great was the rebound of their recovered elasticity.

But not only the victorious Allies and liberated nations rejoiced. France, who had to pay the piper, and whose "rebound" could hardly be supposed to be in the upward direction, closed her chapter of conquest and glory not with bitterness alone; but remembering the good King Henri IV. and his paternal concern for every Frenchman's Sunday dinner, took again kindly and even sanguinely to his descendants. "The King of Prussia," writes Madame de Staël, "was astonished that being vanquished should cause them so much pleasure." The career of glory was run; and the reign of Constitutional liberty, without conscription and *droits réunis*, was to commence, and of quiet, prosperous citizen life, pleasant to contemplate after so many years of restless existence. The second Charlemagne, who had made France the Empire-state and Paris the City of the world, was indeed caged; but his magnificent enterprise, ended in such a way, had cost five milliards of money and three millions of French lives; and he overshadowed everybody, and would suffer no will but his own. A Bourbon with a constitution will

be better. And so, not only high-born royalist ladies, in exuberance of spirits, jumped behind Cossack's saddles and made their entry into Paris that fashion; but even Carnot and his like felt sanguine; and Béranger, the people's troubadour, sang the praises of the King of Yvetot, "*se levant tard, se couchant tôt*," who made four meals a-day, was a good neighbour, caused no tears to his people except at his death, and slept well without glory. Such a reign will be pleasant, although inaugurated by "*Lord Villain-ton*." And so the bourgeoisie, looking forward to good trade, joined in the chorus,

"Oh, oh, ah, ah, quel bon petit roi c'était là!"

France had been treated leniently by the victorious Allies; no indemnities were demanded; she was preserved, even with some trifling augmentation, in her limits of '92; which included Alsace, in good part "stolen," the Germans say, by Louis XIV., and which the German Powers, having now reconquered it, thought they had a right to retain. But Alexander and Wellington, who had also a word to speak in the matter, spoke it generously for France. That was at the Peace of Paris, the "first" Peace. On that memorable occasion the Allies—repeating with lighter hearts the promise made three months before, at the Treaty of Chaumont, while the shadow of Napoleon was still on the horizon—solemnly declared, That, animated by the desire to put an end to the long agitations of Europe and the misfortunes of nations, by a solid peace upon a *just repartition of forces amongst the Powers*; they had agreed to maintain harmony and a good understanding, not only with each other, but, as much as in them lay, amongst the nations of Europe generally.—Be it noticed as a feature on the dial-plate of History, that here, for the first time in international transactions, "Europe" appears as a body corporate; it is the first joint action on record in the name and general interest of "all Europe." Christian nations, improving in that respect upon the lawless practice of antiquity, had already established a *jus gentium*; and here, improving again upon that, we have the notion of a Pan-European Constable with authority to keep the peace in this large part of the world,—if but his staff and his discretion prove adequate to the business!

Other points agreed upon at Paris are: That Holland, with an augmentation of territory, is to be placed under the sovereignty of the House of Orange. Germany to form a confederation of Sovereign States. Italy, with the exception of the parts falling to Austria, also to consist of Sovereign States. Switzerland to continue in its independence. England to keep Malta and the French colonies of Tobago, St. Lucia, and the Mauritius. The

navigation of the Rhine to be free to all nations, and means to be found for applying the same rule to other rivers, so as to facilitate the intercourse of nations.—By additional secret articles it was agreed that the Allies were to arrange the distribution and settlement of the Countries retaken from France, or become otherwise disposable, amongst themselves, without the participation of France; and it was indicated in general outline how these countries were to be appropriated: Austria and Sardinia are to have Upper-Italy; Genoa to be incorporated with the latter. Belgium to be joined to Holland. The Countries on the left side of the Rhine to go to Holland, Prussia, and other German States. All these arrangements to be completed at a general Congress which is to assemble within two months at Vienna.—Signed at Paris, 30th May, 1814, by France, Austria, Prussia, Russia, England, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden; the last seven being the parties to the Treaty of Chaumont, which had preceded the final march upon Paris.

The Peace was signed at Paris; the Triumph celebrated in London; the new settlement of Europe was to be decided at Vienna. Thither all eyes were now turned.—Ancient *Vindobona*, city of the Wends or Vandals, old as the green hills that overhang it; modern Wien or Vienna, capital of Eastern Germany, and metropolis of all that motley agglomeration of countries which the historical “good luck” of the Hapsburgs has gathered under the once Ducal now Imperial Crown of Austria, has seen many visitors and chronicled many vicissitudes since Marcus Aurelius wrote his contemplations and ended his career within its precincts. Frederick Barbarossa lodged here on his way to Palestine, and Richard Cœur de Lion, involuntarily, on his return. Under its walls Rudolph of Hapsburg, the brave Swiss gentleman who could pray and fight, defeated King Ottakar of Bohemia, and established his house, it appears, on lasting foundations. Outpost of Western civilization towards the Slavonic-Asiatic population, it has had to bear and to ward off, shield-like, many dangerous onsets from Huns, Maggiars, Turks; at the last of which the gallant Sobieski, did not exactly “save,” as his eloquent countrymen are fond of boasting, but bravely assisted the other relieving armies in saving Vienna. Two generations earlier (1619) it had stood a still more ominous siege: the Protestants of Bohemia were at the gates; the Protestant Estates of Austria, the chief nobility (all Protestants in those days!) had forced their way into the castle with their petition of rights. King Ferdinand stood alone amidst revolted subjects, none to help him but the Virgin Mary. “Ferdinand, wilt thou sign soon?” cried one of the deputation of nobles; while the Bohemian shells were hissing about the palace-windows. Ferdinand, trust-

ing firmly in the Virgin, did not sign. He had promised his dying mother, and vowed at the shrine of Loretto, to put down heresy in his realms, and make Catholicism again triumphant. Nor did the Virgin forsake him. Dampière's cuirassiers, with the Spanish-Netherlandish army behind them, saved the king from his rebellious nobles and besieging Bohemians, and enabled him to begin the Thirty Years' War, and to make Catholicism very triumphant in Austria. The once sturdy Austrian burghers in the course of time became obedient loving subjects, and were spiritually cut off from the rest of Germany. They lived an easy physical life, giving more exercise to their stomach than to their brain. The only voice by which they still spoke to intellectual Europe was the fiddle. Mozart speaking the higher passions that lay inarticulate in them; Strauss the lower. But they were always an unthinkingly loyal, a kindly, physically well-conditioned people; and, in course of time, they had their beautiful Maria-Theresa, whose noble female instincts surpassed the wisdom of men. Her, Vienna saw as a brilliant, high-spirited Amazon, heading her gallant chivalry in defence of the integrity of Austria against the world: saw her also as loving mother, when one night she appeared suddenly at her box-front, in the Burg-theatre, in homely attire and candle in hand, to announce with thrilling voice to her dear Viennese that her son "Leopold's wife had got a boy!" After that Vienna saw her son Joseph putting down Jesuits, dissolving convents, endeavouring to undo the work of Ferdinand, and to break, if possible, the partnership with the Virgin Mary. But not proving strong enough for the work, it broke him. Finally, in recent years, Vienna had heard the cannon of Austerlitz and Wagram, and seen Maria-Theresa's grandson—the same whose birth she proclaimed so joyously in the Burg-theatre—now Kaiser Franz, in his white uniform with red facings, much shorn of the ancient Hapsburg splendour, riding by the side of his intended son-in-law—the once Corsican lieutenant! But Vienna did not love its Kaiser less for his misfortunes; received him as in triumph when returning from defeat; armed and fought when bid to fight; submitted when bid to submit; unthinkingly loyal and obedient throughout. And when lately her old good fortune had returned to Austria, and Francis came home from the wars and from Paris, bringing his daughter back, and with an Austrian Empire larger than ever in his and Metternich's pockets—what could the good Viennese do but exult, illuminate allegorical transparencies which glorified "the father and the daughter," and echo by the Danube the shouts from the Thames?

Such were some of the prominent scenes in the historical panorama of Vienna, when it prepared itself for a scene of a

novel kind and unprecedented grandeur: Europe, for the first time since the fair nymph that gave it name was landed upon its shores, and peopled it with the judicious race of Minos and Rhadamanthus—meeting in peace as one commonwealth; emperors, kings, and princes, representatives of republics, cities, and corporations assembled in a parliament of nations. *Cedunt armæ togæ*. Now let counsel prevail, and the balance of power, and the interests of mankind be cunningly devised and firmly established by wisdom.—The streets of Vienna are narrow and crooked, and the city is but ill adapted for harbouring large concourses of people. Its moral atmosphere is not invigorating or favourable to political new-births; nevertheless, Vienna is the chosen Olympia of European counsel. Let us hope that the counsellors will be proof against the genius of the place! At all events, in the early September days, posthorses were greatly in requisition in all the great thoroughfares of the Continent, and innumerable vehicles were seen travelling with the horses' heads towards the south-east corner of Germany, where the Teutonic and Sclavonic worlds meet, and the waters run lazily towards the stagnant East. The Congress was to have met in July, but to accommodate the English plenipotentiary, Lord Castlereagh, who was still detained by parliamentary duties, and the Emperor of Russia, who had to look in at home, where several things had gone wrong while he was abroad delivering Europe,—the formal opening was postponed to the first of October. It was presumed that that would give ample time for the Allies to come to an understanding about the appropriation of the conquered territories they had to dispose of. France, according to one of the secret clauses of the Peace of Paris, was not to participate in that part of the business of Congress; which it would be desirable, therefore, to have got done, and established as a *fait accompli*, before the arrival of her ambassador, the Prince Talleyrand, so as not to hurt that gentleman's feelings. It was expressly for this latter purpose that Castlereagh—after stopping at Ghent, where English and American commissioners were negotiating a peace—travelled by way of Paris, to retard the prince's departure a little, apologize for the unavoidable cause, and keep his mind unruffled. The English minister took the opportunity, also, of hinting the fitness of the restored Bourbons initiating their expected course of gratitude towards England by the concession of a little commercial treaty; and the hope that they would be tractable about the slave-trade. Neither of which suggestions Talleyrand, to his infinite regret, was in a condition to enter upon just then. So Castlereagh travelled on eastward, and our good friend Talleyrand, biting the curb, tarried yet a fortnight.

Whilst the diplomatic world is on the road, stopping in likely places to sound Courts, conciliate colleagues, lay in statistics and stocks of good wine, (the Hon. Fred. Lamb's despatch apprising us in time that there is "not one drop" to be had at Vienna), let us inquire a little what work was before them, and what humour they brought to it. The Congress was to carry out the conditions which in the Peace of Paris had been sketched in general outline. It was obvious that the most important point would be that same distribution of disposable countries and territories, involving the political destinies of thirty-two millions of souls, and the "balance of power." The Peace of Paris, we said, specifically mentioned what England was to keep, and how Austria, Sardinia, and Holland were to be gratified; but Prussia's portion was left undefined, and Russia was not mentioned at all. There are, however, private treaties in existence between Russia, Prussia, and Austria, guaranteeing to the two latter Powers their integrity of 1805, and stating that the future arrangements with regard to the Duchy of Warsaw should be made by common agreement between them. Here also were vague indications, that might open a door to difficulties. It does not appear, however, that the Powers had any misgivings; expecting, as they did, to get all that matter settled before Talleyrand's arrival. Yet it was a difficult task: it involved what, in our day, has been called a remodelling of the map of Europe;—a great opportunity for a parliament of nations, and much coveted by sanguine self-confident politicians; but, seriously considered, an enterprise surpassing human capacities. In political, as in natural geography, *lasting* things have to adjust themselves by mutual pressure, each part bringing its own real weight to bear, and taking its ultimate position according to the impressions it makes and receives. Countries are united by force and by affinity, and oftenest both conditions are needed, and the affinity has to be established by force. Modern centralized France, for instance, presents itself unitary enough, every mother's son, whether of the *Langue d'Oc* or *Langue d'Oui*, proud of his Frenchhood: yet centuries of *force*, of a rough and terrible kind, underlie this smooth surface of unity. Nor did England grow into a United kingdom by the mere mutual goodwill and desire of the three kingdoms to be united; but the prevailing *force* of one of them played an important part in the process. Germany, on the contrary, though full of affinities, did not consolidate into complete unity in default of an adequate constraining force. In joining populations *justly* together, it will therefore be necessary to decide, first, are there affinities? and secondly, is there adequate constraining force somewhere, to prevent separation upon the first quarrel, such

as will arise even in love-matches? If we descend, however, from speculative philosophy to the concrete business of the Congress, we find that the prime consideration there was the balance of power: to lay so many "souls" into this scale and so many into that, till an approximate equilibrium be established; which is an altogether external and simpler process. The process was further simplified by the antecedent fact of several of the countries under question being already taken possession of, and militarily occupied by parties who were qualified with regard to force at least. England occupied the French and Dutch colonies, the Ionian Islands, and other stations; and is more likely to tell the Congress what it is willing to give up, than to ask what it shall be allowed to keep. Austrian troops held Upper-Italy; Russia commanded in the Grand-Duchy of Warsaw; and the argument of *uti possidetis* will be troublesome to meet. Belgium and Northern Italy are already appropriated. What remains at the absolute disposal of Congress are the German countries left of the Rhine; Saxony, whose king, last ally of Napoleon, has been taken prisoner at Leipzig, and his kingdom sequestered; and the Duchy of Warsaw, which had also belonged to the said captured king, but has fallen into the hands of Russia. The materials for the reconstruction of Prussia, to its former strength, "at least," will have to be found in those countries.

Of the Powers expected to play an influential part at the Congress there was none so favourably situated as England. Already in undisputed possession of what suited its purpose, it had nothing essential to demand for itself, and was in a position to act as umpire in the conflicting pretensions of others, and as guardian of general interests. Of its own immediate affairs, the Ionian Islands alone are yet an open question; and there might be some faint whisper about Malta, which the former masters of that historical rock, the once useful but now very *rococo* Knights of St. John would fain call their own again; or they might be satisfied with Corfu instead. But medieval St. John will have but a poor chance against modern St. George. England, therefore, has for itself nothing to hope and nothing to fear from the Congress. Thanks to the British Channel—"that cursed ditch which separates you from the rest of us," as Maria-Theresa's husband once peevishly, and, as it were, in angry protest against the geology of our globe, observed to an English ambassador—thanks to that "ditch," England forms a little world of its own, sufficient to itself, and with the wide ocean for its surplus activities. The affairs of the Continent can neither vitally assist it, nor vitally harm it: it need never meddle with them unless it likes. The grandest chapters of its history

are without continental feats and alliances. Its active interference with the continental affairs of Europe was but of a century's standing, and had from first to last been in opposition to France, and upholding what used to be called the "liberties of Europe;" that is to say, supporting the House of Hapsburg against the House of Bourbon. A considerable portion of the annual savings of English industry during that century found its way into universal circulation through the Austrian, Danish, Hessian, &c., exchequers, till English subsidies grew to be a weighty element in the European equilibrium. The struggle had begun with Louis XIV., and ended with the defeat of Napoleon. Arrived at this point, the English Government had nothing so much at heart as to establish a good understanding, and even intimate relations, with France. The French people, it is true, were not likely to love "*Lord Villain-ton*" and his occupying army very much; but their restored rulers, the Bourbons, had every reason to be grateful to him and to England, and were expected to be so. Louis XVIII., before taking leave of the hospitable shores of England to take possession of his ancestral throne, had addressed solemn words to the Prince Regent: "I shall always regard the wise counsels of your Royal Highness, this great empire, and the perseverance of its people, as, next to Providence, the principal cause of the re-establishment of my House upon the throne of our ancestors, and of this happy state of things which will heal all wounds, calm all passions, and render peace and happiness to all nations." By a singular reversion of history, the old plan of the Bourbons to change the hostility of the two countries into close alliance by means of a restoration in England, was now to be realized in their own person. England and France united, so ran now the argument of the statesmen of both countries, may insure "peace and tranquillity" to the world—a thing desirable before all else, after the excitements of late years. That union would give a new turn to European politics; and here is the Congress as the first opportunity to try its effects. England and France may be arbitrators at the Congress, so writes the Duke of Wellington to Lord Castlereagh, if those powers *understand* each other; "but I think," he adds, significantly, "your object would be defeated, and England would lose her high character and station if the line of M. de Talleyrand is adopted," which is, to arbitrate *everything*! There will, therefore, it appears, even with every desire for a mutual "understanding," be some divergence between the aims and views of the statesmen of the two countries. In one object, however, they were likely to coincide: watchfulness of Russia. Wellington and Castlereagh, at least, are wide awake on the subject; the former, at Paris, watches jealously "any disposition to take

up the Emperor of Russia;" and the Foreign Secretary, who is not very apt to look through millstones, once actually rises into prophetic sagacity: glancing at the growth of Russia, he says that France may yet "be found a useful rather than a dangerous member of the European system." The fact is, that though Russia is still our ally, and the Muscovites "showing their flat faces in all thoroughfares," (to Byron's great annoyance,) have just been greatly fêted in London, there are already jealousies and suspicions arising. Alexander and the Prince Regent did not get on well together, and are said to have parted very coolly. At Paris and at the Hague, we know from good sources, the Czar has displayed his most winning ways, and from various courts our agents send whispers of Russian intrigue. Russian matches are brought on the *tapis* in all quarters: with a Prince of Spain, with the Prince of Orange, our own *protégé*; nay, with the Duc de Berri himself! a game into which we cannot enter, having but one princess to dispose of, and she a Protestant, and with a will of her own. By and by, we hear also of Russian officers at Paris, copying maps of the countries between the Russian frontier and India. Russia evidently must be watched, and a good understanding with France cultivated.

On the whole, Castlereagh went to Vienna with a proper Tory apprehension of "the great moral change coming on in Europe," and of the constitutional experiments in progress everywhere; with a clear idea of the paramount necessity of "peace and tranquillity;" with dim notions of co-operation with France and opposition to Russia, but without endangering said peace and tranquillity; and with one definite, well-considered, much affected project—the formation of the Kingdom of the Netherlands, as a strong bulwark against France, a wholesome barrier to Prussian ambition, a valuable dependent of England under all circumstances. That was the English contribution towards the new map of Europe; regarded by English diplomacy as the keystone of any safe and permanent territorial arrangement, and of the first importance to English interests. By the other Powers, it was looked upon and accepted especially as the "English project;" claimed by England on the ground of her services to the common cause; in which England was to be humoured, and in consideration for which, England, on her part, was not to grudge to others *their* especial projects.

The southern provinces of the Low Countries, ever since their separation from the northern, at the time of the famous revolt against Philip the Second's bigoted rule, had been a bone of contention between rival powers. While the Dutch Republic ran an honourable career of national independence, Belgium always "belonged" to somebody: now to Spain, now to Austria, now

in part to France, to whom it served as a stepping-stone into Holland and the Empire. It had early become a make-weight in the European equilibrium, put now into this scale of the balance, now into that. Placed between two great nations of different race, it offers in the West a geographical parallel (though with its ancient arts and industry, beautiful cities, substantial burghers, and thrifty peasantry, it bears no other resemblance) to Poland in the East. Manifold had been the projects for its settlement. Henri IV., it is said with the concurrence of Elizabeth, had already a plan for the reunion of the old seventeen provinces, as a barrier against the power of Spain; but the dagger of the Jesuits intervened fatally. When the character of endangering the independence of nations had passed from Spain to France, the "Barrier-treaty" turned these provinces as a check against French aggression. When, at the outbreak of the Revolution, they had fallen as the firstfruits of the Republic, and Napoleon, at Antwerp, had become an inconvenient neighbour to England, Pitt, in *his* projected new map, had assigned the Netherlands to Prussia, with a view to place a strong military power against France, Austria having forsaken the post of honour and danger. The Jena catastrophe spoiled that plan, but gave occasion to another: which, as a diplomatical curiosity, is worth remembering, although nothing came of it. Count Münster, the Hanoverian minister in London, a very worthy man, and tried servant of the House of Brunswick, was at that time confidential adviser of his royal master in German and continental affairs, in which he was likely enough to be better versed than the constitutional advisers of the Crown, whose training is not favourable to an intimate acquaintance with foreign matters. This Hanoverian nobleman, who knew German history, seeing the catastrophe of Jena, and presuming that the star of the Hohenzollerns, whom, as a good Guelph, he never owed much love, had set for ever—remembered that, in the year 1180, that famous ancestor of the House of Brunswick, and relative of the English Plantagenets, Henry the Lion, the renowned Guelph, had suffered great wrong at the hands of the Ghibelline Kaisers, and the Holy Roman Empire of German nation; and that now, after the lapse of six centuries, the moment for reparation had come. Whereupon he drew up a plan of a great Guelphic empire, of which Hanover was to form the *nucleus*, with the addition of Westphalia in the south, Belgium in the west, and North-Germany to the Elbe in the east,—such empire to constitute a patrimony for the heir of the Crown of Hanover, the early separation of which from the English Crown being already in prospect. The career of Prussia in the north of Germany was run; and the Guelphs were to have a second coming more

glorious than the first. "It is in your Royal Highness's power," said the Count, in his report to the Prince Regent, "to acquire a new inheritance for your supreme house, where it may reign when the course of events will transfer the British Crown to another house, and to establish a new empire, whose people will bless their founder to the latest generations." The Prince Regent relished the flattering project of his trusty liegeman as well almost as cold punch that gave no head-ache; and commanded it to be communicated to the Russian and Swedish ambassadors. Münster tried to gain the favour of leading German men for his plan; and in his argument with Stein, who was not so ready to give up Prussia, he compared the liberal government of the Georges, "under whose reign England had been freer than ever before," and their wise system of *laissez-faire*, with the Prussian "ramrod and corporal-stick" strict method of administration, and ignorance of the principle, that "he governs best who governs least."

Whether the Duke of York, to whom the important part of executing the project had been assigned, would have proved equal to the task of grasping the sword of his famous ancestor, and of wielding it with better success than the Lion had done, remains undecided to this day. For, while the Guelph-project was still under consideration, the decisive movement for the liberation of Germany began in the east instead of the west. The *grande armée* was no more. The Russians had crossed the Niemen. The Prussians had risen, carrying their king along with them; and were giving unmistakable proof that they were still somewhat, and that their living vitality would go farther in North Germany than the dead Lion's historical pretensions. Count Münster's plan fell into the paper-basket, and the Netherlands are now to be provided for according to this final English project of re-uniting the old seventeen provinces, with additions on the German side, and with the Prince of Orange as king over them. This and the slave-trade question were the two special objects the charge of which devolved upon the English plenipotentiaries at Vienna. These were, besides Lord Castlereagh, his brother Lord Charles Stewart (afterwards Marquis of Londonderry), and Lords Cathcart and Clancarty.

Russia's position at the Congress may be called symmetrical to that of England. It also came more as arbitrator than expectant. With the fall of Paris, it already began to be regarded as henceforth the equilibrium to England in the European system—the great land-power balancing the great sea-power. Centralized France, vast resources in the hands of one absolute will, which had kept Europe in hot water for a century and a half, was for the time subdued: and here already is vast

centralized Russia taking her place; all the more alarming to the imagination, on account of the vague, undeveloped, indefinite, half-barbarous condition of its vastness. Moreover, an eagle mewing her mighty youth at such a rate, where will it stop? Two generations have hardly passed, since an English Minister wrote to his ambassador at Moscow, "On this occasion it will be proper to convince the Russians, that they will remain only an Asiatic power, if they sit still and give the King of Prussia an opportunity of putting in execution his schemes of aggrandisement."* And here we have a Czar greeted as liberator of Europe, whose hosts, in the words of the official French historian, "planted their pikes upon the banks of the astonished Seine Alexander standing between burning Moscow, and Paris preserved, will for ever present an image of grandeur to the admiring centuries!"† Alexander appeared at Vienna in the flattering character of Deliverer of Europe and Friend of Mankind. When Napoleon's irresistible forces had penetrated to the ancient capital of Russia, the Czar was pressed by those nearest him to conclude peace at any price. The grandson of Catherine, who was not without a heroic vein, answered, "Napoleon or I, I or he." Yet he hid himself from the eyes of his people during the humiliations of the country; and at his first re-appearance in public it was observed that his hair had grown grey, though he was but thirty-five. After Russia was freed from the invader, Alexander might have stopped at the Niemen or Vistula, and made a favourable peace for himself. But he again took the higher course; assisted in the liberation of Germany, and made his victorious Slaves acquainted with "the banks of the astonished Seine." At Paris, Alexander rivalled the English in generosity. The French in return, called him the champion of civilization, the restorer of order and religion. "*Un homme de bonne foi, un ami de liberté—despote des Russes, quel miracle!*" exclaimed the authoress of "*Corinne*." It would have required a stronger mind than Alexander's not to think himself the most precious individual then living. He was conscious of generous emotions, of humane, liberal sympathies, of noble, disinterested purposes, wishing well to all mankind. And if the interests of Russia coincided with this, and were forwarded at the same time, who could object? England he admired, but felt jealous of. He had to conceal at home the favourable impressions his visit to that country had given him, not to offend the vanity of his people: for the Russians, though of a more massive and manly character

* Russian Despatches (in the State-Paper Office), vol. 62: Lord Holland's Instructions to Sir C. Hanbury Williams, of 11th April, 1755.

† Flanagan, i. civ. and 36.

than other Slavonic people, are jealous like the rest, and peculiarly sensitive about national matters. They are said to be vainer than Frenchmen, and to entertain as exalted notions of the greatness of their country, as their "good friends" our cousins across the Atlantic. May be, size stands for greatness in Russian, as red does for beautiful, and stomach for soul. Alexander would fain have made his Russians a free, enlightened people, and ruled them in approved constitutional ways—if it could have been accomplished by some "Morison's Pill." He patronized Bible societies, secret societies, humanitarian Ministers—every known patent machinery for the rapid advancement of mankind. On his accession Klopstock had sung his "Ode to Humanity," such expectations were there of the young Czar. For he had been educated under the eyes of his philosophic grandmother like a very Telemachus, and in accordance with all the enlightened principles of the rosy evening of the eighteenth century. Mentor Laharpe, a compatriot of Rousseau's, steeped the young princely mind in philanthropy and rights of man. On the other hand, there was Slavonic Sultikow teaching the uses of astuteness at a Russian court, and in the presence of a tyrannical father. Between the two, Alexander's mind was formed. Virtuous aspirations, unsupported by strength of character, are compatible with cunning, the weapon of the weak. With his virtues and faults, he had brought his Russians to their present summit of glory, of influence in European affairs, and himself to be looked upon as principal figure at the Congress. He liked to surround himself with liberal-minded, superior men, no matter of what nationality. He had Stein about him, as adviser in German affairs: Prince Adam Czartorisky, known to us since as the venerable chief of what is called the aristocratic section of the Polish emigration, Alexander's bosom-friend from boyhood, was his confidant in Polish matters: Pozzo di Borgo, the Corsican patriot and republican, Capo d'Istrias, and Ypsilandi, the Greek patriots and embryo revolutionists, were about his person and in his council. His Russian ministers, Nesselrode in particular, were mere clerks, doing his errands. Like England, Alexander had no personal objects to seek at the Congress, and could devote his influence to general interests: for as to Poland, which came under the cognizance of the Congress, how could his generous intentions be objected to? and was it not, besides, occupied by his troops?

Austria, less fortunately situated than England or Russia, had had to bend low before the Corsican Titan, and was one of the countries whose map was to be repaired by the Congress. But, in a prudent Austrian way, it had got conditions for itself previous to joining the Alliance against Napoleon, and had taken

good care at Paris that there should be no mistake about its indemnifications. Austrian troops already occupied those acquisitions. The Congress had only to define and ratify. Austria, therefore, was safe; had reason to be contented; and could composedly attend to its hospitalities, lying watchfully in ambush the while for anything further that might be gained for Austrian, or spoiled for non-Austrian interests. The Emperor Francis had renounced his claims upon the ancient possessions of his House near the Rhine and in the Netherlands, of first-rate importance indeed to Germany, but not handy at that distance to Austria. Thus cut loose from all connexion with Western Germany and the stirring, intelligent, liberal populations bordering upon the Rhine—the great German river that flows in the direction of civilization and commerce with the wide western world,—Austria bound up its fortunes closely with the Slavonic Danube—the other great river which creeps languidly towards the stagnant east, through rude backward regions, slow backward populations. On the confines between the Teutonic and Slavonic worlds, lagging in culture behind the former, considerably ahead of the latter, Austria fitly took its stand. His indemnities Francis had chosen in Italy—a pleasant country, and of fine resources, though of foreign nationality. More a congregation of countries than a nation, Austria has greater facilities than more homogeneous States to make up on one side for reverses on another, and to gain by losses. If you are not particular as to the nature of your ailments, the range of your choice and your chance is so much the greater. In that way Austria had grown from a German province to a motley yet tough empire. Neither did it follow the Russian plan of throwing all nationalities into the same autocratic caldron to seethe into one patent Austrian stew; but rather respected nationalities, content to draw revenues and soldiers from all. We have seen that it was a traditional policy of English governments to favour Austria as of first-rate importance to the balance of power; as a Power, too, that competes nowhere with English interests. A long-continued relationship of this sort naturally breeds confidence, preference. Add to this the inoffensive phlegma and simplicity of the Austrian temperament, which conciliates where quicker natures alarm or offend; a circumstance that often stood in good stead to Austrian statesmen pursuing unsuspected designs with the air of unpretending *bonhomie*. Thus, just now in London, while the Prussians received due mete of recognition as brave, patriotic, enlightened men, they yet left on the whole on the mind of the Government a slightly uneasy impression of “Prussian ambition,” as it was called, checking to cordiality. Metternich, on the other hand, with much less either in his own character or in that of the

Government and people he represented, to enlist English sympathies, advanced deep into the favour of the Prince Regent and his Ministers; gave Castlereagh, who stood in need of it, lessons on continental politics; and, on the whole, established terms of intimacy which he knew how to turn to account, as we shall see. Austria, moreover, made the liberal host at the Congress, obliged all parties by profuse hospitality; and, satisfied beforehand with its assured lot, could look out leisurely for opportunities to improve its own gains or to hinder those of others.

In a position much less assured was Prussia. With Jena it had, for a time, sunk very low. With the final struggle, in which it had led the van, it had risen again very high. The consequent expectations and pretensions of the people and the army were great. The Prussian people, they said, had re-asserted their superiority, and they demanded that the Prussian State should be reconstituted in accordance with its services and paramount importance. The least they could demand was, that it should be reinstated in the integrity of its extent before the misfortune of Jena, when the vengeance of Napoleon robbed it of half its dominions, not to mention the exactions in money and money's worth. Yet the army had returned from Paris, and nothing was definitely settled. By the treaties of Kalish, Töplitz, and Reichenbach, Prussia is guaranteed restitution "at least to its former extent;" but Hardenberg, good easy man, confident in the strength of Prussia's case and the justice of the Allies, omitted at Paris to stipulate definitely for his State, as England had done for the Netherlands, and Austria for itself. So Prussia's fate is placed in the hands of the Congress. And, unfortunately, at the Congress Prussia's friends are not numerous. Risen in comparatively modern times from the ranks of the smaller German potentates, many of whom claimed more ancient descent and importance in the Empire, the Brandenburgs were regarded with no loving eye by these. Austria's policy was hereditarily antagonistic to the new Protestant Power in Germany, which had mostly grown at Austria's expense, and was dividing and threatening Austria's influence. France, ever since Rossbach, and earlier, had looked sorely upon the "military power" that had been drilled into efficiency by the sandy banks of the Spree, and would not be subservient to French purposes. The lead which the Prussians had taken in the just ended crusade against France was not calculated to improve the feeling. Moreover, it was intended to push Prussia forward as a watchman upon the eastern French frontier: France was an open and avowed opponent to Prussia at the Congress. Honey mouthed Flassan himself, departing for once from his method of

representing all parties at Vienna as acting from mere motives of love towards everybody, avows that the French plenipotentiary found himself under the necessity of sacrificing Italy to Austria for the sake of thwarting Prussia in Germany.

It should appear that the reasons for French and Austrian jealousy of Prussia ought to be reasons for English friendliness towards the latter. In all the chief controversies that had been debated in Europe, since Brandenburg counted for something, the Prussians had stood on the same side with England. Waterloo, as yet, was not, but Blenheim had been; and in William's and Marlborough's campaigns the Brandenburgers had borne an honourable share. Indeed, the character and aims of the people, as well as the interests of State, of the two countries, point so strongly towards friendship and alliance, that they have, on occasion, been driven into it in spite of the whims of their rulers. The English Government, moreover, was persuaded of the desirableness of strengthening Prussia. We have seen Pitt's plan (Münster's was a Guelphic project); and Castlereagh went to Vienna with the best intentions towards Prussia, "partial to the conservation of its preponderance as a great Power."* Yet, as we observed, there was no cordiality. The Minister's "partiality" for Prussian preponderance was a political expediency; but his heart opened to Metternich. The somewhat proud, unconciliating manners of the Prussians may have had something to do with this. The passive, acquiescent temper of the Austrian people, also, was apt to inspire more confidence to a Tory statesman anxious above all for "peace and quietness," than the stirring "ambition" of the Prussians, whose "free notions of government, if not principles actually revolutionary,"† disturbed in those days the serenity of his outlook. But there were causes of older standing, rooted a century deep. The English kings were German electors. The Brunswickers and Hohenzollerns were old neighbours, and as such of course jealous rivals, with no end of small quarrels between them, yet large enough to produce lasting traditional sentiments. And while the two nations had nothing but mutual interests in common, the two dynasties had also mutual dislikes. Once, indeed, there was a memorable attempt made to unite the two royal houses, as well as the nations, closely and permanently by intermarriage. Prince Frederic of Prussia, known since as Frederic the Great, was to marry the English Princess Amelia; and Frederic Prince of Wales—"Fred" of whom it stands recorded that he "was alive and is dead"—was to be made happy by the sprightly Prussian

* Castlereagh to Mr. Rose, in "Correspondence," &c. xi. 306.

† Ibid.

Princess Wilhelmina, afterwards Margravine of Baireuth, who wrote spicy memoirs. But the Fates, working through Austrian diplomacy, would not permit of it. Poor Princess Amelia, instead of being helpmate to a royal man of genius, and cementing the friendship of two nations, had to walk lonesome through the world in involuntary maiden meditation *not* fancy-free; and the friendship of the two nations continued uncemented. After that, the great Chatham initiated an intimate alliance with the great Frederic, and gained Canada for England by it for one thing; but was himself soon driven from power, and Prussia left to shift for itself. In more recent times, Napoleon, meaning to throw permanent discord between the two powers, forced Prussia to accept Hanover in exchange for portions of its own lands. On the other hand, when, still more recently, Prussia required from England the indispensable subsidies for the final struggle against the common enemy, they had to be bought by the cession of East Friesland to Hanover; whereby the Prussians lost their only communication with the German Ocean—a bargain that still rankles in the Prussian mind.

Thus, then, it came that the Prussian statesmen at Vienna, where the future statistic and strategic strength or weakness of their country was to be decided, had to meet, besides a swarm of small ill-wishers, an hereditary opponent, an avowed enemy, a cold friend, and but one firm supporter, and he not a disinterested one—Russia.

In the aforementioned treaties it had been indicated that Prussia should receive its indemnifications in the southern parts of Germany. These were at the time either in possession of France, or of the members of the Confederation of the Rhine, Napoleon-made kings, and the like, still closely allied to their French patron. It was Stein's plan to grant no conditions to these potentates, but to deal with them solely in the interest of the future reconstruction of Germany. Austria, however, thought otherwise, and concluded a treaty with Bavaria—the treaty of Ried—guaranteeing to Bavaria its Napoleon-acquired sovereignty and integrity, the latter including the valuable Prussian principalities of Anspach and Baireuth. The conditions granted to one could not be refused to the rest—Saxony alone excepted, whose king would not *accept* conditions, but determined to stand or fall with Napoleon. In this way Saxony came by conquest into the hands of the Allies, and constituted, with the Rhine-countries retaken from France, the portion of Germany at the disposal of Congress. It was generally understood, and taken for granted by the Prussians, that their chief indemnifications should be in neighbouring Saxony—a country with a homogeneous Protestant population, and strategically well fitted to add the much-needed

central strength to a body of such extended limbs as Prussia. It was known, indeed, that Frederic-William, a very strait-laced king, entertained scruples about despoiling a German brother-sovereign, however culpable he might be. But his ministers, army, and people generally, had made up their minds that Saxony should become Prussian. Nor was there as yet any voice raised against it except a French one. M. de Blacas, Louis XVIII.'s chief minister, in reply to the Duke of Wellington who had taken pains to convince him that it was not contrary to good policy to give Saxony to Prussia, declared with much warmth that France could never consent to this, and endeavoured to show to the Duke that Saxony was the only point through which "Great Britain or France could exercise any influence in the north of Europe."* It does not appear from history that England ever derived any advantage from, or had much to do with, the Court of Saxony. But French diplomacy certainly had been much at home at Dresden since August the Strong had sold himself to the Evil Powers for the sake of the Crown of Poland.

France occupied at the opening of the Congress a peculiar and, in her history, novel position. Her plenipotentiaries were to arrive last, and to ratify without having been consulted. That was not the part French ambassadors had been accustomed to play at congresses for these two centuries past. At the congress, for instance, which in European importance bore most resemblance to the present one—that of Westphalia,—the French ambassador, Count d'Avaux, began his functions by demanding that the whole constabulary force of the free imperial city of Münster, officers and all, be preliminarily put in durance, till the proper punishment could be ascertained for their enormous crime of having exerted themselves to maintain the public peace against some roistering followers of the French embassy. The same count, in a despatch to his Court, makes sport of one of the Imperial plenipotentiaries, the learned Dr. Valmar, who, writes the count, "has no people at all about him to assist in a ceremony, whilst I, in my coach-and-six, attended by twelve pages and thirty-two cavaliers, let the world see of what sort the least of your majesty's servants are." - At the dozen congresses with which Louis XIV.'s ambitious designs had inflicted the world, the French had had the chief word to speak; and at Napoleon's congresses, his word, of course, was command. At Erfurt, but a few years since, Talleyrand dictated terms to kings and kaisers; and told the Weimarian Chancellor von Müller, who had been congratulating himself at the friendly reception which his duke

* Wellington to Castlereagh, "Correspondence," &c. x. 161.

had experienced from the emperor, "We say fine things to those we don't like; but to our friends we say, *Moquez-vous de tout cela!*" And now the same Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento, ex-Vice-grand-elect, and ex-many other things, has to meet that Erfurt, "*parterre des rois*," under quite altered circumstances. One would like to have seen him "tell fine things" to the Duke of Weimar, and wonders whether he made any reflections on the occasion. The reflection which history makes is, That the brilliant French nation, whose quick happy talent has blazed out upon the world, from of old, in a variety of ways: foremost at the Crusades; earliest in chivalry, in romance, in woman-worship, and king-worship; leading in language, in polite arts of elegance and courtesy,—has now ended another and the latest of its numerous brilliant periods; and that the epoch initiated one hundred and seventy years ago, somewhat insolently, by Avaux in his coach-and-six at Münster, was now being consummated, politely, by Talleyrand at Vienna.

For it were wronging Napoleon to identify peculiarly with him—as the restored Bourbons wished the world to do—the aggressive policy of France. It is as old as Richelieu. "*Voilà un grand politique de mort*," exclaimed Louis XIII. at the death of his cardinal-minister. But the cardinal's policy had consisted in silencing all political or religious dissent from the central will, cutting off the heads of gainsayers, in order to reduce France within to perfect unity and uniformity, and to make her a perfect instrument in the hands of her ruler against the world without. Louis XIV. realized the cardinal's ideal. "*Il ne resta debout sur la France qu'un roi—le premier vit dans le second*," says with pride even modern Michelet. In that way Louis XIV. became the top-figure of all Europe, the "owner" of France, much envied and imitated by all sovereigns of his time, and almost ever since. He brought twelve congresses upon Europe, and carried France quickly to her culminating point. But it abutted all in the French Revolution; which, as it recedes from view, begins already to present itself more as a conflagration of old things, than an initiation of any hopeful new thing. The national opposition, silenced by Richelieu, took up his policy and turned it the other way. Robespierre, like the cardinal, bent upon "unity," cut off the heads of gainsayers. He was followed by Napoleon, the Louis XIV. of the Revolution; and the period begun by the latter, and defined by Guizot as having for its aim "preponderance of France in Europe and humbling of rival powers," was naturally consummated at Leipzig—naturally, and finally, one may hope. Europe, it is plain, will not tolerate any permanent preponderance of that kind. The preponderance

of real superiority, working involuntarily, by silent irresistible influences, it will always be obliged to tolerate.

The Allies, we have seen, had treated conquered France with great respect; and some of them we saw eager to enter into friendly relations with the new government; but at Vienna the situation of her ambassador was at first necessarily isolated and constrained. He was invited to the banquet, but as a spectator only, and to say Amen to the grace after meat. Passive resignation was not amongst Talleyrand's virtues. If he was not to dine himself, there was the chance of spoiling other people's dinners. Talleyrand proved himself equal to the occasion. Indeed, his talent found here for the first time a proper sphere. His former master, Napoleon, required no diplomatic conjuring: he prescribed terms with the sword. Talleyrand never quite liked that, and had a natural aversion to war. His favourite charger was a snug arm-chair, with the opposite party upon the sofa before him; and his arms and ammunition were blindest smiles, softest words, and most candid simplicity. There he would explain, in the most perspicuous and most disinterested manner, the general bearing of the case, and the opposite party's own special interest in it, and win bloodless victories.

There were two main objects Talleyrand had in view at the Congress: to prevent Prussia's acquisition of Saxony, and to get the Bourbon Ferdinand IV. reinstated in Naples, where King Joachim as yet held sway. Though elsewhere the Bourbons have come to their own again, Ferdinand still rusticates in the smaller of his Two Sicilies, where he has reigned faintly under English protection these eight years back; and Joachim Murat, the innkeeper's son from the Garonne country, and husband of Mademoiselle Caroline Bonaparte, still occupies precariously the throne of Naples. Murat has a treaty with Austria, but only an armistice with England. At Naples he has not much support. He is a dashing cavalry officer and a smart dresser, but a poor hand at kingship. With the English Government Naples is, as yet, an open question; but the Duke of Wellington writes in an ominous way, that he has turned over in his mind "a good deal the mode of executing our plans against Murat," which bodes no good to King Joachim. Austria, bound by treaty to him, is also bound by near family ties to Ferdinand. Ferdinand's wife, Queen Caroline, known to Nelson and Lady Hamilton, is not only Francis's aunt, a daughter and last interesting relic of the great Maria Theresa, but she is also his mother-in-law—grandmother of his heir-apparent, of Maria Louise, and other long-faced Hapsburgs; and she is actually a guest now at Schönbrunn, where she arrived last year, flying

from Lord William Bentinck's constitution, and soliciting help from gods and men, both against French spoliation and English protection; and though ill now, and worn-out by hardships and sorrows, she is still ardent and eager, like a true daughter of Maria Theresa. In Talleyrand she will have an ally, if she hold out till his opportunity comes. His new masters, the Bourbons, cannot suffer a relic of his old master, Napoleon, to shine upon a European throne, while the legitimate owner, a brother Bourbon, continues under eclipse in the smaller Sicily. These were Talleyrand's objects; and he declared, in the most disinterested manner, "*Je ne veux rien pour moi.*"

But it is time that we should get to Vienna, which is filling very fast, and where lodgings are hardly to be had for love or money. Varnhagen, returned from the wars, attached now to the Prussian Legation, and, what is more to *our* purpose, "a chiel amang us takin' notes," arriving late, has to entrust his adored bride, the wise Rahel, to the friendly abbess of a convent, and content himself with bachelor's quarters at an inn; for the crowd is unprecedented, and the Viennese are making a profitable business of it. Nine-tenths of the sovereign families of Europe are there, with followers and hangers-on. A world of legations, of course, with staffs of secretaries, counsellors, attachés, messengers; ambassadors' wives, daughters, men-servants and maid-servants: and another still larger world of petitioners, projectors, grievance-mongers, newsmongers, patriots; friends of the human race and friends of number one; chevaliers of St. John and chevaliers of industry; soldiers, artists, actors, dancers, inventors, gamblers, financiers, itinerant preachers:—for it was a great world-fair as well as world-parliament; and the curious came to look on, the gay to be amused, the empty to be filled, and the hungry to be fed with good things. The wealthy Austrian aristocracy, jewelled Hungarians, Bohemians, of course were there, doing the hospitalities of their capital, proud of its distinction. The German nobility in general, princes, counts, Freiherrn of the Reich, such as could afford it, came to participate in the pleasures, if not in the business and profit. Thrifty mothers brought their grown-up daughters, there being such a profusion of balls and partners. Sturdy burghers, deputed from cantons, cities, and corporations, to defend or reclaim ancient rights and privileges, would mix modestly with the crowd; and blue-eyed, yellow-haired peasants, lank Slavonic pedlars, in strange costumes, would flock in daily from the country and highways, to stare curiously at the strange gay world. At last, to crown all, on a fine Sunday, the 25th of September, the Emperor Alexander, accompanied by his empress and grand-duchesses-sisters, and King Frederic-William, with sons and

brothers, made their public entry into Vienna. All the world and its grandmother had turned out to witness it. The Emperor Francis, with his Crown-prince and archdukes, attended by such a cavalcade of European notabilities as was never seen together before, rode out some way to meet his high guests. Troops in large masses, and well-conditioned, though after severe campaigning, presented arms in endless glittering lines. The big bell of St. Stephen's, cast from Turkish cannon, and innumerable other bells, rang merrily. Bands played, horses pranced, orderlies flew about. A thousand rounds of ordnance shook the welkin. A hundred thousand voices shouted "Vivat the Kaiser! Vivat the King! Vivat the liberators of Europe!" And in the evening there was the grandest of illuminations.

The last expected highest guests had arrived, the company was complete; and, now, says the Abbé de Pradt in words which paint—that is to say, rouge—the fact in a pretty French fashion, "*Enfin l'heure sonne, et les plaisirs, interprètes aussi sincères que gages éclatans des dispositions mutuelles les plus bienveillantes, introduisent gaiement les arbitres des destinées de l'Europe dans le sanctuaire où elles vont être décidées.*" Which being interpreted, signifies, that the arbiters of the destinies of Europe hid their jealousies and misgivings behind smiles, and were led to business by the hands of pleasure. But, in fact, the business had commenced some time ago, and ever since the 16th, the plenipotentiaries of the four Powers—Castlereagh for England, Rasumofsky or Nesselrode for Russia, Hardenberg and William Humboldt (sometimes either, but oftenest both, Hardenberg being deaf and requiring a sharp second,) for Prussia, and Metternich for Austria—have been holding preparatory meetings and conferences. Castlereagh, the English reader knows. Voices from the Congress speak of his narrow horizon, and of his long-winded ignorance of Continental affairs, with which he had to deal; but give him credit for honest attention to the interests of his country, to the best of his not very shining ability.—Count, soon to be Prince, Andreas Rasumofsky was nephew of the handsome clever Ukraine peasant-lad with whom the Czarina Elizabeth, of singular memory, shared her couch if not her throne; and son of that peasant-lad's and Czarish partner's equally handsome and clever brother, who had wandered to Petersburg with his guitar, and risen to be Hetman, and President of the Academy of Sciences there. Both the brothers, commencing in such a way, earned for themselves the character of estimable efficient noblemen; their Ukraine peasant-blood proving itself of a naturally noble sort. Count Andreas, who has also had his adventures, has grown grey in diplomatic service. He has been many years ambassador at

Vienna; has accompanied the Czar in the late campaign, and possesses his master's confidence—as far as anybody can be said to possess the confidence of so capricious and impressible a man as Alexander, who listened to many advisers.

Count Nesselrode, Rasumofsky's colleague and rival, was then not much above thirty, and had already advanced so far by dint of pliancy and dexterity. Stein speaks of him with a certain contempt, as "little Nesselrode," and describes him as a good-tempered, rather feeble, parasitic man, devoid of character or originality—a clever, handy secretary, not a statesman. But he was of the yielding, elastic nature of the willow, whose pliancy, in some situations, outdoes the strength of the unbending oak.

Hardenberg, the Prussian State-chancellor, was a high-bred, accomplished gentleman, who began his administrative career in Anspach-Baireuth, and rose to his present eminence by skilful service during Prussia's critical years; in reward for which he has just been created prince. He also partakes somewhat of the nature of the willow, and, thanks to his bland, elastic character, has been able to maintain himself in a post which the sterner Stein could not hold. He has been, not unaptly, called the Mark Antony, and Stein the Cato, of Prussian statesmen. He was of a sanguine, happy temperament, and always managed to reconcile the labours and duties of the minister with the graces and pleasures of the man of the world. He was distinguished by personal beauty as well as perfect manners; shone much in society, and was still a favourite with the ladies, though past sixty. He was what is called a liberal statesman; possessed great knowledge, intelligence, political experience, and meant well by his king and country. But his principle was "live and let live:" when he could not do as he would, he did as he could; and when things proved inconvenient to-day, he was not averse to putting them off till to-morrow, sufficient for the day being the evil thereof. He did so with the Prussian business at Paris, and he has to make good now what he neglected then.

The Baron William von Humboldt, who was associated with Hardenberg, is known to the world as a man distinguished in letters, as well as a statesman of high quality. His natural gifts had been developed by great culture and rare opportunities. He had travelled with Campe, studied æsthetics together with Schiller, and administered the State (as Minister of Public Instruction and Health) along with Stein; yet the refinement of his mind and universality of his culture were perhaps injurious to him as a man of action. He was, moreover, of a cold, sardonic temperament, without enthusiasm. The æsthetic sympathies were stronger with him than the moral; and there dwelt a singular mixture of idealism and cynicism in his breast. He

possessed amazing powers of application, and, at Vienna, threw off incredible amounts of work: yet he never identified himself with his work, did not warm into a belief in it: "It will be well if these things we are now at can be accomplished a hundred years hence," he said, in private, whilst publicly labouring for them. His intellect had more light than fire: sharp-glancing like polished steel, it partook more of the nature of Apollo's arrow than of Thor's hammer.

Metternich, in more senses than one, presided over the Congress. He was the minister of the host; conducted the festivities as well as the business, and made the one serve the other. Nature had endowed him with all gifts that ensure success in this world—graceful person, vigorous health, amiable disposition, high spirits, quickness, adroitness. His successes had begun early. At seventeen he officiated as master of the ceremonies at the coronation of the Emperor Leopold. He was twenty-two when old Kaunitz gave him his granddaughter and heiress in marriage, with the testimony of being "a good, amiable young man, of the most graceful *verve*, and a perfect cavalier." At thirty he negotiated the third coalition against France. At thirty-six he was Foreign Minister. He was created a prince upon the battle-field of Leipzig, and is now President of the Congress; all, one may say, by virtue of a happy organization, and the talents and accomplishments of the outward man. Depth and height there is none in him. Stein defines him as "shallow, immoral, of a double mind;" "a ready bookkeeper, but no great mathematician;" "possessed of understanding, dexterity, amiability, but deficient in depth, knowledge, industry, and veracity;" "disinclined to address what is noble in man." His arts of diplomacy consisted a good deal in bringing about complications, keeping the key to them in his pocket—a game he so much delighted in, that he carried it on even in society, and often drove his friends to despair by his clever mystifications. Real work he does not excel in, nor like much, as indeed finessing people seldom do. But he delights in the gaieties of life, and lives regardless of expense. The weighty affairs of the Congress even did not prevent him from dawdling much with the ladies. He superintended the rehearsing of *tableaux vivants*, arranged draperies, laid on the rouge on divine cheeks; and there are cases on record that he kept conferences, charged with the fate of nations, waiting for him, whilst he was consulting with the goddesses

"To change a flounce, or add a furbelow."

A very secular man indeed. But he is clever; trained from early youth to *les grandes affaires*. Keeping always consider-

ably within the limits of the possible, he moves in his sphere with great assurance and composure, gaining thereby the confidence of mediocre people, who see in him a "safe" man. He was no Richelieu, no designing despot. In his private views he even inclined, it is said, to liberalism; but unable to see how the Emperor's government could be carried on upon that principle, he saw safety in routine only; hoping, anyhow, that it would last *his* time. In his negotiations with the Allies, he has managed to get a goodly portion for Austria; and he now superintends the Congress.

The representatives of the Four Powers, at their preliminary meetings, had resolved to hand over the purely German question of devising a confederation, to a special German committee; to keep the question of the disposal of conquests in their own hands until an agreement should be arrived at; and which was then to be communicated to the representatives of France and Spain. This done, the Six would form the central organ of Congress for all general European questions. But Talleyrand, who had arrived on the 24th, began by objecting to this arrangement. He was for admitting at once all Powers, small and large, to the table of Congress, and for deciding all things by vote in proper parliamentary way. "The law is respected in England," he said in his note, "because it is made by the whole country; it will be even so with Europe, if you allow Europe to legislate for itself. As to 'Allies,' there are none; your alliance ended with the Peace of Paris; we are all alike, and equally good friends now. Let us do justice to Europe, and make no difference between large or small, old allies or new friends." Thus plausibly argued Talleyrand. Pity "Who speaks so well, should ever speak in vain." For the great Powers to have said to the multitudinous small fry,—Our forces have done the work, and your voices shall dispose of the fruits, would have been very romantic, and also favourable to the exercise of French "influence;" but it was, on the whole, not found expedient to proceed that way. However, the Committee of Six was enlarged to a Committee of Eight, to include all the Signatories of the Peace of Paris; and the Committee so amended continued throughout to be regarded as the representative of the Congress. But for the present the opening of this Committee, that is to say, the formal opening of Congress, was postponed till the 1st of November. It was necessary to arrive at results by private negotiation before the formal business could be begun; and it was hoped that the interval would afford ample time to the leading Powers to agree, and make the questions ripe to be communicated to the Eight. So the newspapers carried it to the ends of the earth, that the opening of the Congress was again

postponed ; and the outside world grew impatient, if not indignant.

Vienna, in the mean time, is the scene of unexampled gaiety. One hundred thousand guests are to be entertained. The highest of them are lodged in the Emperor's palace. The expense of the imperial kitchen alone is ten thousand pounds a day ; and the whole expense of the Court for the entertainment of the Congress is stated at three millions sterling ; and private hospitality, or ostentation, emulates the Court in upholding the character of the Austrian capital as the modern Sybaris. Balls, routs, *tableaux vivants*, fireworks, light up the nights ; not to mention the Burg-theatre, where the Schröder (mother of actors) plays, the Milder sings, and the Bigattini dances. Cavalcades, carousals, sham-fights, promenades, make the days short. Early in the morning, the troops turn out for review and manœuvres—always an attractive spectacle for royal personages. On ordinary days, when there is nothing particular going on, there is the promenade on the Bastei, in the pleasant autumnal mid-day sun, where everybody sees everybody. The Bastei is the ancient rampart round the city, much battered formerly by beleaguering Turks, but now planted and laid out in pleasant walks and shady alleys. Walking on this elevated ground, you have always the town on one side of you, and below you on the other you have now an arm of the Danube, the main stream zigzagging far away on the horizon, now the glaxis, or some other green airy interval, drawing a broad belt of separation between the city and the thirty-four suburbs that form a wide-spreading outer circle for miles around it. Here the Viennese take their morning walk, as the fashionable world of London used to do in the Mall when our grandmothers were young ladies. Would the reader like to take a stroll on the Bastei, and look at the company ? It was while strolling in these parts, that an English traveller once saw a remarkable showman, with a *camera obscura*, amuse the holiday people for a halfpenny a peep. The showman was Kepler, and the halfpennies were to serve to keep his soul and body together while he was discovering the laws which keep the stars in their courses. We are not likely to meet with so remarkable a man ; but we may see some of the historical figures of our age amongst the groups of promenaders. Here, for instance, look at these two, walking arm in arm, tall handsome men both, and much noticed and bowed to by the company. They are talking rather loudly, and he on the right holds his left ear forward, like one dull of hearing. They are looking up at Archduke Charles's palace, criticising perhaps the façade of the building, or the campaigns of the owner. The one with the swarthy complexion, dark moustache, and black crape on his sleeve, can speak of the

latter, having frequently met the Archduke in the field, and having had some severe brushes with him: at Aspern, for instance, and at Wagram. It is Prince Eugene, ex-Viceroy of Italy, Napoleon's adopted son. He is in mourning for his mother, poor Josephine, who could not survive her once-husband's fortunes. His companion, with the bullet-head, fair florid complexion, shortish nose, small smiling mouth, blue glassy eyes, and blond well-trimmed whiskers, who inclines the left ear forward, is no less a personage than the Emperor Alexander, Autocrat of all the Russias—after all, a brother mortal, like the rest of us, walking in boots (Hessians), and with a round hat, not a crown, on his head. In his character of friend of men, and protector of the unfortunate, he has taken the ex-Viceroy under his especial favour, and will assist him, if possible, to some German appanage: for the Prince has a German wife, a Bavarian princess, and has come to the Congress to make some bargain or exchange for his property in the Ancona marshes. Their talk, as they pass on, is loud enough to be overheard; and it is not about politics, but only about the Bigattini, and her charming performance of *Nina* last night.—That handsome lady the Emperor kisses his hand to so graciously, is the Countess Julia Zichy, the most charming woman in Vienna, whose lovely face and clever vivacious talk are said to have power to elicit a transient grim smile from the austere Frederic-William himself. It is said, even, that the accomplished countess knows the colour and cut of the uniforms of every Prussian regiment by heart, so talkative has his otherwise saturnine Majesty been to her. But here he is himself, this tall, well-made, military-looking man, with the long, massive, sad face, short moustache, and straight strict nose. He is leaving his party, who stop to talk with the Emperor, to join the Countess Julia, evidently glad to warm his frostiness in her sunshine. Respectable man! nature has bestowed several good solid gifts on him, valuable in a king, but not of the brilliant sort; and flow of spirits she has decidedly refused to him. He is trying to look pleasant now, but his usual look is dismal in the extreme. His speech, too, consists mostly of grumbles and growls, the faculty of language being very imperfect in him; he spurts out mere rapid nominatives and infinitives, and leaves it to you to complete the sentence. Yet he is at bottom a kind-hearted, faithful, brave man, and very conscientious about his kingly duties. He has had much to try him, poor man, and to make him morose and apprehensive. Genius, he knows, has been denied him, and he must make shift with veracity, honesty of purpose, and slow, inarticulate common sense. He has lost his beautiful Louise; he lost half his kingdom; but always bore up against

it with a sad mute courage. In the last campaign his personal bravery and exertion did good service on several occasions, and once, at Culm, saved the army. In after-life he showed courage also, of another and more difficult sort, for which the liberal portion of mankind gave him small thanks. He did not quite grant the constitution which he had promised, having become honestly persuaded that it would not be for the benefit of his people, and exposed his name to much obloquy thereby. The policy may have been mistaken, but we should respect the motive. The credit which a Danton receives for his "*Que mon nom soit flétri*," ought not to be refused to a king. He possessed one quality the most valuable of all in a sovereign—character. His people speak of him with nothing but veneration to this day. They have set up his statue in the pleasure-grounds at Berlin. There the grave, sad man stands, stiff and erect with military precision, upon a pedestal round which happy mothers and laughing children play and gambol.—But just now his dismal Majesty enjoys the sunshine of Countess Julia's presence, and tries to smile himself. And here follow the party, a gentleman and two ladies, whom he left talking with the Czar. The gentleman who walks so jauntily and talks so merrily is the Duke (shortly to be Grand-Duke) of Weimar, Goethe's Carl August. On him the cares of life or of the Congress do not seem to lie heavily. He has not the least chance of becoming King of Saxony, and bringing back the old honours to the Ernestine branch of the family, as some say he at one time hoped to do. But he has made a lucky hit at Vienna, for all that. He has discovered amongst the lumber of an old collection the veritable Cellini saltcellar, for which the *dilettante* world has been on the look-out for years: what pleasing news for his Goethe!—It is to be regretted that the shading coal-scuttle bonnets of the duke's fair companions will not let us see much of their faces. They are evidently handsome, blonde, blue-eyed, dignified women, both; and there is no trace of Slavonic blood in them, though they are Romanoffs, Alexander's two sisters. Grand-duchess Mary, the elder and graver of the two, is the Duke of Weimar's daughter-in-law; Catherine, the younger and more sprightly, is an interesting young widow, who lost her husband, the Prince of Oldenburg, two years ago. They are excellent women, both, and an immense improvement upon the Annas and Elizabeths of the old Romanoff blood. Of the Princess Mary, who listens with such sweet gravity to her father-in-law's lively talk, Goethe has borne high testimony; which travellers and, what is still better, the love of the Weimarians for their dowager grand-duchess, confirm to our day. Princess Catherine—but look, the young widow's eyes seem to have sud-

denly caught some object of interest; and see how she flutters at the approach of those two, an elderly and a young man, who now emerge from the crowd. They bow as they pass: the elderly gentleman to the whole party; but the younger seems to see the widow only, who curtsies demurely. Let us follow the two: one of them interests us much. The younger man, with the broad Suabian face, is the Crown-Prince of Wurtemberg, who has distinguished himself in the wars, and is much looked up to by patriotic Germans as a "liberal" prince who, it is known, disapproves much of his royal father's French sympathies and autocratic tastes. That the Russian widow and he take notice of each other in the way we saw, is not surprising, considering that they will by-and-bye be husband and wife; Catherine a much-beloved and unforgettable Queen of Wurtemberg. But it is the Prince's companion, the stout elderly gentleman with the firmly-closed lips, large commanding nose, and fiery glancing eyes, whom we care most to look at. With him, above all the highest and fairest that promenade here, we should wish to be allowed to shake hands, believing as we do that there is virtue in the touch of a right royal man. Bare your head, reader, this is the Minister Stein, intrinsically the most (if not the only) royal personage here, though by birth but a baron of the empire. The sovereigns themselves seem to feel it a little; for they treat him almost as an equal, and he does not spare them—free-spoken man as he is. Amongst the Prussian officers there was a talk once of electing him kaiser, though there is no precedent of any one below the rank of count ever having been elevated to that high office. He is a Nassauer by birth, and the black tower of his forefathers, as tourists on the Rhine may have seen, stands, overhanging the Lahn, on the same hill with, but a little below, the ruins of the ancestral castle of the house of Nassau-Orange;—as if the soil had been peculiarly favourable to the production of distinguished men. Having no kingdom of his own, but only a moderate knight's estate, to rule, he went, like St. Christopher of old, in search of a master worthy of his strength, and entered the Prussian service when the great Frederic was still alive. Here he distinguished himself in many situations, and rose to the highest. He had his own troubles with Frederic-William, who was apprehensive of "original" men, and who could get on better with the less exacting Hardenberg. Banished, and even outlawed by Napoleon, who saw a power in him, Stein went to Russia, still continuing the centre of German patriotic plans and movements. Since his triumphant return, the Allies have made him administrator of conquered countries—temporary king over some thirteen millions of people,—in which post also he gave complete satisfaction. Quite a royal man, and firmly be-

believing that the world can be ruled by strict justice and truth; great in practical capacity, greater in moral strength; very aristocratic in his notions, very popular in his aims; loving the people well, and standing up for them fearlessly against kings, kaisers, and squires. Here at Vienna he is ill at ease: much might be done; but he has no authority; may only advise, not direct; and the "clever" Metternichs and "little" Nesselrodes, he is aware, are having it their own way. He walks with the Crown-Prince of Wurtemberg, who is a sort of pupil of his, and whom he indoctrinates with patriotic principles. May Heaven prosper you and your principles, Herr Minister! The Metternichs may gain the day, but —. But we have no time for moralizing. What comes here? People are making way for a pair of flying wheels with a man between, stamping with his feet, and careering along. It is the Younker Drais, showing off his newly-invented *draisines*, what we now call velocipedes. This is their first appearance on the roads of the world,—as the Congress at Osnabrück was the first audience before whom Guericke exhibited his air-pump. But the Younker earns more sarcasm than admiration: "Fit charger for modern knight-errantry," observes the Duke of Weimar; and yon old powdered gentleman, with the gold-headed cane under his arm, and ribbons and stars on his breast, looks as though he were conscious of having said a good thing, and rewarded himself with a delicate pinch from that beautiful golden diamond-spangled snuffbox of his; whilst his widely-opened eyes are challenging his companion's applauding cackinnation with a grinning stare. They have a French air, those two, particularly he with the snuffbox, who looks like a compound of the facetious *petit-maitre* of Louis XV.'s Court and the shaky modern old gentleman. Look at him; he is a living antiquarian curiosity, this ancient facetious individual, and could tell us anecdotes if we had him to ourselves: it is the Austrian Field-Marshal Prince de Ligne, who fought in the wars and flirted at the Courts of Europe in the days of George II.—soldier, courtier, beau, wit, *bel esprit*. He has known Frederic the Great, and did not like him; he has walked stately minuets in the rooms of Madame de Pompadour; has philosophized with Rousseau, jested with Voltaire, and gained the favour of the Czarina Catherine, who gave him an estate in the Crimea and that very snuffbox he holds so gracefully between his thumb and forefinger. He has made French verses, written books both "philosophical and sentimental;" has said innumerable *bons mots*, and been a desired guest at the tables and *salons* of three generations. He is in his eightieth year now, still gay and jaunty, but rather out of sorts with a world that has grown stupidly serious, thinks different thoughts from his, and does no

longer appreciate him as it ought. He feels it particularly that the handsome Russian princesses do not listen to him with anything like the gusto of their grandmother. Yes, this is the celebrated Prince de Ligne, whom one hardly expected to see still alive and here. He walks with the Duke Dalberg, a French peer, though a German by birth. He is one of the French plenipotentiaries, the right-hand man of Talleyrand, whose work he does; Talleyrand, the genius of *finesse*, being naturally extremely idle, and indeed without any talent for real work. This Duke Dalberg is much hated and shunned by the Germans as a renegade and a French tool. It was of him that Stein, when apprized of Dalberg's intention to pay him a visit, is reported to have said, "If he come to me in the character of French ambassador, he shall be received with due courtesy; if as Freiherr von Dalberg, he shall be kicked down stairs."—But the notabilities are crowding upon us; we shall scarcely be able to notice them all. This picturesque gentleman in red stockings, with the fine Italian face, is the Cardinal Consalvi, who is here for the good of the Pope and the Catholic Church universal. The dignified matron in black he is speaking to is the Dowager-Princess Fürstenberg, who has been deputed to the Congress by the mediatized aristocracy of the Empire; her son, their acknowledged head, being a minor. A woman actually sent to Parliament! and she is said to have proved herself equal to her task, too, though her commission was a hopeless one. With her the Cardinal converses; nor does he mind the sacred signal now booming out from St. Stephen's steeple, and which will cause the husbandman miles round to stop in his field-labour, bare his head, and repeat a silent *Ave Maria*, as the country people on the causeway there, who have come to stare at the great folks, are even doing now. But the Cardinal keeps talking animatedly, and minds not the sacred call.—Those two smallish men who bow very low to him, and thread their way betwixt the crowd with such heedful politeness; the younger one, with large black searching eyes, almost a boy still,—are a Mr. Baruch, from Frankfort, sent by the Jews of that city to plead their cause at the Congress, and his son Ludwig, who assists him with his pen, and who will by-and-bye, as Ludwig Börne, plead other causes than Jewish, and in a louder manner than he learns here.—That plainly-dressed young man with the flowing yellow hair, laughing blue eyes, aquiline nose, gentle affectionate mouth, long pointed chin, and triangular face, such as Holbein often painted, is Jacob Grimm, whom the reader has no doubt heard of or learned from. He keeps alone, apart from the crowd, and his attention just now seems to be engrossed by a party of peasants from Upper Austria, who are landing from a boat on the quay below. He is

attached to the Hessian embassy. If the settlement of Germany depended on his will, what a glorious Fatherland it should become! But here are English people, evidently: Lord Charles Stewart, with his lady and sister-in-law, Lady Castlereagh. Their appearance creates a certain sensation. His lordship had a fight with a cabman the other day in the open street, my lord boxing *à l'Anglaise*, the *Schwager* striking unscientifically; and it remained undecided who had the best of it. The diplomatic world thought it undignified in a plenipotentiary; but his lordship is rather proud of it than otherwise. The morning costume of the ladies also invites criticism. People have been heard to say that the English ladies looked like the seven sleepers, by dress—so old-fashioned do they appear to continental eyes. Here, however, are English women who are up to the last Parisian fashions. They are the Misses Smith, Sir Sidney Smith's two handsome daughters; closely followed by the hero of Acre himself, and his tall German wife. The young ladies find many admirers here; but let them beware of princes. Here is the gay Prince August of Prussia taking them in flank. And that wild-looking man with the sallow moustache, who comes scampering across from the other alley with a hop and a skip, and signals his advent with a loud "Bon j-j-jour, ladies!" is the Crown-Prince Ludwig of Bavaria. He does not look much of a dangerous admirer, were he not a prince. He squints and stammers, is dull of hearing, and has nervous twitches in his face: yet withal, it is at times lit up by rays of genius that make you forget its ugliness. He is an accomplished young man, a poet, a patriot though a prince, a patron of the arts, and enthusiastic worshipper of the beautiful. He takes the other flank of the young ladies, who, it is very visible, are much elated by their princely escort. Let them beware, though! Sir Sidney has come to Vienna, delegated by philanthropic Quakers and others, on a diplomatic cruise against piracy: he is to move the Congress to put down the Beys of Barbary. But he gets no support from the English mission; and, except that his ladies enjoy the visit much, his expedition is unsuccessful.—Literary notabilities are scarce at Vienna. Here, however, comes one; an Austrian subject, too, though not of indigenous growth. Austria, ever since Ferdinand, with the help of the Virgin Mary, put down heresy, has not produced much literary talent; and the indispensable modicum for the service of the State has in great part to be enlisted in other parts of Germany. Metternich's helps in the speaking, writing, journalizing line are at this time chiefly ex-Prussians, ex-Protestants, and, if the sad truth must be told, ex-respectable men. His principal hand and *alter ego*, for instance, who does all his real work for him, as Dalberg does

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Talleyrand's, is the former Prussian *Geheime Rath* Gentz, a clever writer and very worthless character, whom Castlereagh calls "our friend Gentz." He conducts the Protocol at the Congress, and keeps a first-rate cook. Gentz we shall not see here; he never comes to the Bastei: his hours of recreation are spent in private. But this flabby, puffy man who is now coming towards us, is another Austrian acquisition from the Protestant ranks. It is Herr Friedrich von Schlegel, walking for an appetite with Frau Dorothea, his eccentric little wife, a daughter of the celebrated philosopher Moses Mendelssohn, who left her first husband, a prosaic Berlin banker, to live an exalted ideal life with the author of *Lucinde*. For it was at the period of great marital freedom at Berlin, when the elective affinities were allowed to plead in court. The ideal pair turned Roman Catholic; and Schlegel provides now the philosophy for the Austrian system, and enjoys the Viennese cookery much. He teaches Mysticism, Romanticism, Mediævalism, and the *arcanum* whereby "the reason" is made to swallow the thing that "the understanding" refuses. Coleridge attended his lectures, and took the seeds of it, *subjective* and *objective** and all, to England; where, in course of time, Tractarianism sprang from it, and the movement "from Oxford to Rome." Curious to consider. In London, at this very time, crowds flock daily to a certain carpenter's shop in Tottenham-court-road, to see the cradle which stands ready to receive the new-born Messiah—as soon as Joanna Southcote shall have brought him forth. And here on the Bastei walks, for an appetite, the indirect cause of the next religious movement in England that will nigh frighten the isle out of its propriety!

Two individuals whom one would have liked to get a sight of, we search for in vain amongst the promenaders: Beethoven resides at Vienna, but never shows himself here. He shuns the vicinity of the great; walks in solitary places, or in the *Volksgarten* amongst the people. Marie-Louise dwells out in Schönbrunn, very Frenchified in her tastes and ways, her attendants complain. One of her attendants is General Neipperg, whose musical talent she appreciates. She, also, never comes to the Bastei. However, we can spare her: for here are three kings and an empress all in a row. That plain, stoutish man, with the good-humoured face, hands crossed behind his back, and closely followed by a little *Spitz*, is Maximilian of Bavaria—not the grim Duke Maximilian who was such a pillar of the Jesuits in the

* To Mr. Ruskin's great annoyance, we see; who, by the bye, may be assured that there *are* a few German books in which the obnoxious words never once occur,—as he will find out some day when he makes himself acquainted with German literature.

Thirty Years' War—but Crown-Prince Ludwig's father, a good easy sort of man, for whom the world is no worse, and no better. He leads his sister-in-law, the Czarina Elizabeth, Alexander's "Empress," rather than wife; a kind good lady, they say, but too insipid, perhaps, for Alexander's taste. Yet she is patient and uncomplaining, and her reward is near at hand. It was during the Congress that the Czar, in a serious mood, resolved to be again a husband to his long-neglected wife. The lean man in the centre is the King of Denmark, who earns golden opinions by his courteous bearing, but can get no equivalent for Norway, which, by a combination of England and Russia, has been forced from allegiance to him, and given to Sweden in repayment for the loss of Finland. The poor King of Denmark can get nothing at all from the Congress, though he tries very hard, and is ably assisted by his ambassador Bernsdorf. "You have gained every heart here," said the Emperor Alexander, when his Danish Majesty took leave of him. "But not one soul," answered the Dane, sadly. That mountain of flesh that leans heavily upon his arm, and shuffles along with difficulty, is the King of Wurtemberg, a petty despot, or "small Sultan," as Stein calls him, in whose veins the blood of Charles the Tyrant and other grim ancestry does not flow in vain. He regrets openly the end of the Napoleonic times, that gave him much which was not his own, and let him do with it as he liked; and has been heard to say that one will soon have to be ashamed to be a Wurtemberger, because there is talk of the revival of the old *Stände*, and of Constitutional limits to the power of the sovereign—a demand which his own Crown-Prince, Stein's pupil, approves of, the unnatural son!

And so the multifarious company at the "political exchange," as the Bastei promenade was called, walk and talk;—the ladies in coalscuttle bonnets or Spanish hats with feathers, short waists, and parasols of umbrella size; the gentlemen in tights, Hessian boots, high-rolled collars, and profusion of white neck-cloth—till it is time to dress for dinner: for they dine early at Vienna. The Danube flows sluggishly below; the florid steeple of St. Stephen's rises high above; the Kahlenberg looks placid and green; the purple Hungarian mountains border the horizon: the serene ether overarches all; and the slanting rays of the yellow autumnal sun illuminate it with golden light: for the sun shines equally on Congresses, battle-fields, weddings, funerals, solitary workers, and public promenaders; and is, fortunately, very independent of human politics and diplomatics.

Our task of drawing the shadow of an event which illuminated the public horizon forty years ago were comparatively pleasant, if we had to deal with flesh and blood only. But our duty as

faithful reporters bids us also tell of dead business, of diplomatic negotiations that came to something or came to nothing; how A. tried to get the most he could, and B. let him have as little as he could help: and how great opportunities were wasted by little men. We cannot promise the reader to awaken in him an "interest" in that part of the business, conscious as we are of our deficiency in this respect. But we will promise him the utmost brevity; and considering that the political arrangements of Europe are still principally based upon the results of those negotiations, we will, on our part, claim from the reader an indulgent hearing.

Though the public eye at Vienna could discover nothing but amusements and festivities, there was at the same time much business going on also: witness Klüber's nine volumes of "Acts." But the business was transacted in private—no reporters admitted—by interviews, conversations, consultations, notes, memorandums, committees; finally, conferences and protocols. Whilst on the surface all was bright and placid, underneath was strenuous warfare: strategic movements, sieges, battles of the tongues and pens, where the victory is not necessarily to the strong. On the 9th of October, Lord Castlereagh writes home, "We are at sea, and pray for favourable winds and currents"—as the unskilled captain has need to do.

The objects which above all else indispensably required an agreement between the Four Powers before the Congress could be formally proceeded with, were Prussia's demand of Saxony and the Russian plan about Poland. The first was, at the outset, pretty generally acquiesced in; the second was unanimously objected to; but, during the course of negotiations and "strategic movements," the two questions came to be involved and entangled with each other, till they became one identical chief difficulty, and apple of discord.

Prussia's case was opened in a practical way by Stein, administrator in chief of the countries occupied by the Allies, who proposed, with the consent of Russia, that the provisional occupation and government of Saxony should at once be handed over to Prussia. Prussia would then be situated like the other powers with regard to their indemnification. Castlereagh, in a note to Hardenberg, dated 11th October, gave his cordial assent. There was no principle in European politics, he declared, to which he attached a greater importance than the substantial reconstruction of Prussia; and if the incorporation of the whole of Saxony with the Prussian monarchy be necessary for so great and good an object, he should entertain neither moral nor political repugnance against such a measure. Of the King of Saxony he should rather be glad, than otherwise, to see an example made.

If ever a sovereign placed himself in the case of being sacrificed to the future tranquillity of Europe, he thought the King of Saxony was the man. But, adds his lordship, if the incorporation of Saxony is to serve to indemnify Prussia for losses she might have to sustain on the Russian side, in that case he was not authorized to give any hope that Great Britain would, in the face of Europe, consent to such an engagement. Persuaded, however, that such a result was neither proposed on one side nor supposed on the other, he consents at once to the Prussian occupation of Saxony, as a proof of his sincerity, and of the great consideration which he has the honour to be, &c., &c.

Metternich, after delaying as long as he decently could, sent his note on the 22nd, in which he also, on the part of Austria, expressed (*"avec beaucoup de noblesse,"* says honey-mouthed Flassan) how his master's heart's desire was for the re-construction of the Prussian monarchy to its full former dimensions, and even beyond. As to the incorporation of the whole of Saxony, that was, indeed, a subject of regret to his master; not at all diminished by Russian approval of, or English adhesion to the measure. No light matter to see one of the most ancient dynasties of Europe (claiming descent from Wittekind, who is himself descended from Odin, at all events from Adam) dealt with so severely; besides, it would be inconvenient to Austria, and we never wish to see Germany divided into North and South. And the line of the Mayn has to be settled, and about fortresses, and Mentz, and other matters would need to be arranged, if circumstances should make the incorporation of Saxony with Prussia indispensable. — And, on the whole, at this stage, and as England has given its adhesion, I will not say no.

Whereupon, Prince Repnin, the Russian general who commanded in Saxony, received orders, with the consent of the Powers, to evacuate Saxony, and hand the occupation and administration of the country over to Prussia.

Castlereagh's hypothesis of "losses on the Russian side," for which he would *not* engage to indemnify Prussia, had more concrete reality than he cared to express. Prussia's Polish provinces had been taken away by Napoleon, and, together with some other fragments of ancient Poland, constituted into a "Duchy of Warsaw," conferred on the King of Saxony. To the Poles the recollections of their former connexions with the Saxon dynasty could not be particularly cheering or hopeful. Nor was it from any love for Polish independence that Napoleon created this duchy. The sort of respect which Napoleon and his generals entertained for their faithful and useful Polish allies, appears from a little incident that happened at the very birth of

the said duchy. The Polish magnates, in glittering uniforms, were assembled at their town-hall to meet Marshal Davoust; the marshal, alighting from his horse at the door, found himself sunk in mud and nastiness half way up to his knees. "*Voilà,*" he exclaimed, whilst trying to shake off the dirt, turning to a Prussian ex-official who happened to stand by, "*voilà ce que cette canaille appelle sa patrie !*" The Duchy of Warsaw, inaugurated under such auspices, had been conquered and was occupied by Russia; and it was known that Alexander cherished a plan of raising it into a constitutional Kingdom of Poland, of which he, the Autocrat of Russia, was to be the constitutional head. It was in vain that Stein and Pozzo endeavoured to dissuade the Emperor from his questionable project; representing it to him as threatening to his neighbours, impracticable in itself, and dangerous even to Russia. Stein argued that Poland was deficient in all elements of constitutional life, having no middle class, a reckless anarchic aristocracy, and an enslaved population, brutalized by centuries of misgovernment; and that, moreover, a constitutional Poland connected with an autocratic Russia must eventually lead either to separation or to complete subjugation. "How is it," asked Alexander some time after Stein had sent in his memorandum,—“how is it, that you who always show such liberal ideas, propose differently in this case?” “Because, sire, it appeared to me,” answered Stein, “that in the application of principles, regard must be had to the nature of the object to which they are to be applied.” But Alexander was not the man to be reasoned out of a favourite object; he merely repaid the inconvenient reasoner with his ill-humour, and turned to more congenial counsel—Prince Czartoriski, in this case, chief representative of Polish nationality, then as now, and Alexander's bosom friend. He warmly supported the plan, encouraged his Imperial friend to persist in it against all obstacles, and wrote diplomatic notes and papers, when the other hands were thought too tame. Not to lose so favourable an opportunity for completing the traditional policy of his country with regard to Poland, was natural enough in a Russian czar. A Russian czar, too, is not independent of public opinion, which has a way to express and even to assert itself even in Russia; and the public opinion of Russia was decidedly for retaining Poland, as some slight compensation for all Russia's sacrifices and services in the cause of Europe. But, Alexander was also a man of “fine feeling” and liberal sympathies. A “constitutional Kingdom of Poland,” connected with Russia, made the acquisition so much more euphonious to his mind, permissible to his conscience, reconcilable, nay, honourable, to his liberalism: Would he not form a pattern of constitutional

sovereignty to all future kings? Amongst the arguments which Alexander brought forward in defence of his Polish project, there was also this—that he owed it to the Poles to repair the wrong which his grandmother Catherine had done them. So tender a conscience was his.

On the other hand, Alexander had, by the treaties of Kalish and Töplitz, entered into engagements with Austria and Prussia with regard to the Duchy of Warsaw; nor could these Powers, even if indemnified elsewhere for territorial sacrifices on that side, be indifferent to the nature of their Eastern frontiers. But here again Alexander argued: Shall Russia, the deliverer of Europe, alone go home empty-handed? You, Austria, are recompensed above deserts, in Italy. My friend Prussia here shall have Saxony, and welcome. England keeps what it pleases of old French and Dutch colonies, and is allowed to have its own way with the Netherlands. Does not even France owe it in good part to my generosity that she retains the Alsace and other old conquests? And shall I alone have nothing to show to my Russians for all they have suffered and done?

Hardenberg, Metternich, Castlereagh, were of one mind, that the Polish kingdom project was to be opposed as threatening and unjust to Austria and Prussia, and dangerous to the balance of power. Austria and Prussia being more directly interested, it was left to the representative of England, as the more neutral power, to be spokesman and mediator in this delicate business. Hence Castlereagh's note of the 12th October; which has since acquired a certain celebrity, and procured for its author the reputation of a courageous champion of Polish independence. Most undeservedly. The document contains indeed one oratorical paragraph, in the conjunctive mood, glancing rather insolently, because only with an "if," at the hypothesis of a restored Poland, or part of Poland: but in substance the note, and still more the letter which accompanied it by way of apologetic soft-solder, took its stand upon the treaties of Kalish and Töplitz, and called the Emperor quite welcome to the lion's share of the Duchy of Warsaw, provided he would not withhold from Prussia and Austria such districts as were required for the security of their frontiers.

There were answers, replies, and counter-replies, and the battle of notes grew hot. "The purity of my intentions makes me strong, my lord," writes Alexander, wrapping his cloak of virtue around him. And Castlereagh's mediation results in mere irritation. And the czarish mind being irritated against Metternich also, the task to mediate is transferred to Hardenberg.

On the 18th of October a grand military spectacle took place

in commemoration of the Battle of Leipzig. The review over, the various regiments piled arms and sat down to dinner with the emperors and kings, in old Grecian fashion. Alexander, from a balcony in the open Prater, elevating his cup towards the high heavens, drank *twice* "to the German people!" Trumpets flourished, cannon thundered, and soldiers and people answered with never-ending enthusiasm: *Hoch! Vivat Ho-o-o-ch!* And Alexander looked radiant. Yet cool observers who had stood near him on that balcony earlier in the day, whilst the endless masses of troops were filing past, thought they could discover in the Czar's face an expression not of delight at the fine appearance of the Austrian military force. He looked annoyed, they said.

All through October private negotiations proceed, and the coteries are busy. Principalities, powers, and excellencies, cased in the panoply of logic and girt with the armour of persuasion, wrestle in painful encounter; and it is found no such easy task to remodel the map of Europe with argumentative compasses and diplomatic pen and ink. Alexander, in unbending talk with Stein, wished it were well over, that he might henceforth "live solely for the support and propagation of liberal ideas, which alone could confer some value on life."

Other business also has been taken in hand. A committee on Swiss affairs is sitting to settle the internal disputes of the cantons and to establish the Confederation under European guarantee. Colonel Laharpe, Alexander's old tutor, delegated by the democrats of Vaud, gains the advantage over the aristocrats of Bern, supported as he and his side are by his Imperial pupil and friend. In Italian affairs, the annexation of Genoa (much against the will of the Genoese) to Piedmont began to be discussed; but the position of the King of Naples was as yet only talked and corresponded about in an underhand manner, under the auspices of Prince Talleyrand and the government of Louis XVIII.

The German committee is hard at work, receiving and examining plans for the constitution of the Fatherland; and the discussions are hot and loud, not only in Vienna circles, but in pamphlets and newspapers all over the country. The question of German unity, of which the world has heard much since, began at that time. It is a difficult and complicated question.

The German *Reich*, or Empire, a system of subaltern, self-governing corporations comprehended within the great incorporation of the *Reich*, was perhaps the most opulent product of the political instincts of the middle ages. It offered room for the freest individual and provincial development, and bound each to all by a system of gradation, with the Emperor as keystone on the

top. It reminds one of the Gothic cathedral, with its arches and pillars, and buttresses, and aisles, and chapels, and steeples, and manifold diversities, all of individual character and self-completeness, yet all supporting, and supported by the whole. The stone cathedrals, after their original use was gone, still remained picturesque to the eye and grand to the imagination. But the Empire, being a living organisation, when the spirit left it, fell into dissolution, internal strife, external degradation—till the rough contact with the French Revolution, and its consequences, shook it finally asunder, and there remained, politically, only German States, but no Germany. The history of the last two centuries of the German Empire might become analogically intelligible to the modern reader, if he would imagine a case of the controversies that at times spring up between the members of the American union coming to practical issue: individual States setting themselves up against the federal authority in defence of what they hold to be their States' rights: foreign powers interfering in help of this side and of that: and all again patched up from time to time by loose compromises. But there is even in this imaginary case the essential difference, that the Americans have no powerful neighbours, no Louis XIV., crouching at their borders, cementing internal strife, and ready to spring up and devour at the favourable opportunity.

The German States, large and small, had grown sovereign; and the problem was, to devise a confederation to bind them together. Manifold were the schemes, various the aims. Stein, supported by the free cities, smaller potentates, by the mediatised princes, and patriotic politicians generally, was for a strong central power—an emperor, even an Austrian, as no better could be had. Prussia, represented in the committee by Humboldt, was for a duality, the ruling influence to be divided between Prussia and Austria. Austria was altogether for a minimum of confederation. Bavaria and Wurtemberg, Napoleon-made kings, protested against the notion of being deprived of any sovereign rights. And so the controversy went on in doors and out of doors: the course of German patriotism, like that of true love, did not run at all smooth; and left to free discussion and voluntary agreement, practical men could find no such "ready and easy way to establish a free commonwealth," as Milton once, in England's disorganized times, thought he had discovered, but could likewise not get enacted.

The only definite result which the month of October brought forth was, that Count Münster, faithful liege-man of the house of Brunswick, had assumed the royal title for his liege lord, and that the Electorate of Hanover was henceforth to be a kingdom. And when the 1st of November came, there was

nothing yet ready for official treatment. The German business was at a dead-lock; the Polish did not advance: the Saxon retrograded. Alexander seeing himself opposed by the ministers, turned to the masters, appealing to their sentiments of friendship, to their royal and imperial minds, to appreciate "the purity of his motives;" but hitherto without effect. Metternich spoke fair on both sides, and procrastinated. Talleyrand had not yet developed his forces, but reconnoitred still, examined his ground, and dropped hints to this party and to that party, as to their real interests. If Castlereagh could be got to join, there might be a pretty game.

Prince Replin, in delivering up his command in Saxony, issued a proclamation in which he assumed the annexation of Saxony to Prussia as a settled matter; which gave offence at Vienna and elsewhere. The King of Saxony, from his place of confinement, protested. Dresden threatened to be no longer a Court residence, and the official people generally grew loud. Already, at an earlier stage, the Duke of Coburg—one of the smaller boughs of the many-branched House of Saxony, and elder brother of Prince Leopold, who had just begun to be an interesting personage in England and much favoured by the Whigs—had entered the lists for the Saxon King, in a letter to Castlereagh, which had, somehow, found its way to England. The Saxon Sovereign, so wrote Coburg, has no other judges than the King of England has: God and his nation. You wish to strengthen Prussia: this is the way to weaken it; the Saxon people will not forget its ancient dynasty: Germany will be destroyed, the Ottoman empire upset, the peace of Europe shaken, if you allow this about Saxony: "Germany lays its cause before the tribunal of England." That is to say, Germany as represented by the Duke of Coburg. But it sounded plausible, and liberal England hearkened.

Insight into the true bearing of Continental politics, so as to be able to distinguish, in their complication, the real from the apparent, is not the forte of our insular politicians; but foreign politics are always attractive. The honest Liberal, with such information only as the English press affords him, looking out, of course, with English constitutional or radical eyes, but grasping in the dark, gladly seizes and hugs any object that presents itself in the name of "liberty all over the world;" not to mention the fine and also cheap opportunities foreign topics offer to a tribune of the people for displaying his liberal and generous sentiments and sympathies. The Duke of Coburg's letter made an impression in England. Parliament was sitting in late session; the Opposition watchful of Vienna. Mr. Whitbread was at his post. "Will the right honourable gentleman, the Chancellor

of the Exchequer, undertake to say that any progress has been made at Vienna since this day last month?"—Mr. Vansittart could not say. He might have answered in extenuation, that it took the Congress of Westphalia a full year to settle the preliminary question of precedence; and that at Vienna they managed that part of the business, at least, in one sitting. But perhaps he did not know; at all events he did not say.—"Is it true," continues the interrogator, "is it true that the Emperor Alexander has added an additional grace to his character by supporting the claims of Poland's independence, and that he is opposed by our Ministers?"—The ministerial benches are silent.—Again, Mr. Whitbread "entreated information about Saxony: was it possible that you should allow a venerable and constitutional (*sic*) sovereign to be despoiled of his inheritance for the advantage of military Prussia?"—Mr. Vansittart "believed that no English Minister would be a party to a partition of Saxony." (Hear, hear.)—Mr. Tierney hoped to God that he would not.—But what shall *we* say of Mr. Vansittart's "belief?" It must either be understood in a very parliamentary sense indeed, or else we must presume the right honourable gentleman knew much less about his colleague's proceedings at Vienna than we know. Mr. Lambton (we continue our parliamentary report) saw every reason for the house to withdraw its confidence from Ministers, as being accessory to the club of confederated monarchs at Vienna, the spoilers of Saxony and oppressors of Norway.—Mr. Horner was virtuously indignant about the Naples question, and stood up—not for a venerable sovereign's "inheritance," in this case, but for King Joachim. And thus, throughout the late session, the Opposition ask indignant, damaging questions, and the ministerial bench is dreadfully ill off to account for the faith, on foreign policy, that is in it. "You can have no idea how much ground we lost in the House of Commons in the short session before Christmas," writes Lord Liverpool, dolefully, to his Foreign Secretary at Vienna. But "ground in the House of Commons," as everybody knows, is of incomparably greater importance to an English Minister than any Saxon questions can be. So Lord Castlereagh received instructions to "turn his back upon himself," and join Talleyrand on the Saxon question, to support the King of Saxony—a little, just enough to blunt the point of Mr. Whitbread's rapier.

At Vienna, meanwhile, things do not advance: "*Le Congrès danse bien, mais il ne marche pas*," was one of the last *bon mots* which the Prince de Ligne fired against a world neglectful of him. Winter had come, but no solution. Alexander sent his brother Constantine to Warsaw to organize the Polish army. His discontent with Metternich rose into quarrel, the quarrel

into scandal. Metternich had hinted to Hardenberg that he should have his way in Saxony, if he would thwart Russia in the Polish question. Now Frederic-William learns from his friend, the Czar, that the Austrian Minister had hinted to *him* acquiescence in the Russian plans about Poland, if Russia would separate from Prussia about Saxony. Metternich, taxed with this, formally denies it; and the Czar would have challenged him, had they been equals. But who is the liar, the Emperor or the Prince? We hope neither; and think we can see it was a feat of Mephistopheles Talleyrand, who, made the go-between, dropped hints and insinuations; and Alexander, being dull of hearing, may have taken as information what was merely intended, and cunningly worded, as a hint or insinuation.* It had, however, the important effect of determining Frederic-William to command his Minister no longer to join with Metternich and Castlereagh in direct opposition to Alexander, but to maintain a neutral and mediating position. Frederic-William and Alexander had, in times of trouble, "vowed eternal friendship" to each other. It was done solemnly, over the great Frederic's tomb, and Frederic-William's beautiful Queen, who stood by witnessing, gave her blessing to the compact. And now, in the presence of a hostile, intriguing Talleyrand, a doubtful double-minded Metternich, and a cold, indifferent Castlereagh, Frederic-William felt called upon not to join with these against a sworn and tried friend. It was a very intelligible policy, though it may have been a mistaken one. We say "it may have been;" but we are by no means so sure as Gervinus and others that it really was a mistaken policy. For the other alternative, even supposing it had led to a successful issue, was not to found an independent kingdom of Poland as a wall of separation between Germany and Russia, but merely to increase the Prussian and diminish the Russian share of Poland; still keeping Russia as a next-door neighbour. And to gain additional thousands, or millions, of unloving and unlovable Polish subjects, sympathising perhaps, under the altered circumstances, with the fellow-Slaves on the Russian side of the frontier, cannot be an object for which a King of Prussia ought to run much risk. With the other parties the question at stake was a game at speculation: well, if won; no great harm if lost. With Prussia, as then situated, it was a matter of gravest import; and the King decided not to alienate Alexander. But, whatever the merit of the policy may have been, Hardenberg

* "*Leben Stein's*," iv. 197 and 207. And we presume that Herr Pertz's dates, which are confusing, and go against our conjecture, must be wrong. Alexander's communication to the King of Prussia he dates 6th November; and afterwards says that the Emperor told the King that on "the 15th November," Talleyrand had told him, &c.

obeyed his master, and did not resign, as Gervinus* opines he ought to have done. Alexander, on the other hand, offered to do the handsome thing: give up Cracow on the Austrian, Thorn on the Prussian side: both to be free cities with adjoining districts. Frederic-William, on his part, proposed to provide for the King of Saxony in Westphalia, to make over to him a respectable principality with a fellow-catholic population.

Thus matters stood at the Congress in the wintry December days, when Castlereagh communicated his new instructions to Metternich and Talleyrand. Hoary St. Nicolas himself, who at that season gladdens the hearts of well-behaved Viennese children, brought no more welcome gladness to any innocent young heart than the English news gave to those two plenipotentiaries. And now Talleyrand's opportunity was come. He had the solution in his hands: it was a word, a principle. Expediencies solve nothing: principles alone bring solutions. He indited his celebrated Note of the 26th of December, to Castlereagh, to this effect: The revolution was a struggle between two principles. To put an end to revolution, you must terminate the struggle. The opposing principles are revolution and legitimacy, and the one cannot be said to be ended till the other has completely triumphed. But in Naples there is still a revolutionary dynasty on the throne; and in Saxony a legitimate sovereign is endangered: "Let the principle of legitimacy triumph unrestrictedly. Let the king and kingdom of Saxony be preserved, and the kingdom of Naples be rendered to its legitimate sovereign."

Dixi et salvavi animam meam!—Talleyrand always retained a certain unction from his priestly education; and his notes are as oily as his speech or his countenance—or as his venerable silver locks were in his latter years.

Poland, one might have thought, had the most claim upon France, and Lombardy to be of nearer interest to her than Saxony. But a sporting diplomatist must be satisfied if he can kill two birds at one throw. Moreover, it was necessary to humour Alexander and have Metternich for ally. Chateaubriand, and other French writers, assert that Talleyrand was bribed with millions by the kings of Saxony and Naples. That is very possible; but his policy is quite intelligible and Bourbonic enough without it. So Talleyrand had the key of the situation in his hand. Metternich steered the same way, and Castlereagh, with his new instructions, joined company. Alexander having yielded a little, the Polish question was allowed to recede into the background; and the diplomatic forces were all directed against

* Geschichte des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts.

Saxony. We need not tire the reader with the intricacies of diplomatic strategy that now followed. To the female mind of Rahel Varnhagen it all appeared very like what draught-players call dodging: you move forward, I move backward; you move backward, I move forward.

But to Hardenberg and the Prussians the game became daily more serious. Metternich, seeing himself no longer checked by English "adhesion" to the Prussian plan, turned completely round: would cede next to nothing of Saxony; but indemnify Prussia altogether on the Rhine, draw Prussia's long thin limbs without increase of strength at the centre, still longer, and make it so the shield of Germany against France. In Berlin, the heads began to wax hot, and there was talk of the need of sending Blücher to replace Hardenberg. Hardenberg himself, driven to bay, in the heat of debate, let slip an observation, that Prussia "would know how to guard its rights." The newspapers brought tidings of activity in the French army. Austrian and Bavarian troops moved towards the Bohemian frontier. The English-Hanoverian army in the Netherlands was being increased. The Emperor Francis, in an interview with a deputation of Teutonic Knights, was heard to say: "The King of Saxony must have his land back, else I shoot (*sonst schiess' ich*)."^{*} The question turned now upon a *division* of Saxony, transferring *part* of it to Prussia. The Prussian Statesmen objected to this, as unjust to the Saxon people: "Keep the land together," they said, "whoever be the sovereign." Francis said: "It is a hard thing to push a monarch from his throne." Alexander answered: "Better that misfortune should befall the dynasty than the country." (*S'il y avait un malheur, il valait mieux celui de la dynastie que du pays.*)

Castlereagh, with the fear of Whitbread before his eyes, observed, that it was not so much a question of principle as of expediency; that it was necessary to conciliate public opinion, and better to swim with the stream than against it.* Hardenberg rejoined, that it was the business of statesmen to direct public opinion, not to follow it. Talleyrand stuck to principle and legitimacy, as the only solution of all difficulties. So the argument went round, and no advance was made. Logic, it appears, would not settle it. And serious people, at the Congress seeing a world out of joint, began, like Hamlet, to curse their fate that *they* ever were "born to set it right."

On the 26th of December the English commissioners at Ghent signed a peace with America. And on the 3rd of January, Castlereagh, Metternich, Talleyrand, in all privacy, signed a secret "defensive" alliance; to which other parties

* "Leben Stein's," iv. 254.

were, in strictest secrecy, to be invited to accede: to which Bavaria gladly acceded at once, and others by-and-bye. Each of the contracting powers engaged to assist the other by an army of 150,000 men, or the equivalent in money. A military commission was named, consisting of two Austrian, one French general, and the Bavarian Prince Wrede. And under the hospitable roof of Kaiser Francis there slept now two brother-monarchs, *against* whom the host was secretly allied.

In those very days, the Emperor Alexander, all unsuspecting, and given to much serious meditation and communication with his pious friend and correspondent, Madam Krüdener, imparted to his brother-sovereigns of Austria, Prussia, and England his thoughts upon the needfulness, in a world like ours, of making the Christian religion the basis of the government and intercourse of nations; and suggested preliminary articles for the formation of a holy alliance.

So ends the year at the parliament of nations. But has not Talleyrand been successful? He came to the Congress as an isolated individual, excluded from all share in the main business. And here has he not only divided the old allies, but stands himself as the centre of a new powerful alliance, and has constituted himself champion of the principle of legitimacy, which is to shield the world against revolution!

The successful diplomatist, and ex-Bishop of Autun, treated the Congress also to a symbolical representation of his present sacred "principle." On the anniversary of the death of Louis XVI. he got up a grand funeral mass in the cathedral of St. Stephen: with profusion of black hangings, lamps, wax-candles, silver stars, wood-and-plaster dolls, emblematic figures of religion, with a cross, and Minerva, with a helmet;—almost as sublime as a scene in *Robert le Diable* (only that the music, Rahel says, was very bad); and all at the cost of 40,000 francs. All the Congress was there, invited by tickets. The ex-Bishop of Autun, who had once himself performed grand mass before the *autel de la patrie*, at the feast of confederation in the Champs de Mars, looked particularly unctuous; and there were many dry eyes. In the evening there was a court-ball of more than usual brilliancy—to console the mourners. And the following day there was the gayest, gaudiest of sleighing-parties: gilt and silvered sledges, six outriders with cocked hats to each; the gentlemen in full uniform; the ladies in fancy dresses; "Lady Castlereagh all in yellow, with a furious shawl," reports a female eye-witness;—for the outer aspect of the Congress continued gay and happy, however grave and ominous the condition of affairs might be; and the change of the seasons brought only change of amusements.

Amongst such a concourse of strangers as met at Vienna, and talked light talk at dinner-parties and *réunions*, the range of conversation would, of course, be very wide; and some new topics, destined afterwards to become familiar to all the world, would naturally turn up here for the first time. Such happened at a dinner-party at Herr von Gentz's, who kept a famous cook, and whose dinner-invitations were prized accordingly. Amongst the favoured guests there was a certain Bollmann, an ingenious man and traveller, who had visited many lands, and seen notable people and scenes: Marie-Antoinette, for instance, at the *Assemblée Nationale*, and Madame de Stael in *négligé*. He had just returned from America and from England, and had come to Vienna with some financial project in connexion with the House of Baring. This much-travelled Bollmann, we are told, at that dinner, first introduced the names of Scott and of Byron to the higher circles of the Continent. Which names were soon upon everybody's lips; filling the imaginations of the young generation with the images of kilted Highlanders, and still more of passionate Laras and Giaours. Poor Byron himself, in those same weeks, had procured "a blue coat" and a licence, and had finally got married—hoping to be happy now. And the next time the "higher circles" heard his tuneful voice, it was like the sound of the war-trumpet, boding no good to Talleyrand's new principle of legitimacy:

"What! shall reviving thralldom again be
The patch'd-up idol of enlighten'd days?
Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we
Pay the Wolf homage?"

which became the march-tune of all aspiring hearts of Europe for the next quarter of a century. At that same party, Bollmann gave also accounts of young America, of the prosperous new republic, whose public affairs were managed by plain citizens, without nobles, Hofraths or Geheime Rathes. Here was news for a perfumed sybaritic aristocratic circle, such as would assemble round Gentz's table! The effect was visible, and the offence great. "We thought we had put down the French Revolution, democracy, and all that: and is the game to begin afresh *de l'autre côté*?" Humboldt smiled sardonically, Rahel only with her eyes. The gay Duke of Coburg looked disdainfully upon the travelled *roturier* who brought such tidings. The beautiful Countess Fuchs left off eating *bons-bons*. The host himself, so Varnhagen who was present reports, "Gentz looked as if crushed by the weight of the subject, and alarmed as if high treason had been committed in his presence." Honest Bollmann had meant no harm, and was not in the least aware how he disturbed the digestion of his illustrious and beautiful listeners.

There were dinner-parties, high-tides, accidents, weddings, (Count Münster, for instance, got both thrown out of his carriage, and married)—and there were also deaths at the Congress. For like all life it was a scene

“Of joyances and high-tides, of weeping and of woe.”

Early in September, while Vienna was still busy ornamenting itself for the reception of its highest guests, a high guest out at Schönbrunn had been making her exit from a troublous world. Caroline of Naples died before Talleyrand's opportunity had come. When Maria-Theresa gave two of her elder daughters to be spouses of Christ, and married her two youngest to earthly kings, devout Catholic though she was, still her motherly heart probably rejoiced most at the latter provision. Yet how much happier was the lot of the Abbesses of Klagenfurt and Inspruck than that of the Queens of France and of Naples! Marie-Antoinette was guillotined, and Caroline-Marie, ever after her sister's cruel death, felt her own neck in danger, and lost the balance of her mind thereby. She had many reverses, many troubles, of her own; but she never gave in; always carried her head high, like a daughter of Maria Theresa's. She shunned no labour or personal exertion: roughed it with Nelson in ships of war: placed herself at the head of armed Lazzaroni to defend her kingdom against the invading French, after men had given it up as a bad job. She rushed to Petersburg to procure an army from Czar Paul; conspired with her Sicilians against the protecting English and Lord Bentinck's paper-constitution. Finally she left her island, amidst the tears of her peasantry: beat about the Mediterranean waters like a she-Ulysses; and wandering toilsome journeys through Turkey, Slavonia, Hungaria, had reached last year her maternal palace of Schönbrunn, where, in happier times, she used to play about her mother's knees; where her own daughter had lived, and died six years ago; where her granddaughter Marie-Louise, Empress of the spoiler of her House, came to join her by-and-by, bringing her a great-grandson, ex-King of Rome! Here, waiting impatiently for the Congress, and appealing loudly meanwhile to God and man, she wandered about, in wild distracted moods, in the grounds and walks which had once resounded with her gay happy laughter; heard voices: saw visions: hands beckoning her, with “Hist, Caroline, hist!”—the vehement heart unresting to the end. Till, at last, on the 8th of September, she found the long-missed peace, and was at rest. Queen Amelia, Louis-Philippe's widow, and Christine of Spain, are her daughters; King Bomba of Naples is her grandson; and Francis-Joseph, Emperor of Austria, is her great-grandson.

The obituary of the Congress records another death, of a tragi-comic sort, which, though difficult to relate, must as a diplomatic *specialité*, not be quire passed over in silence. A worthy old diplomatist, grown grey in ambassadorial routine, and well versed in Vattel and Puffendorf, had been summoned to Vienna to assist with his diplomatic lore. One evening at a court party, amongst the sublimest company in the world, the poor old gentleman was suddenly taken unwell, and felt premonished by uncourtly nature to withdraw without much delay. Which premonition he was about to obey, when a most gracious summons to join the imperial card-table reached him. Here was a case! Was he to obey the call of nature, or of honour and etiquette? Vattel and Puffendorf could not serve; but his Excellency was, perhaps, acquainted with Kant's "Essay on the Power of the Mind over the Body;" or remembered the Duke de St. Simon's heroism under analogous circumstances; and, with fatal self-confidence, chose the valiant part. He had the unspeakable distinction of sitting down to a *partie d'homme* with crowned heads; but, alas! he sat on thorns. Kant may demonstrate, and the Duke de St. Simon boast; the unfortunate, much honoured courtier discovered, in agonies, that though the spirit be strong, the flesh is weak. The high personages at his table, much discomfited, looked at each other, looked at the poor diplomatist, who tried to grin his politest but was changing colour very fast, laid down the cards and left the table. The unfortunate gentleman hurried home; considered his case; and blew out his brains. He was, of course, much pitied, and the point was discussed in diplomatic circles, what *was* the correct course for a man and diplomatist to pursue in such conjuncture, and by what steps the catastrophe might have been obviated. Humboldt, in his cynical way, is reported to have said that, under similar circumstances, he would have quietly borne *his* part, and have left it to the other parties to bear theirs; but, that he would in no case have shot himself for such reason; which opinion was thought to be very democratic, and gave offence in high quarters.

Somewhat later there occurred another and more dignified exit from the Congress and the world. "*Le Congrès danse bien, mais il ne marche pas*," was one of the Prince de Ligne's "last," and soon after followed his very last. Feeling himself indisposed, he predicted jestingly, that when the Congress should have exhausted all modes of entertainment, he would afford them the pleasure of a new spectacle: the funeral of an Austrian Field Marshal. And he fulfilled his prophecy. Consistent dandy to the end, his will was found to be written upon rose-coloured paper. He was the scion of an ancient

house; and had had an ancestor who was called "Big Devil," and on whom bluff Harry of England had conferred distinction. He had served in the Seven Years' War; had flirted with the Empress Catharine; had written a *Philosophie du Catholicisme*; and was the last extant specimen of the *beau* and *bel esprit* of a world that lies all submerged under the flood of the Revolution.

The month of January was the turning-point of affairs at Vienna. Matters had reached a height at which they could not continue long; the parties hostilely arrayed against each other began to grow alarmed at their own attitudes. Talleyrand, upon Castlereagh's proposal, though against the stipulation of the Peace of Paris, had been admitted to the Conferences. But Talleyrand and Metternich, strong in their secret alliance, soon bore down harder upon Prussia than Castlereagh had ever intended. So he had to check his secret Allies: "Stop, gentlemen; not quite so fast, if you please. It is no interest of mine to weaken Prussia; all I want is to save a *little* of Saxony, with which to meet Mr. Whitbread in Parliament." Castlereagh now had other reasons for bringing matters to conclusion. Parliament was to meet soon; difficult questions were coming on, Corn Laws, Bank Charter; and he was much wanted at home to regain the ground which his colleagues had lost in the last session. The Duke of Wellington was to replace him at Vienna. But Castlereagh was unwilling to leave before some settlement had been arrived at. "The fate of Europe may depend on the conclusions of the ensuing month," he writes to Lord Liverpool, who pressed for his return. "You might as well expect me to have run away from Leipzig (if I had been there) last year, to fight Creevy and Whitbread, as to withdraw from here till the existing contest is brought to a point."*

And so, early in February the "point" is brought about by compromise and general concession: Alexander yields a little more of Poland; Castlereagh is satisfied with a little less for Hanover in the north, and for the Netherlands in the west; Prussia, being unable to help it, accepts *part* of Saxony instead of the whole; accepts the Rhine-country and the post of honour and danger on the French frontier, "for the defence and in the interest of Germany, not for any Prussian interests," the king declared solemnly. The question of the Netherlands was easily settled, most parties being agreeable; and Russia being made agreeable by a certain Dutch loan payable out of the English exchequer. An abstract declaration condemnatory of the slave-trade, was also easily redacted, being abstract.† On the 3rd of

* "Correspondence," x. 235, 247.

† At the Congress of Utrecht, England had gained the *right* of trading in slaves to the Spanish colonies. At the Congress of Vienna it gained with some

February the Duke of Wellington arrived; on the 6th, Castlereagh had the satisfaction of reporting home, that the Saxon question, and with it all other important questions (except the Italian) were settled; and on the 14th he finally left Vienna.

The German committee, enlarging itself into a sort of Royal constituent assembly, composed of the representatives of the thirty-two sovereign princes and free cities, also resumed its labours, and was tending to that species of settlement which alone German affairs have for several centuries past proved capable of—a compromise. It resulted, finally, in the Act of Confederation, which broke down in '48; and which has since been set up again "provisionally," for want of any better possibility. And the great Barbarossa still sleeps on in the Harz-mountain, unmindful of the cry of the ravens that flutter round his head.

The Duke of Wellington was at once discovered to be a considerable improvement upon his predecessor; his simplicity and decision impressing judges favourably, and being more helpful to forward business than Castlereagh's "longwindedness." The Duke made his first public appearance at a "*redoubt*," between the Ladies Castlereagh and Londonderry, when all three ran some danger of being crushed to death by the pressure of the crowd, eager to get sight of the Peninsular hero. And he began his diplomatic functions with helping Austria to the acquisition of the romantic valley of the Valteline, the Alpine pass which Richelieu once took from the Pope, and, having procured the sanction of the Sorbonne, gave to the Grisons. And now all was in full sail, and port, such as it was, almost within sight. A statistic committee, a river-navigation committee, a redacting committee (for polishing the Act of Congress into seemliness) were at work; and business, and, of course, pleasure (which never flagged), were in full train. So the winter passed; the snow melted on the hills, the young green sprang forth in the meadows of the Prater, and the ladies began to suffer from the March dust heating their eyes. On the 5th of March there was an evening-party at Court, and there were *tableaux vivants*. One *tableau* had been got up with particular study and splendour. It represented the meeting between Maximilian I., jolly Kaiser Max, and Mary of Burgundy, an historical scene memorable to the House of Austria. The picture was the gem of all that had yet been produced in that line. Persons, costume, accessories, everything was perfect; gallant princes in knightly armour, Spanish mantles, waving plumes, and artificial beards; beautiful

difficulty Spain's consent to the above declaration. Here is another feature upon the dial-plate of history.

high dames with diamond spangled stomachers, embroideries, gold chains and rosy cheeks, shone in mediæval splendour. The company was charmed, entranced with admiration—when, in a distant part of the room, near the door, a whisper was heard, and then a low murmur pervaded the outer circles, spreading and gaining in depth as it spread in space; and heads were seen to turn, staring no longer at the *tableau*, but at each other. At last the *dramatis personæ* themselves took the contagion, looked agitated, fell out of the prescribed pictorial posture—and, in fine, the meeting between Max and Mary got broken off in the middle by the news of Napoleon's escape from Elba! It operated like a clap of thunder in a cloudless sky, reports one witness: "it was not difficult to perceive that fear was predominant in all the Imperial and royal personages there assembled,"* writes another. In France persons were known to die of joy: poor Berthier lost his senses, ran away from Paris to Bamberg, and finally threw himself out of the high window of his father-in-law's palace there; and here at Vienna kings and kaisers turned pale; so electrical is the effect of genius on the world!

One of the first things that Napoleon, arrived at the Tuileries, did, was to send a copy of the Triple Alliance of the 3rd of January, which Louis XVIII. in his hurry had left behind him, to the Emperor Alexander. Alexander sent for Metternich, showed him the document in Stein's presence, and then, throwing it into the fire, said, "Metternich, whilst we live, there shall be no more mention of this. We have other things to do now." Castlereagh also sent apologetic messages: the treaty is "purely defensive;" "it arose out of a most indiscreet declaration of Prince Hardenberg;"† and my following Metternich's and Talleyrand's lead. Talleyrand now ducks under in an eclipsed condition. Fifteen years after, in Louis Philippe's time, he emerged again into the sunlight of diplomatic importance—not this time as the spokesman of legitimacy, but of "*quoi que*"—and assisted Castlereagh's Secretary-at-War, and successor at the Foreign Office, to undo all that great feat of English diplomacy, the union of the Netherlands; and to leave nothing of it, except the periodical pleasure of paying the interest of the Russo-Dutch loan! It was during this latter and last period of Talleyrand's political perihelium that Heine, in the character of "own correspondent" wrote from Paris to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, "If an express should suddenly bring the news that Talleyrand had taken to a belief in accountability after death, the funds would at once go down 10 per cent."

* Clancarty to Castlereagh. "Correspondence," x. 261.

† Castlereagh to the Duke of Wellington. "Correspondence," x. 287.

Talleyrand's soul and the funds, which again are said to be the barometer of the times, had grown into very close affinity in the period which followed and partly grew out of the work of the Congress!

But at Vienna measures of war have now to be taken in the midst of settlements of peace, and the Congress is getting beyond our limits. We must therefore leave it.—On the 9th of June, 1815, the General Act of Congress was signed, which, with its one hundred and twenty-one articles, and “annexes” and “additional treaties,” the curious may read in the third volume of Flassan. We have only to notice that his Holiness the Pope and also Spain, the identical two Powers who, at the last great settlement of Europe, at the Peace of Westphalia, had “protested,” protested also at Vienna: they two against the world. Cardinal Consalvi, the Pope's legate, whom we met on the Bastei, protested in Latin, in the very words of the protest at Münster, “*protestor, resisto et contradico*,” in the name and interest of Holy Mother Church. May his Holiness protest evermore, *secula seculorum*!

Spain's protest were inviting to historical reflections, had we time. Ninety years previous to the date on which Don Pedro Gomez Labrador signed it, a predecessor of his, Don Ripperda, having concluded a treaty with Austria, wrote triumphantly from Vienna to his Court at Madrid: That France shall now be sacked; little Prussia annihilated in one campaign; the German Protestants crushed; the Dutch hucksters shut up in their cheese-shops; and the Hanoverians driven for ever from England.—That was in April, 1725. And now, in June, 1815, Don Pedro Gomez Labrador, standing upon the floor of the Congress-room at Vienna, in the presence of all the above Powers, still unannihilated, solemnly protests about “Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla,” and wraps himself in his cloak!

When “the noble Viscount in the blue ribbon,” as Mr. Whitbread now facetiously called Lord Castlereagh, had resumed his duties in Parliament, he made his great defence of the Congress. Talleyrand congratulated him upon it in flattering terms: “*Je s'ays à-present et par vous, ce qu'il faut dire du Congrès*.” “You have taught me how to speak of the Congress,” writes the accomplished diplomatist. Anxious also to learn, one turns expectantly to the speech; but, learns nothing, except the truth of Oxenstiern's famous lesson to his son. The substance of the noble Viscount's defence amounts to this: “Perfection belongs to no human work. It was the object of the Congress to carry into effect the Peace of Paris: we have honourably executed that.” And this is intrinsically all he says. Of the Kingdom of the Netherlands he speaks with a modest pride; and, on the

whole, he is satisfied that "a great deal had been done for the happiness of mankind."

The minister, Stein, on the other hand, summing up, in a letter to his wife, *his* opinion about the Congress, says: "Dissipation and want of depth in one; obtuseness and coldness in another; meanness, dependence on Metternich, in a third; and frivolity in all, were the cause that no great, noble, beneficent idea could be brought to bear upon the work connectedly, and as a whole."

So differently will men judge of one and the same object, according to their several ideals.

ART. VII.—GENERAL WILLIAMS, AND THE FALL OF KARS.

1. *Papers relative to Military Affairs in Asiatic Turkey and the Defence and Capitulation of Kars.* 1856.
2. *A Narrative of the Siege of Kars.* By Humphrey Sandwith, M.D. London: John Murray. 1856.
3. *Armenia.* By the Hon. Robert Curzon. London: John Murray. 1854.

ON the 3rd of March last, Mr. Layard explained very ably to the House of Commons, that, whilst Europe had been exulting in the fall of Sebastopol, the importance of this fact was scarcely understood by the Asiatics, who only knew the Western Powers had received a very great check by the fall of Kars. In reply, Lord Palmerston displayed much scientific research as to the exact position in society of the ladies of the Persian Royal family and the literary attainments of the present Shah—but he carefully avoided entering upon the question at issue.

The fact is, that the Eastern question is a twofold question; one European, the other Asiatic. The European equally affects France and England; the Asiatic, England only. For if it is to the interest of France that Russia should not rule at Constantinople, it is rather to her interest that Russia should rule at Kars. The nature of the European portion of the Eastern question is pretty well understood in this country by the public at large. They know that Russia wished to take Turkey; that England and France undertook its defence; that these Powers sent large armies to the Crimea; that a great number of lives were lost—a great number of blunders committed; that Sebastopol was blown up, and that the French have acquired rather more glory in the

undertaking than the English. But the Asiatic portion of the Eastern question is as yet enveloped in much obscurity. We have heard of a siege of Kars—its surrender—a quarrel between a General Williams and the British ambassador at Constantinople but why or wherefore so much importance should be attached to this out-of-the-way fortress, and why British functionaries should quarrel with one another, has puzzled many.

Whilst England has been gradually acquiring district after district in Hindostan, the Russians have been gradually working their way into Asia Minor. Now it is a well-established fact amongst Asiatic rulers, that he who obtains the greatest reputation as a conqueror, will likewise possess the most influence over his neighbours; for the Asiatic, whether Hindoo, Mussulman, or Pagan, however brave he may be, never contends against fate; and in the conqueror he ever sees the hand of God. When, therefore, England pushed its way up to the Himalayas, and Russia had deprived Persia of some of her finest provinces, it became a matter of deep consideration, both to British and Russian ministers, how each should control the influence exercised over Central Asia by the other. The Russians were anxious to increase their overland trade with China, Persia, and Asia Minor; whilst England wished these several sources to flow towards the sea-coast, and thus increase her shipping interest. Unfortunately for England and fortunately for Russia, the blunder at Navarino was committed, and Russia, taking advantage of the opportunity, pushed its frontiers beyond the mountains and fortresses which protected Asiatic Turkey, and Gumri and Erivan became frontier towns of the Russian line. But there is no nation, however strong and formidable it may be, which can give up with impunity the boundaries formed by nature, much less so can this be afforded by the Turks of Asia, for the Asia Minor of the present day is but the Asia Minor of the twenty last centuries. Mountain chains, broad streams, burning plains, a multitude of wild and savage tribes, without morals or principles, and often without religion, ruled, in a most sanguinary manner by rulers of less morals and less principles, and of more savage dispositions, than the barbarous hordes they are sent to look after. If the tribes are ever at war with one another, the rulers are ever quarrelling and bickering amongst themselves. If the people will rob the traveller, or burn down one another's villages, the rulers will plunder the people in all directions, and destroy whole districts.

To protect this mass of tribes and their unworthy chiefs from the disciplined forces of Russia, there were at the beginning of the present war but the two fortresses of Kars and Erzeroum. Erzeroum is the capital of Armenia, and its position would give

the Russians not only that province, but from thence they could without any difficulty work their way to the shores of the Levant. But to keep Erzeroum, Kars had to be taken. In 1854 the Turkish government endeavoured to place these fortresses in a proper state of defence; and the English government, equally anxious that the Russians should not push their conquests further in this direction, appointed, as Commissioner to the Turkish army in Asia, Lieutenant-Colonel Williams, of the Royal Artillery. This officer had been for many years attached to the British Embassy at Constantinople, during which period he had had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the nations inhabiting the frontiers of Asia Minor in a manner which has not yet been the lot of any other Englishman.

Owing to the disputed limits between Persia and Asiatic Turkey, the Koords living on both sides amused themselves plundering the caravans of merchants who traded between Turkey and Persia. The Persian Koords would likewise make it a virtue to destroy a Turkish village, and the Turkish Koords would soon after return the compliment:—

“The invading party,” says Mr. Curzon, “always on horseback, and with a number of trained led horses, which could travel one hundred miles without flagging, managed to arrive in the neighbourhood of the devoted village one hour before sunrise. The barking of the village curs was the first notice to the sleeping inhabitants that the enemy was literally at the door; the houses were fired in every direction; the people awoke from sleep, and, trying in confusion to escape, were speared on their thresholds by their invaders; the place was plundered of everything worth taking, and one hour after sunrise the invading bands were in full retreat, driving before them the flocks and herds of their victims; and the children and girls of the village bound on the led horses, to be sold or brought up as slaves; the rest having, young and old, men and women, been killed without mercy, to prevent their giving the alarm, their victors frequently coming down upon them from a distance of one to three hundred miles.”

With the hope of putting a stop to these inroads, a conference was appointed in 1842 at Erzeroum, where Colonel Williams, together with the Hon. R. Curzon, was sent to meet the plenipotentiaries of Turkey, Persia, and Russia; but the discussions being protracted by every conceivable difficulty, especially on the side of the Turks, it did not terminate till 1847, when it was agreed that a new survey should be made of the frontier line. Colonel Williams was again appointed on this mission, and with his fellow-commissioners left Bagdad in 1848, surveyed the whole of that hitherto unexplored region which extends to the east of Mesopotamia, till they finished their difficult task at Mount Ararat on the 16th of September, 1852.

That Colonel Williams gave every satisfaction to his Government in these two missions, is clear from his having been appointed to act as Military Commissioner with the Turkish army in Asia in 1854. It would have been well for him, however, if Lord Clarendon, in selecting him, had likewise left it to his discretion to draw up the instructions which were given to him. But our Ministers will deal with Asiatic matters as they do with European, and Lord Clarendon is responsible, to a great extent, for the subsequent mortifications which the gallant officer had to contend with. A Military Commissioner, with an army in the field, is merely a Military Ambassador. He has to report to his Government, and to the officer commanding the army of that Government, all the movements and details of the army to which he is attached. He may counsel, but must not interfere with, the officers commanding that army. Such was the position of the late Marquis of Londonderry and of the present Commander-in-Chief with the allied armies during the late war. Such, within the last two years, was that of Generals Rose and Du Plat; and in the case of Colonel Williams, it was distinctly stated to him, that this was to be his position (Desp. No. 3), "in communication with, and under the orders of, Lord Raglan." This was all very well, if he had had to do with a civilized country, but Colonel Williams knew better. He was aware that, from time immemorial, advice and exhortation were worthless in the eyes of Asiatics. If he had no power to cut their heads off, if he had no money to bribe them with, he was useless. But, from his great knowledge of these people, he also knew that much might be done by assuming power which he did not really possess. He accordingly did so. He ordered, and he bullied, and promised them every punishment on the face of the earth, for their drunkenness, their idleness, their lying, and their thieving. They were to be degraded, and fined, and imprisoned, and bowstrung. The effect produced was good. It might have been better—had he been supported by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. That great Minister has pretty well ruled Turkey for nearly twenty years; but, though he has no objection to having Turks fined and imprisoned, or even bowstrung, he has no notion of anybody interfering with him in this matter. His career, or rather the course which he has pursued during this career, has been very singular. He had to oppose the influence of Russia and France, and to sustain that of England. Many men would have done so, but would have cared little what became of Turkey. Lord Stratford has in the most able manner supported the influence of England, and yet afforded the Turkish empire what dignity it now possesses. He felt that by acknowledging the Sultan as sultan, and the Turkish people as a nation, he was doing infi-

nite service to Great Britain. It is true that he has now and then caused a powerful Minister to be dismissed, that he has addressed the great Chief of the Faithful in a manner which Soliman the Magnificent would not have stood; yet, nevertheless, when he has done so, it has been for the interest of Turkey he did do so.

When Colonel Williams first proceeded as Commissioner to the Turkish army in Asia, the Russians occupied the town of Bayazid. The great commercial road between Turkey and Persia was thus at the mercy of the Russians, threatening a trade in which British manufactures were considerably engaged with serious, if not total obstruction, impeding our political communication with Teheran, and tending to increase the moral influence of Russia with the Persian Court. A sanguinary battle had also taken place between the principal armies of Russia and Turkey in that quarter, in which the Turks were defeated. Lord Raglan, feeling the great importance of Kars, in this state of affairs, ordered Colonel Williams to proceed thither without delay, after having obtained from Lord Stratford the advice which that nobleman's great local experience, his knowledge of public men in that country, and his unrivalled power of discrimination, were supposed to enable him to give better than any other man. Colonel Williams was also informed that a French officer would be sent by Marshal St. Arnaud to join him as joint Commissioner. Lord Stratford appears to have given him every information in his power, and allowed him to read all the despatches and letters from Asia bearing on the recent disasters, by which he was enabled to obtain a clear insight into the very corrupt characters of the officers in command, and to find that there was a total want of provision, material, and carriage for the army.

Colonel Williams landed at Trebizond, and had not gone very far on his road to Erzeroum, when he discovered a lot of artillery stores, destined for the defence of that town, lying quietly in the middle of the road. Lord Stratford seems at this time to have been on the best of terms with him, and, in his despatches to Lord Clarendon, speaks of "his clear and temperate statements." As Colonel Williams proceeded further into the country, he appears to have found things in a worse condition than he had even been led to expect. Pay was drawn for 22,000 men, when there were only 14,000. These were in want of pouches, bayonet-belts, knapsacks, shoes, stockings, shirts, drawers, cartridges, cloaks, sabres; and there were no stores. Day after day he wrote to Lord Stratford, complaining of these matters; but post after post arrived, and he received no reply. These letters were written during the very eventful period which elapsed between the expedition to the Crimea and the fearful sickness

which broke out in the British camp. Lord Stratford, who had to keep in order the selfish and mercenary advisers of the Sultan, to correspond with the Foreign Office respecting the thousand and one details which arose daily concerning the armies in the Crimea, the intrigues of the Russians, the incapability of the Porte to assist the Allies, the disgraceful state of the hospitals, &c., did not answer one of Colonel Williams's despatches. But that officer, unaware of this complicated state of affairs, isolated amongst numerous wild tribes, and unrespected by the scoundrels whom he was anxious to bring to punishment, fancied he had been thrown over by the man under whom he had served for many years. There is no doubt that, had he been informed that our own Government, with our great resources, had been unable to find clothing and medicine for the men, or forage for the horses, in the Crimea, he would have been less complaining with respect to the army he had to look after. It is here that Lord Stratford's conduct appears inexplicable and inexcusable. A few lines would at least have placed the Commissioner's mind at ease. Knowing, as Lord Stratford did, the impossibility of a man, at the furthest limits of Asia Minor, obtaining information of events happening in Europe, the necessity there was for that man not only advising, but also having the power to command, his silence was impolitic as well as unmanly. Yet it must be allowed that, although he would not write to Colonel Williams, he appears to have strongly urged the Porte to carry out that officer's recommendations. Still it certainly was the least he could do to write and tell him he had done so. He has also been charged with delay in obtaining the commission of Ferik, or Major-General in the Turkish service, for the Commissioner. We have diligently looked over the correspondence, and we must admit that in this matter we can find no palliation for his neglect. He had but to order, to obtain it. His power at Constantinople was unbounded—a power fully appreciated by Colonel Williams when writing to Lord Clarendon.

"My Lord," he says, "could not the influence of the British Ambassador have caused the instant ejection of these culprits by one stern and severe rebuke? With respect to the efforts made after my direct and long-procrastinated appeal to your lordship, the results speak for themselves. With regard to Lord Stratford's remarks on Turkish corruption, I am, after many years' experience, of the self-same opinion. The civil and military department of the capital are hotbeds of corruption, which nurse tyrants and peculators for the oppression of this empire, and the voice of thunder, and not of persuasion, will alone arrest the evil."

No one knew this better than Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.

Leaving his Lordship to the business which was overwhelming

him at Constantinople, and to his occasional fits of spleen caused by the arrival of the mail from Trebizond, let us see what the Commissioner was doing. Unaware of the efforts which were being made for his assistance by his chief, he set himself to do the best he could to enable himself to act on the defensive; and for this purpose he despatched his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Teesdale, Royal Artillery, to Kars, while he remained at Erzeroum.

Kars is a picturesque, mud-built old city, situated at the foot of a cliff, with a fine medieval castle crowning a craggy hill in the centre, and a river running through the city, and in a deep cleft through the hills behind. The castle is a fine model of a feudal stronghold. Built on a craggy rock, which rises abruptly at the entrance of a deep gully, it commands the whole city, and its grey old walls seem to blend with the scarp rock and precipices on which it is built. At the foot of its rocky foundations the Kars-Chai, a brawling mountain river, crossed at the city by an ancient stone bridge, rushes over its stony bed. A curious circular tower stands near the castle, and remains of Persian architecture rise from amidst the mud huts which constitute the narrow and dirty streets of the city. Lieutenant Teesdale, on his arrival, found on the east of the town a fortified camp, consisting of a square redoubt, and a work formed by throwing back two faces from the parapet of the central battery of the lines. The walls on the north side of the tower were capable of affording a very serious resistance, in case of the advanced redoubt falling. At each extremity of the wall was a tower for artillery, that on the top of the hill protecting the rear of the redoubt, crowning the Karadagh and the suburb on that side; that at the bottom enfilading the road running under the mountain. Lieutenant Teesdale caused the gorges of the works to be closed with stockades, and induced the townspeople to work at fresh redoubts and connecting trenches, the designs for which were by Colonel Williams. In March, 1855, Colonel Lake, of the E.I.C. Engineers, replaced Lieutenant Teesdale at Kars, who then rejoined the Commissioner, and under his superintendence the fortress assumed most powerful dimensions. Situated under a precipitous and rocky range of hills, three miles in extent, in some parts quite impassable for artillery, there are in most places rocky roads, where an active country horse can clamber up and down. The western extremity is an easy ascent, called Tahmasp. The eastern extremity is the Karadagh, very rocky and difficult of access. This range of hills is bisected by a deep gorge, through which flows the river, which is crossed by five bridges. On the south of the city a fine level plain stretches away for many miles. Improving on Colonel Williams's plans, Lake fortified the heights which on both sides commanded the city. On the most commanding position on the

west of Kars was a very formidable closed fort, inside which was a bomb-proof block-house. This constituted the key of the northern position. Breastworks stretched from this fort eastward a mile and a half, as far as the gorge, where there was a redoubt erected the year before by Lieutenant Teesdale. This was protected by the Arab Tabia on the other side of the gorge, which was itself connected with and protected by the Karadagh, from which latter a line of breastworks and redoubts, forming an entrenched camp, ran to some extent to the south of the town, crossing the road to Erzeroum, and finishing at the Kars-Chai.

During this time, Colonel Williams was busy at Erzeroum. This town is situated in an extensive elevated plain, about thirty miles long and about ten wide, lying between 7000 and 8000 feet above the level of the sea. It is surrounded on all sides by the tops of lofty mountains, many of which are covered with eternal snow. It stands on a small hill, or several hills, and at the foot of a mountain with a double top, called the Camel. The original city is nearly a square, and was surrounded by a double wall, with peculiarly-shaped towers, a sort of pentagon, about twenty towers on each side. Within these walls, on an elevated mound, is the smallest square of the citadel. A ditch surrounds the walls of the city, beyond which are the suburbs. Beyond this an immense work had been made as a defence against the Russian invaders. This consisted of an enormous fosse, so large, and deep, and wide, as to resemble a ravine in many places, but so unlike a piece of fortification, that Mr. Curzon considered that the Russians would have nothing to do but march down one side and up the other, supposing it to be a pleasing natural valley, useful as a promenade in fine weather. The inside of the town appears to have been equally curious. All the by-streets, excessively narrow, and deprived of the sun's rays, form during wet weather one vast puddle of refuse and ordure from the houses. Obscene and hungry dogs, lying about in groups, devour much of what is thrown out, but all the rest ferments and breeds disease. The houses are all lower than the level of the streets, and those of the poorer classes constructed with mud, with a mud floor, the roofs only being composed of wooden rafters. In winter the weather is of the coldest, and in summer of the hottest, and therefore, in spring and autumn typhus fever ravages the town.

It was in this pleasant abode that Colonel Williams spread the carpet of hope and smoked the pipe of expectation, whilst waiting for mails which brought him no letters, and trying to get some fourteen Pashas into order, who were anxiously wishing that his shadow might daily grow less, and trusting before long to be able to defile his father's and his mother's graves. Early in

1855, the decided course pursued by Lord Clarendon induced Lord Stratford to be a little more sociable with the Commissioner, who finally obtained the much-wanted firman of Ferik, which caused him to be at least treated with respect, if not obeyed. But no amount of watchfulness or of authority could make the Pashas either brave or honest. No supplies of provisions were laid up, as they ought to have been, and arms and ammunition were still in the arsenals of Constantinople. It is but justice to Lord Stratford to state, that he appears to have done his best in getting these supplies forwarded, but he could not prevent their being robbed on the road, nor could any amount of punishment prevent their being robbed from under the very eyes of the newly-created Ferik.

June the 1st, 1855, a despatch was received at Erzeroum from Colonel Lake, stating that the Russians had assembled a large army at Gumri, well supplied with transport, and that everything indicated a speedy advance upon Kars. On June 2nd, General Williams, accompanied by Lieutenant Teesdale and Dr. Sandwich, left Erzeroum, and reached Kars on the 7th. The garrison amounted to about 15,000 men. The artillery was very good, but the cavalry were merely Bashi-Bazouks. The day after his arrival, General Williams was once more in a passion; a vast depôt of corn containing provisions for some months, had been left at Yeni-Keui, a long day's march from the city, and consequently very much at the service of the Russians. On the 11th the enemy appeared before the town, and their camp was reconnoitred, on the 12th, by Lieutenant Teesdale. On the 14th the Russian cavalry attacked a corps of Bashi-Bazouks, and very nearly cut them to pieces. On the 18th, the Russians shifted their camp to the south of Kars, about four miles from the southern entrenched position. General Mouravieff does not appear to have had any intention of carrying on a regular siege. He was perfectly aware that it was merely a case of time, besides, he was fully persuaded that the leaders of Bashi-Bazouks, Lazistan riflemen, Koords, and Karslis, could be no match, behind their earthen works, for Russian troops and gold. Already, on June 22nd, the latter appears to have been making some progress. The Civil Governor of Kars was found sending emissaries to all the armed citizens, ordering them not to obey Williams Pasha, as he was a Giaour. Then there was a small row got up between the chief of the Laz and the Mushir. But neither the Russian General nor the Pashas had yet exactly found out what sort of stuff Williams Pasha was made of, when backed by such men as Lake, Teesdale, Thompson, Kmety, and Kollman. Williams at once called a military council, sent for the Governor, and recommended him to be on his good behaviour for the future. He could have

given no stronger proof that he intended to be governor himself henceforth.

Day and night the General spent in the entrenchments, erecting work upon work, ordering sanitary measures, and endeavouring to control the Armenians, who were entirely in the enemy's interest. On July 8th, an outpost of Bashi-Bazouks having run away before one of the enemy's picquets, Williams degraded the Lieutenant-Colonel in command to the rank of private. By the 15th of the same month the garrison was completely blockaded, and neither reinforcements or convoys of provisions could get in. On the 17th, Williams found the barley had been stolen. On the 27th, forage was decreasing. On the 7th of August the report of a large gun was heard about six in the morning, followed by a brisk cannonade. The Russian columns were advancing on to the extreme west of the southern line of intrenchments, but so well were they received by the steady fire of the garrison, that they retired with some loss. On the 18th of August, desertions were getting so frequent that the General caused an edict to be issued, that any man caught in the act of deserting his post should be shot there and then. On the 22nd, a spy was hung. On August 26th, Kmety and Teesdale made a most brilliant expedition for forage, which we will allow their comrade, Dr. Sandwith, to narrate:—

“These officers having for a long while looked with longing eyes on certain fields of barley lying near some strong detachments of Russian cavalry in a broad valley to the north of the city, now organize an expedition of a strong force of riflemen and about four of our heaviest field-guns. This formidable detachment marches straight to the Russian cavalry camp of Ainali, where two regiments of dragoons and some irregulars were stationed; these marched out with their artillery to meet the Turks, and a game of long bowls ensued, in which the Turks had decidedly the advantage, since they are incomparably better artillerymen than the Russians. A gallant squadron of Cossacks seemed determined to put an end to this game, and so charged down on the flank of this Lilliputian army; but ere they had cleared half the space between the two forces, sundry puffs of smoke issued from the long barley, a spattering of rifles was heard, the conical balls whistled amongst them; death-shrieks followed, and the Cossacks wavered, and suddenly galloped back to the main body. While all this was going on, a vast crowd of reapers with led horses, carts, oxen, and everything that would carry barley, are busily at work in the rear cutting the corn and loading their animals. Hussein Pasha, with two trumpeters, is meanwhile watching the Russian camp from the commanding height of Tahmasp. Presently he observes the whole of the Russian force get under arms—his trumpeter sounds a note of warning; after a while, the whole force issues from the camp and commences its march. The trumpet then rings out a louder warning, and an aide-de-camp is des-

patched to Kmety; but that officer is already retiring slowly, a long line of rifles covering the rear of his little force, while the Russian cavalry make no attempt to molest his retreat. He arrives, fairly under the shelter of our guns, just as the whole of Mouravieff's army, excepting some detachments of cavalry, had taken up a position opposite Tahmasp, on the slope of the hill."

During the following months far more sanguinary conflicts took place, but we have seldom read of so ably an executed forage, and although the credit of the plan is due to Kmety, who must have been well schooled in such matters during the late Hungarian wars, he appears to have been well seconded by young Teesdale.

For the last two months of July and August, Colonel Lake had worked incessantly at the fortifications, and had caused the whole of the lines to be protected by holes, about three feet square and three feet deep, the value of which precaution was very soon fully tested. On the 3rd of September, so great was the scarcity of forage that the remainder of the cavalry, numbering about 1000, were ordered by the General to receive a good feed, and to be reviewed on Tahmasp as the sun went down. About an hour after dark, they were seen defiling through the valley of Chorak, in the direction of Olti: a few pistol-shots were heard, then volleys of musketry,—they had cut their way, with fearful loss, through the Russian outposts. The next day, forty men deserted from the city: 2000 piastres were offered by Williams for the next who should attempt to do so. On the 5th, one was caught and shot. On the 6th, another was caught and shot. On the 8th, the garrison heard Omar Pasha was marching to their relief with 40,000 men, and that an immense depôt of stolen corn had been found in the city. On the 9th, the neighbouring hills were covered with snow. On the 13th, two deserters were shot, and two more on the 15th. On the 23rd, they received information of the fall of Sebastopol, and the cholera breaks out in the town. On the 29th, about four o'clock in the morning, the advanced sentries on Tahmasp heard a suspicious sound in the distance, something like the rumbling of wheels and the tramp of infantry. The besieged had no outposts, and no cavalry. Kmety applying his ear to the ground, recognised the rumble of artillery. The Zebeks looked to their percussion caps and fingered their triggers; the artillerymen were ordered to load with grape. A sharp-eyed soldier perceived a column moving in the gloom, and a gun was pointed in the direction and fired. The whole line of breastworks was assailed, in front and flank. At that moment, young Teesdale, returning from his rounds, galloped furiously from the rear into the most exposed battery,—and the fight commenced. The result of the action is thus given by

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General Williams to the Earl of Clarendon, dated September 30th :—

"My Lord,—We could not get the messenger out of the lines last night. To-day we have repaired our breastworks, filled the tumbrils, and replenished the pouches of the infantry, so that everything, as well as everybody, is ready for the Russians, should they wish to try their fortunes once more. We have collected and are now burying the dead,—at least 3000: round the scene of especial danger, and in all the camps, they have been firing volleys over those they took away, and were slain at some distance by a round shot: the number of wounded cannot be less than 4000. If we had only possessed a few hundred cavalry, we should have utterly destroyed their army. Their loss in officers has been enormous, and they behaved splendidly: three were killed on the platform of the gun in Tackmas Tabia, which at that moment was worked by Major Teesdale, who then sprang out and led two charges with the bayonet. The Turks fought like heroes. Colonel Lake retook the English Tabia with the bayonet too, and Colonel Thompson crushed them with his guns from Arab Tabia. Such was the deadly fire of our riflemen, that 800 dead bodies now lie in front of an epaulement defended by 400 of that arm. I am so fatigued that I can scarcely hold my pen, but I am sure your Lordship will pardon the scrawl. I leave it, as well as my despatch, open for the perusal of the Ambassador. I remain, &c.,
W. F. WILLIAMS."

The General says nothing of his own share in the day, and according to the pious Mussulmans of Kars, he was not of much use, for they distinctly saw a sacred band of 10,000 men, all clothed in green, the Prophet's colour, fighting with their troops. From Dr. Sandwith, however, we learn that he commanded the whole of the operations of that day. By October the 2nd, 6300 Russians had been buried by the garrison. On October the 6th, the deaths from cholera were forty a day. The rations consisted of eleven ounces of bread, and a soup, in which there were not two ounces of a composition of flour, biscuits, and wheat. On the 21st, the soldiers were living on roots. Onions were selling at 5s. a pound. Desertions were frequent, in spite of drum-head courts-martial. On the 28th, the few horses which remained were killed for food. On the 2nd of November, roots were so scarce that twenty men were brought to hospital from eating those of the *Hyoscyamus niger*. On the 7th of November, a small roll sold for 1s. Desertions and executions were still continual. November the 20th, about 100 men died in the hospitals, chiefly from starvation. On the 15th, information having been received that reinforcements were on their road from Erzeroum, preparations were made to form a conjunction with these, and two days' rations were served out to each man. On the 16th, the river was frozen, and snow fell. On the 18th, twenty-one men deserted; a custom which daily grew worse. On the 20th, subaltern officers

had to be placed as sentries, 2000 men were in hospital, and 100 deaths per day. On the 22nd, information was received from Mr. Brant, British Consul at Erzeroum, that the Pasha at Erzeroum did not intend to leave that place, and that Omar Pasha was still near Soukham Kaleh. On the 25th, Kmety and Kollman make their way out towards Erzeroum, whilst Williams and Teesdale rode over to the Russian camp. On the 27th, the town capitulated. On the 28th of November, Mr. Brant wrote to Lord Clarendon:—

“I have the honour to inform your Lordship that the garrison of Kars contained, at the moment it was about to surrender, about 20,000 men receiving rations, out of which there were not above 10,000 combatants, 66 siege guns, with 70 beautiful pieces of field-artillery, and 500 rounds per gun. There were about 2000 good minié rifles and the muskets of the troops, with about 340,000 rounds of ball cartridge. Everything else had been used up. This last may be attributed to the dilatory proceedings of Omar Pasha, who, about two months ago, promised to relieve the Kars garrison,—and to the cowardice of Selim Pasha, who, had he been courageous enough to advance, might have enabled the garrison to have made an effective sortie, or at least to have effected an honourable retreat.”

There now arises the important question, could Kars have been relieved? Dr. Sandwith states that, had Omar Pasha landed at Trebizond, instead of Soukham Kaleh, it *might* have been done. Why did he not do so?

Kars did not surrender till the 29th November. On the 8th August previous Lord Stratford writes to the Earl of Clarendon as follows:—

“Our latest advices from Kars, received to-day, are of the 21st ultimo. As Brigadier-General Williams addresses your Lordship, I need not repeat the substance of his despatch to me. I observe, on the one side, with satisfaction, that the garrison had in store nearly three months’ provision, and that nothing had yet occurred to impair its means of resistance. It appears, on the other, that General Mouravieff, operating by means of his cavalry, had blocked up the Olti road to Erzeroum, and also that which passes through Ardahan. The defences of the town are described as having been strengthened at the point most likely to be attacked; while notice is given that reinforcements, unaccompanied by convoys of provisions, would be of no avail. It would seem that the communications by messengers, though probably circuitous, were still open; and I should hope that the alarming rumours of the arrival of Russian troops at Tiflis, from the evacuated forts of Circassia, were at least premature.

“It results, on the whole, from these circumstances, that the arrival of timely relief from the Asiatic frontier is still by no means an impossibility. *The natural difficulties, however, are greatly increased by differences of opinion, and numerous and increasing demands on the*

scattered resources of the Porte. Whatever is done must be undertaken within certain limits, and in such manner as neither to entrench on the means employed against Sebastopol, nor to expose the Continent to any trial of strength for which it is not fully prepared. Such is the opinion of H.M. Government, which leans, moreover, with all its weight, on Trebizond, as the only true channel of relief. The Commander of the French forces would see with regret the departure of Omar Pasha from before Sebastopol, especially if his Highness were attended by any portion of his troops now stationed there. . . . It is not unworthy of remark, that Omar Pasha, on whom would devolve all the risk, fatigue, and responsibility of the expedition, reckons with cheerfulness on the means of carrying it into effect, and even anticipates with confidence a successful result. According to his convictions, the army and the two fortresses which protect the Asiatic frontier of Turkey are in imminent danger, and their fall would expose the empire on that side to the most perilous disasters, including a heavy loss of supplies to the allied armies in the Crimea. He does not conceal his opinion, that an attempt to send forward reinforcements by Trebizond would infallibly prove abortive, and that the only fair prospect of frustrating the Russian attack would be a diversion from Redouté Kaleh. He asserts that no serious obstruction is to be apprehended to the west of the defiles beyond Kutais, where the arrival of the expeditionary forces would at once compel the Russians to retire from Kars, in order to cover their vast unprotected magazines at Tiflis.

"It can hardly be denied that the scheme is plausible; the military authorities here, in so far as I have access to them, are decidedly favourable to it."

In a military point of view there were two ways of relieving Kars. The one was, to save the town and garrison of Kars, by causing the Russians to raise the siege; but this was merely a temporary measure. The second was to invade the Russian territory in the Caucasus, in such a manner as would give the Russians full occupation in defending their own territory. In judging between these two points, we must not allow our feelings to be carried away in favour of the garrison of Kars, but we must look at the whole question in its full extent. To do so we must examine the state of affairs at this period. The French and English Governments, having determined that the very great influence which Russia was exercising in this world was an influence hurtful to the human race, after due and careful consideration, came to the conclusion that Sebastopol formed the key of the controversy. It was not merely a question of the Turkish empire in Europe or in Asia, of France individually or England individually, but a question the result of which was to affect the antipodes of Europe. We are not now questioning the judiciousness of the Allies attacking the Crimea. It is sufficient for us that they had done so, and that the fate of the world depended

on the siege of a single town. When General Williams received his orders to proceed to Asia Minor as Commissioner, the Crimea was as yet in perspective. But whilst he was writing his fifty-four despatches to Lord Stratford, a campaign was going on much nearer Constantinople, in which were fought the battles of the Alma and Inkermann. When he was complaining of want of provisions, of want of clothing, of want of arms, and of want of medicines, the British army was rotting for want of the common necessities of life; and it is now well known that the French forces were not even so well off on these points as the British. The struggle for Sebastopol was a most doubtful one, and until it fell it was never known whether the Allies might not have to evacuate the place. One fine morning the impetus of the French columns carried the Malakoff; Sebastopol fell; and the Allies could then afford to look into less important matters. The subject of Kars became uppermost; but this was a question, as we have said before, entirely a British one, and no longer an Allied one. The English Government, certain of being able before very long to check the power of Russia, was simply anxious that a town defended by an Englishman should not fall into the hands of a Russian general. Persia and Afghanistan, the distant States even of Nepaul and Thibet, might fail in their respect to England, if "Villiams Pasha" became a prisoner to the Muscovite.

Lord Clarendon, fully aware of the importance of this matter, did his best to get Kars relieved; but he found here two unexpected difficulties to contend with. The French did not particularly care about the superiority of the British in Asia; and the Turks would not look simply to the mere saving of Kars, but to the saving of Asia Minor, from either Russian or English hands.

We are distinctly told by Lieutenant-Colonel Simmons, Military Commissioner to Omar Pasha, in a despatch to the Earl of Clarendon (No. 268), dated July 15th, 1855, that, General Simpson having received a despatch from General Williams, dated June 23rd, in which the state of Kars was fully explained, Omar Pasha, who had been informed of its contents, was anxious to proceed to the relief of that town. It appeared, by the information which had been obtained, that the total force of Russian regular troops in Asia was 80,000, of which 38,000 infantry, 10,000 cavalry, and a large force of artillery had advanced upon Kars from Gumri, the remainder having to march by Bayazid straight upon Erzeroum. To oppose these, Kars had a garrison of 17,000 infantry, 1,600 cavalry, and 72 guns; Erzeroum had 1,850 infantry, with 24 guns; 6,000 infantry were at Toprah-Kaleh, and were to fall back upon Erzeroum as the Russians advanced from Bayazid. The Russians, from their superiority in cavalry, were enabled to cut

off the communications with Batoum and Trebizond against any small force. Omar Pasha therefore considered it necessary that any attempt at relief should be on a large scale, and that, if on a large scale, it was better at once to menace the Russian territory, by landing in Mingrelia, than to imperil the army on the bad roads of Trebizond or Batoum. His concluding reasoning was both that of a good officer and an honest man:—

“If a decisive operation,” he said, “were in contemplation, for the execution of which the presence of his army was necessary, and which would have for its object the capture of Sebastopol, he should consider himself bound to remain, as, Sebastopol taken, the affairs of Asia would become of comparatively trifling importance. If, on the contrary, no plan likely to lead to a decisive result had been decided on, and the fate of Sebastopol could not be settled that summer, the position of the Russians in Asia becomes of the last importance, and might eventually decide the fate of Sebastopol.”

The end of the despatch is eminently curious:—

“The Generals, however, and Admirals, having received no information from their respective Ambassadors at Constantinople which should lead them to believe that the affairs of Asia were in that precarious state in which Omar Pasha, from the information he had received from his Government, believed them to be, decided that in the absence of such information they could give no opinion upon the subject.”

“His Highness, under these circumstances, informed the conference that, his Government having called upon him in such urgent terms to propose, and carry, if possible, into execution, some project for saving them and the country from the great danger with which it is menaced, he felt it his duty to proceed to Constantinople for a few days, to confer with his Government on the subject.”

That General Pelissier was acting for the best interests of his Government, is clear. That General Simpson was displaying profound ignorance, is equally so. And it is amusing to find him entrusting a confidential letter to Lord Stratford on this subject, to Lieutenant-Colonel Suleau, the French Commissioner on his staff. Pelissier avoided sending any one himself; but as Lieutenant-Colonel Suleau was proceeding to Constantinople, he was merely charged with a mission to the French Ambassador on the same subject. “I earnestly, therefore, beg your Excellency to use your powerful influence with the Porte, to cause our opinion to prevail over that of his Highness; for great public interests are at stake.” So wrote General Simpson to the British Ambassador. But was this the opinion of Lord Clarendon? “My lord,” he writes to Lord Cowley, August 1st, 1855, “I transmit to your Excellency herewith a copy of a despatch from Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, respecting the suggestions made by Omar Pasha, during his visit to Constantinople, for the relief of the

Turkish army at Kars. . . . I have to state to your Excellency that H.M. Government are favourably disposed to this proposition, and they hope that the Government of the Emperor will concur in it." And what says Lord Stratford respecting the non-information of the British Commander-in-Chief of the affairs in Asia? "The state of the army at Kars was made known to the British Commander-in-Chief by General Williams himself."

But the French Government did not approve of the relief of Kars, and on August the 3rd, 1855, Lord Clarendon wrote to Lord Cowley a letter which, as a British minister, he must have had great pain in doing. He had to lay before the Government of the Emperor arguments to induce him to assist in preventing the British name being lowered throughout the East; and we have further the British Minister for Foreign Affairs stating that, after two years' war with Russia, if Sebastopol did not fall before the winter, the Russians would have obtained considerable advantages over the Allies. On August the 4th, Lord Cowley telegraphed to the Earl of Clarendon that the French Government would not oppose the projected expedition to Asia Minor, under Omar Pasha, "provided that the numbers of the Turkish Contingent before Sebastopol were not diminished." The same day Lord Clarendon telegraphed to Lord Stratford: "Omar Pasha can go to relieve Kars, provided he does not diminish the Turkish troops before Sebastopol, or disturb the garrison of Yenni-Kaleh. Desire Vivian to hold himself in readiness to go to Eupatoria with his Turkish Contingent."* On August 9th we have a further telegraph: "General Vivian's Contingent to go immediately to Eupatoria. The Turkish troops there, 10 or 12,000, to go with Omar Pasha to Redouté Kaleh. The Turkish troops at Balaklava and Kertch not to be diminished in number: the Turkish forces to go to Redouté Kaleh with Omar Pasha, to be completed to its proper number from Bulgaria or elsewhere, not from the Crimea." But Omar Pasha knew better than to attempt to relieve Kars with some 10,000 inferior men. If he went by Batoum or Trebizond, he would have to meet Mouravieff with 40,000, and it was madness to think of invading the Russian territory with such a force. He wanted (No. 282) 10,000 men from Batoum and the Circassian coast, 17,000 from Balaklava, 3000 from Kertsch, 5000 from Bulgaria, with the necessary addition of artillery, and a small force of cavalry. He would like to replace the 20,000 men withdrawn from the Crimea by the British Contingent, completed to its full amount by a draught

* Surely some Member of the House of Commons will demand of that very self-complacent gentleman, Mr. F. Peel, why his statements of the 3rd March last are so perfectly contradicted by the Kars papers.

of 10,000 men from Bulgaria. On the 28th August, Omar Pasha was still in the Crimea; and Lord Clarendon writes thus to Lord Cowley:—

“ Foreign Office, August 28th, 1855.

“ My Lord,—H.M. Government trust that the Government of the Emperor will agree to the following answer to the despatch from Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, dated Balaklava, the 26th August, in which case your Excellency will send it on immediately from Lord Panmure to General Simpson, who will inform Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe if he is still in Balaklava. *Omar Pasha is to be at liberty to take such of his own troops as he pleases from Balaklava to Asia. They must be replaced in equal numbers by Lieutenant-General Vivian's Contingent, or by troops from Eupatoria, as the Allied generals may decide; and instructions accordingly must be given in conjunction with the Admiral's, as to transporting them.*—I am, &c., (signed) CLARENDON (No. 291, A).”

The following answer was received:—

“ Lord Cowley to the Earl of Clarendon (Telegraphic).

“ Paris, Aug. 29, 1855.

“ The Emperor has no objection to the removal of the Turkish troops from Balaklava, and to their being replaced by others, provided that the Allied Commanders-in-Chief have no objection; but he will not take upon himself the responsibility of saying more. Under these circumstances, I send the telegraphic despatch to General Simpson, inserting after the word ‘Asia,’ the words ‘*provided that you and General Pelissier have no objection.*’”

Sebastopol fell on the 9th September, and on the 18th General Pelissier consented to the departure of three Turkish battalions of Chasseurs for Asia; and on 26th September Lord Stratford states, “ that the passage of troops and the conveyance of provisions are in progress, though slowly, in consequence of the limited command of transport for these purposes (No. 231).” On December 8th he telegraphed that General Williams despaired of saving Kars. On the 10th, General Codrington writes to Lord Stratford (No. 374), “ that he had expressed to Marshal Pelissier the anxiety of the British Government that the Turkish troops should be sent off from Eupatoria.” Pelissier's answer was that “ he could not consent to their leaving Eupatoria without the express sanction of the Emperor of the French.” On the 14th, Lord Stratford was informed by the French Ambassador that their departure had been sanctioned from Paris. Yet on the 19th December, Lord Clarendon had to write to Lord Cowley to point out to the French Government the necessity of allowing Omar Pasha to be relieved in a prompt and efficient manner. In the mean time, Omar Pasha had landed at Redouté Kaleh in the middle of November, and on the 15th the advanced guard was at Senaki on the Tikour, the main body at Seklami on the river Seiva. As soon as a dépôt for provisions had been formed

there, Omar Pasha was to move forward in the direction of Kutais; which if he reached, and was able to maintain, he would cut off the Russian resources from Tiflis. But, adds Lieutenant-Colonel Simmonds, "If, as has been reported, General Mouravieff has broken up from before Kars, and is on the march to reinforce General Mukrainsky, in Immeritia, the Russian general will have the superiority of force, and it may be expected that the Turkish forces, unaided, will not be able to maintain their position. This union, however, of the Russian forces cannot be expected to take place before the spring."

Omar Pasha did advance, and crossed the Ingour in face of the enemy. Kars surrendered on the 27th November, and Omar Pasha retired to Batoum.

We do not know that any blue-book has ever been laid on the table of the House of Commons more interesting than these despatches respecting Kars. The investigations into the Siege of Sebastopol showed pretty clearly, that where we have a civilian as Minister for War, a civilian as Clerk of the Ordnance, and a Commissariat under the Treasury, and when the Government at home appoint Commanders-in-Chief to whom they give no power, matters cannot go on correctly. But when the Minister at War is considered by the Government with which he is associated to know so little of the business he has to transact that the Minister for Foreign Affairs had to carry on military transactions of vast importance, we do think it is time that a man who has not only read of war in books, but has directed great military operations in the field, should be at the head of the War Office. We find that the British Government was duly informed by General Williams, and by the Ambassador at Constantinople early in the month of August, that Kars had provisions but for three months longer, and must be relieved. Yet, week after week was taken up with correspondence and controversies on a subject upon which no general officers differed. Kars had to be relieved, and 50,000 Turks were idling their time in the Crimea, under one of the best of generals. It is idle and absurd to romance about General Williams's quarrel with Lord Stratford. That quarrel had been made up, so far as the public interest was concerned, months before the Siege of Kars began; and the Ambassador reported clearly and convincingly the state of things as far back as June 30th. Why was Omar Pasha not sent even in August? It may be answered that Marshal Pelissier, knowing the chances there were of not taking Sebastopol, did not like to spare him. But why, when Sebastopol fell, were not 50,000 men landed at Redouté Kaleh? Surely money was not wanting; never were transports so numerous, and never were men more willing to go; and lastly, but not least, British reputation was at stake.

We trust that when the debate upon Kars does take place,

Lord Clarendon will be able to clear his Government most fully, for this is not only a party question, but a national one; and we trust most sincerely that in the tenacity which has been displayed in maintaining the Siege of Sebastopol, to the exclusion of many important points, the fact that the Eastern portion of the Eastern question has to be settled, as well as the European, is fully comprehended by our statesmen.

We cannot conclude without a few words respecting General Williams. He is now a Major-General and a K.C.B., but these honours received by him were much clouded by the loss of the fortress he defended so long. General Kmety tells us that "Sir William Williams had received the information of the honour conferred on him by her Majesty, and that when he congratulated him, Sir William thanked him in a few words, and with a faint smile, his mind being overwhelmed by painful feelings, and occupied by the impending calamity." Has the time come when a man who has displayed great talents both as a politician and a general, may not be refused the command of a division, or even an army, because he is an officer of the Royal Artillery? It would be well also for the Government to remember that Lieutenant-Colonel Teesdale of the Ottoman service, decorated on the field of battle for his coolness and courage, is still a subaltern, likewise of the Royal Artillery. What were Dowbiggin's services to that of this young officer?

ART. VIII.—MEDICAL DESPOTISM.

1. *A Bill to alter and amend the Laws regulating the Medical Profession.* February, 1856.
2. *Our Medical Liberties; or, the Personal Rights of the Subject, as infringed by recent and proposed Legislation.* By John Gibbs, Esq. London: Sotheran, Son, and Draper: 1854.
3. *Unlicensed Medicine.* By J. J. G. Wilkinson, M.D. London: R. Theobald: 1855.

BETWEEN the belief in the divine right of kings and the recognition of the sovereignty of the individual, is an interval so vast, that mankind takes ages to traverse it. In the mean time, every government conceives itself commissioned to regulate the private life of its citizens, and does not hesitate, for the sake of achieving a doubtful and even temporary benefit, to sacrifice permanently their personal freedom. In curing one malady, statesmen, as well as doctors, too often cause another; and still oftener their remedial attempts, while inflict-

ing great suffering, fail of their object altogether. But, despite the lessons of experience, a profound belief in the might and efficacy of legislation is everywhere cherished. No sooner does an evil show itself, than we exclaim, "Why does not the Government put it down?" Education, opinions, creeds, conduct, must all be regulated by statute. So provident is Parliament, even now, for our individual welfare, that it strives to secure it for us in the next world as well as in the present, and upholds a costly hierarchy to guard us from eternal perdition. Examples of the State-solicitude for our temporal welfare are endless; and yet, overwhelming in number as are the laws passed for our behoof each session, we murmur over our abundance, and still clamour for more. Surely, we ought to confess the beneficence of a government which thinks and acts for us so completely as to determine how much we shall pay the cabman, in order to protect us from his wicked extortions! Indeed, we are taken care of at every turn: our houses are "inspected" before we may inhabit them; ships are "inspected" before we may emigrate in them; our factories and our schools are under the governmental eye; and, up to the present time, foolish people who deluded themselves with the notion that they could do as they liked with their own, were benevolently restrained from speculating in company with a part of their property, unless at the peril of losing their all. A legislature so solicitous regarding the interest of the people as a whole, may be reasonably expected to attend to the special wants of particular sections; it does so—spreading over them the protective wings of monopoly; and hence the many chartered corporations throughout the land.

Not the least important of these privileged bodies are the London Royal College of Physicians, and the London Society of Apothecaries. Members of the London College of Physicians, according to their charter, enjoy the exclusive privilege of practising *as physicians* within seven miles of London. Physicians holding the diploma of any other licensing body or university practise within these limits at the peril of being proceeded against by the authority of the London College. The University of London grants degrees in medicine, but its graduates may not practise in the metropolis! Indeed, we believe that such is the anomalous state of the law at this hour, that only those men who have the diploma of the Royal College of Physicians, or who are medical graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, or who have been created Doctors of Medicine by the Archbishop of Canterbury (!) can *legally* practise *as physicians* in any part of England. Physicians, of whatever University, however high may be their qualifications, or the most eminent members of any of our Surgical Colleges,

who may prescribe medicines, or may themselves supply them, have no power of demanding payment; and should they allow their patients to become their debtors, they are legally incapacitated from recovering a farthing! This invasion of the freedom of contract, this grossly unjust prohibition of the physician or surgeon who practises medicine from giving credit, and of the patient from obtaining it, was enacted in favour of the Company of Licensed Apothecaries, who not only possess the exclusive privilege of recovering medical debts, but are actually empowered to institute legal proceedings against any man who shall compound and supply the medicines he prescribes, without having first purchased from them, at the cost of ten pounds, the permission to do so.

Without entering into a detailed examination of the constitution and peculiar rights of the twenty-three medical bodies of Great Britain and Ireland, the reader will infer, from the above statement, that there is ample ground for dissatisfaction, party bitterness, envy, jealousy, and indeed actual conflict. Such abundantly exist, and are only nineteenth century versions of what took place in the sixteenth, as the following extract will attest:—"Dr. Caius was so eminent a defender of the College rights and privileges, that there happening, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to arise a difference betwixt the physicians and surgeons, whether the surgeons might give inward remedies in the sciatica, or any kind of ulcer or wound, &c., Dr. Caius was summoned (as President of the College) to appear before the Lord Mayor, and others of the Queen's delegates; before whom he so learnedly defended the College rights, and the illegality of the surgeons' practice in the fore-mentioned cases, against the Bishop of London, Master of the Rolls, &c. (who brought many arguments in behalf of the surgeons), that it was unanimously agreed by the Queen's Commissioners, that it was unlawful for them to practise in the forementioned cases."* The evils of such conflicts, seen and confessed, have been over and over again prescribed for: in strict accordance with professional wont, each medico-political doctor recommends a different remedy; and though the successive nostrums have been urged with assurances of infallible efficacy, the medical body still lies oppressed and struggling with its ills. Many earnest, unselfish men, having the welfare and efficiency of their profession at heart, would fain devise some scheme which might fairly recognise the rights of each of its members, and thus heal the dissensions which have so long festered within

* Goodall's "Royal College of Physicians of London." 1648.

it. But the more attentively we examine the opinions of even the most enlightened and disinterested men in the profession, and the more carefully we study medico-political literature, the more the conviction forces itself upon us of the utterly chaotic and helpless condition of the professional intellect as regards medical politics. The broad principles of justice which should underlie all organization, and which can alone guide us to a solution of the question—"What ought to be the relation of the Profession to the State?" are either ignored or disregarded, and men truly anxious to act uprightly are so bewildered by the variety of remedies which short-sighted but deceptive expediency suggests, that they withdraw themselves altogether from the politics of their profession, and abandon its government, as do the most thoughtful and cultivated Americans that of the Republic, to self-seekers and ignorant demagogues, intent only on "the loaves and fishes."*

The multiform and discordant machinery for the maintenance of chartered privileges has continued to work by virtue of the popular delusion that its chief purpose is to protect the public. In proportion, however, as knowledge and common sense have increased, the College of Physicians shrinks from fully exercising the powers it possesses; a fact sufficiently indicative that, notwithstanding the activity of our legislators, the principle of protection is growing effete, and the laws generated by it obsolete; indicative also of the direction in which alone a real "medical reform" is to be found. Unfortunately, a large number of the medical profession—especially represented by the members of the Provincial Medical Association—are too effectually blinded by ignorance, or by what they conceive to be their personal interests, to accept these significant hints. These gentlemen, in conjunction with certain members of Parliament who are anxious, we presume, to display their legislative wisdom, have resolved to convince us how they still cling to protection, and how anxious they are to inflict on us their spurious philanthropy. Their proposed reform is verily but a change of form. The ghost of the old charters and statutes, which were the fruit of ignorance, and which time and a dawning appreciation of the true principles of justice were silently consigning to oblivion, is evoked as the animating spirit of "The Medical Act of 1856."

Mr. Headlam's "Bill to alter and amend the Laws regula-

* We rejoice to be able to except from the statement in the text the very sensible and discriminating "Observations on the Medical Profession Bill," by Dr. Travers, Lecturer on Forensic Medicine in Dublin, which appeared in *The Medical Circular*, March 12, 1856.

ting the Medical Profession" begins hopefully by a proposal to repeal, wholly or in part, eleven Acts now in force: we say hopefully, for we think the fewer Acts which remain in the Statute Book the better. We do not except even the "Act for making the Surgeons of London and the Barbers of London two separate and distinct Corporations." But after his sweeping repeal, Mr. Headlam proposes to centralize the government of the whole medical body after the most approved Paris fashion.

A Council is to be established, having the title of "The Medical Council of the United Kingdom," and is to consist of *one* person chosen from time to time by each of the nine Universities and the six Colleges mentioned in the Bill, and by the Faculty of Glasgow; and of *eight* persons chosen in the first instance by the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and afterwards to be elected by those persons whose names shall appear in the "Medical Register," to be presently mentioned. This Supreme Council would consist of twenty-four members; but whenever the number present is not less than *six*, its acts are to have legal force. It is to be vested with absolute power over medical education throughout Great Britain and Ireland: it is to appoint examiners in general education after a scheme approved by itself, and no person, unless already a graduate in some university, is to be allowed to become a candidate for any medical degree or testimonial until he has obtained a certificate, for which he must pay two pounds, of having passed the prescribed examination in general education. This same Council is empowered to revise and change, at its pleasure, the course of medical study required of candidates for diplomas by the several colleges throughout the country, and to regulate the fees which they may severally demand; it is also empowered to appoint Inspectors, who may on its behalf be present at any of the examinations conducted by the several colleges, and, whenever it shall think fit, it may, on the report of the said Inspectors, order the Medical Registrar to refuse registration, and hence the possibility of practice, to persons holding the diploma of any university or college which it may please to taboo.

"The Secretary of State shall appoint a fit and proper person to be 'The Medical Registrar,' and shall also appoint such clerks and other officers as he shall deem necessary for the assistance of the Medical Registrar; and the salaries of the Medical Registrar and of such clerks and officers shall be fixed by the said Secretary of State, and shall be paid, together with all reasonable expenses incurred by the Medical Registrar, out of the monies received by the Treasurer of the Medical Council by virtue of this Act."

Every medical man now practising is required to offer himself for registry before the 1st of December of the present year; and if his qualifications shall answer the requisitions contained in the Act, he will obtain the governmental sanction on the payment of one pound. All persons registered as qualified practitioners after the 1st of December will have to pay ten pounds for the same boon. "Such persons, and such alone, as shall have been registered under this Act shall be entitled to demand to recover in any Court of Law, with full costs of suit, reasonable charges for medical and surgical aid, advice, visits, and medicines rendered or supplied by them to their patients."

After the 1st of December, "no person who is not registered under this Act shall be capable of holding any appointment in any part of the United Kingdom in the capacity of a medical officer of health, or of a physician, surgeon, or other medical officer, in the military or naval service, or in any hospital, infirmary, dispensary, lunatic or other asylum, lying-in hospital, gaol, penitentiary, house of correction, house of industry, parochial or union workhouse, or poorhouse, parish union, or other public establishment, body, or institution, or to any friendly or other society for affording mutual relief in sickness, infirmity, or old age."

"If any of the said several Colleges or the said Faculty shall at any time strike off from the list of such College or Faculty the name of any one of their members who has been guilty of misconduct, such College or Faculty shall signify to the Medical Registrar the name of the member so struck off; and the Medical Registrar shall erase forthwith such name from the register, and shall not restore such name to the register until he shall receive from the College or Faculty a notification that his name has been placed upon the list of their members."

"All monies received by the Medical Registrar shall be paid over to the Treasurer of the Medical Council, and shall be applied to defray the expenses of carrying this Act into execution; and any surplus which shall remain shall be applied in forwarding medical education and medical science in such manner as the Medical Council shall think fit."

Such are the chief features of Mr. Headlam's modest proposal, to which the Government is giving its support. It is of sufficient importance in itself to deserve our very careful consideration; but we are told that the passing of this Bill will only be like getting in the wedge of Medical Reform, and that its advocates intend to drive home the said wedge as soon as the present violations of professional and personal liberty shall by habit have become acquiesced in. The Medical Journals seem

with letters and leading articles expressive of dissatisfaction with the Bill because "it does not go far enough;" they would fain prevent any one, not having the governmental diploma, from giving the least medical advice under the most urgent circumstances; they desire to restrain Druggists from supplying any medicines, unless in obedience to the prescriptions of State-qualified Doctors; they longingly anticipate the time when mothers shall be forbidden to administer castor oil or Godfrey's cordial to their children without their sanction. *The Medical Times* glows with the fervour of prophecy, and foresees the exaltation of the profession to "*its due place as one of the constituent and essential elements of the State*;" while *The Lancet* encourages its readers to hope that a clause may yet be inserted in the present Bill, which shall stringently define the amount of the fees which physicians and surgeons are to demand, and which patients are to pay as per Act of Parliament! It behoves us therefore at once to tear off the mask from Mr. Headlam's plausible but, as we shall endeavour to show, most pernicious scheme; and we even yet hope that we may do so in time to help in preventing it from becoming a part of our Statute Book.

The Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, St. Andrew's, Dublin, and recently that of London, as also the three Colleges for conferring surgical diplomas, have all suffered and suffer still by the exclusive privileges conferred on the College of Physicians and on the Society of Apothecaries by the State. Just in proportion as these two bodies enjoy such privileges are the other medical institutions injured. It is not enough, that a man graduates honourably as a physician or as a surgeon at any university or college out of London; he must also pass an examination by, and purchase a diploma from, the College of Physicians, before he is legally entitled to practise as a metropolitan physician; and he must submit himself to yet another ordeal and be mulcted again by the Apothecaries' Hall, before he can enforce payment for his advice or medicines in any part of England! The unjust and centralizing tendency of these Statutes diminishes proportionately the independence, prestige, and vitality of the local institutions of the country for medical education, and for conferring medical degrees. But to cure the malady of the medical body politic, the sole cause of which is legislative interference, Mr. Headlam prescribes, on the principle, we presume, that *similia similibus curantur*, dose after dose of Centralization, to be administered by the strong arm of the law, and the abandonment of local self-government altogether. The authority of the several institutions throughout

the country for conferring medical degrees, is to be virtually annulled ; such independent life as is still left to them, and such respect as they may still command, are to be taken away ; henceforth they are to become the obedient creatures of the Medical Council. We shall be told that this is not correct, because the members of the Council will be elected by the profession itself, two-thirds of them being chosen by the heads of the various provincial as well as metropolitan institutions. True ; but the election is compulsory ; and, whether compulsory or not, local life and independent activity will be equally impaired.

Political philosophy and universal history concur in asserting with equal emphasis, that whenever a State is internally moulded and governed from one common centre—the administration of its affairs being withdrawn from the people to be confided to a bureaucracy—the national life is in peril, and, unless a revolution supervenes, begins to decline. The citizens, deprived of the discipline of self-help and abandoned by the spirit of liberty, lose their manliness, vigour, and independence : to be thought for and acted for, gradually becomes a necessity of their existence, and they finally degenerate into a nation of slaves, ready to obey the first tyrant who demands their allegiance. Confirmations of this truth are plentiful enough on the Continent, and the experience of each thoughtful person will assure him of its application in every sphere of life, and hence in the government of the medical body : but in Mr. Headlam's Bill this all-important principle is completely ignored. We are not insensible to the excellence and beauty of order, method, uniformity of action, or, in brief, effective organization, and we freely admit how easily all this is seemingly attainable by centralization ; but we demur to the price which has to be paid for these advantages when artificially produced from without—a price nothing less than the personal liberty of the people. Look to France, where the love of order, the spirit of organization—ever eager to embody itself—is in perpetual conflict with the spirit of liberty. Victory inclines first to one, then to the other ; and hence the rapid alternations of despotism and revolution so characteristic of that country. An organization which is artificially produced, which is not the spontaneous outgrowth and expression of the people as a whole, has no enduring vitality, and speedily withers into a blind, bigoted, selfish, and obstructive officialism, which at length inflates itself with the delusion, on which it acts, that the people exist for the Government, instead of the Government for the people. Enact Mr. Headlam's Bill, and the general truth here contended for will be banefully verified in the future history of a body of men

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who ought, above all others, to represent the science and wisdom of their age.

But even under the most favourable conditions, centralization utterly fails to secure that for which it is so especially and so confidently lauded—viz., administrative efficiency. It would be easy to support this statement by an abundance of overwhelming evidence: we will only point, however, to the immediate cause of the existence, and to the publications of the Administrative Reform Association, as a few amid countless proofs. Where, then, is the wisdom or justification of a supreme Medical Council for the three kingdoms, if its establishment will sap the independence and vitality of our various medical institutions, while reason and experience attest that, from its very constitution, it will be distinguished by the inherent vices—inefficiency and despotism—which have ever characterized the principle it is intended to embody?

We not only object to the government of the medical body by legalized centralization, because of its certain failure and on account of the evils which experience has shown to accompany it; but we protest against it, and especially against the prohibitory clauses in Mr. Headlam's Bill which it is intended to enforce, as a flagrant encroachment on the fundamental rights of English citizens, and as an entirely unjustifiable violation of personal liberty. In a former number of this Review we endeavoured to trace the limits within which governmental activity ought strictly to be confined. The following extract embodies what we believe a sound principle, and one which may help us rightly to estimate the tendency of Mr. Headlam's Bill:—

“Beyond what pertains to man as man, labour is instinctively the origin and justification of property, and the foundation of right: other rights, valid as they may be, are derivative. With diversity on every other matter, but unanimity in respect of these, and with a growing tendency to retrench all other claims from the list of rights as men grow in intellectual power, and a contemporaneous tendency with increasing tenacity to hold fast by these,—we can hardly be wrong in limiting the term ‘right,’ in its political sense, to the claim of security for person and property. For this purpose men unanimously agree to use force; in respect to other objects, there is no such agreement. As far, then, as a conclusion can be attained on such a subject, the common consent of men establishes government for the use of force in the protection of what we are and rightfully have, and *for nothing else*. The strength of our conclusion lies for its present purpose in its final words, and a strong presumption in favour of

the limitation they enounce as derived from a very different observation. The evils of any ill-conditioned country, as far as they depend on the Government, are found to arise from either excess or defect in its action as judged by this standard—either from want of security, or from meddling beyond security—or from both. It may be inferred, then, that the limitation of the action of Government—that is, of the application of force at the point indicated—is truly suited to the nature of men, and is that at which enlightened experience will finally arrest that continual repression of governmental action which distinctively marks, notwithstanding exceptions, the mass of our great modern movements.”* The views of Wilhelm von Humboldt concerning the true sphere of government are identical with those just expressed, and he distinctly defines his idea of protection or security by saying, “I call the citizens of a State *secure* when, living together in the enjoyment of their due rights of person and property, they are out of the reach of any external disturbance from the encroachment of others; and hence I would call *security* the *assurance of legal freedom*.”

Now let us test the provisions of Mr. Headlam's Bill by the principle here evolved: *First*. The various medical and surgical institutions now existing are deprived of the right to add to the number of their members, without the intervention of a medical council organized by the State.—*Secondly*. Each of these bodies is to be compelled to abdicate its rightful authority in favour of a power whose behests they must obey.—*Thirdly*. Every physician and surgeon who is already in the possession of a diploma, and every future member of the profession, is declared incapable of holding any, even the meanest, public appointment in the United Kingdom, unless he shall first cause himself to be registered by the State Registrar.—*Fourthly*. Unless so registered, he is declared legally incapable of recovering his just debts from private individuals for the supply of medicine, or for professional advice; and yet this compulsory registration is to be possible to him, only on condition that he suffers himself to be robbed by the State of the sum called the registration fee, and thus he is compelled to provide, out of his own pocket, for the instruments of his own oppression. (That every man, after the 1st of December next, should be constrained to pay ten pounds into the hands of the Medical Council, after having paid the usually large fee to the university or college from which he obtains a diploma, is an

* *The Westminster Review*, October, 1854. Art. “The Sphere and Duties of Government.”

injustice at once so glaring, and so sure of appealing to the self-interest of the profession, that we presume it, at least, will be successfully opposed, even while far more dangerous violations of the principle we have set forth will be allowed to pass unheeded.)—*Fifthly*. The inherent right of the subscribers for the support of hospitals, asylums, workhouses, parish unions, and friendly or benevolent societies of all kinds, to appoint, through their elected governors or managers, such medical men as they may deem fit, is annulled; and they are forbidden to employ any but those who enjoy the sanction of the State.

If it were the wont of Englishmen, after they have apprehended a general principle, firmly to rely on it and rigorously to apply it, we should be content to rest our condemnation of Mr. Headlam's measure on the above selection of instances, in which it audaciously proposes to violate the principle we contend for, to trample on the personal rights and liberty of Englishmen, and thus to pave the way for the insidious advance of centralized tyranny. But, unhappily, almost every subject is contemplated and discussed apart from its relation to others of a kindred nature, and from the principle which it involves. Our legislature, after abolishing the Corn-laws, advancing by various other paths in the direction of free-trade, removing unjust restrictions and personal disabilities—thus affirming practically and with gradually-increasing emphasis, that justice to classes and to individuals demands a more and more vigorous circumscription of the sphere of governmental activity—nevertheless stultifies itself over and over again every session by enactments in diametrical opposition to the principles which it proclaims. Hence it is that the gigantic evil of a State Church is to have a parallel in the establishment of a State medicine, the professors of which are to enjoy all the State medical patronage, to institute a medical creed to which all candidates for examination must subscribe—to forbid any man to practise, however brilliant his genius, profound his knowledge, or great his skill, if he have not signed an act of conformity, and to prevent the application of any new doctrine until it has received their orthodox sanction.

Many persons who believe that the recognition of those limits to State-activity above insisted on is the true basis of individual rights, nevertheless think that the medical body is of so exceptional a nature, and that it stands in so peculiar and responsible a relation to the public, as not only to justify but to require a departure from the general principle for the sake of legislative protection both of the profession and of the public itself. Such persons urge that the very life of the community is in peril from false

doctors; that patients have no means of discovering the true from the false; and that therefore it is the duty of the Government to declare to the people who are the true, to stamp them with its approval, to authorize *them* only to practise and to teach their art and mystery to the rising generation; and that it is equally incumbent on the Government to prevent, as far as in it lies, all false doctors from practising on and profiting from the credulity of the ignorant. But if the magnitude of the interests at stake converts the argument which, when applied to lesser interests, is confessedly a bad one, into a good one, how does it happen that when still greater interests are involved, experience abundantly proves this same argument to be utterly delusive and fallacious? Has it not been the argument of every dominant priesthood from the very dawn of civilization that truth is one; that there can be only one true religion; that the unaided faculties of the vulgar millions are not competent to distinguish between the true and the false; and that, therefore, the legal establishment of the true and exclusion of the false is a paramount duty of the State? Surely, if this argument is valid in any sphere, it must be so pre-eminently in that in which *eternal* life is in question. But will any Englishman of this day, unless he belong to the Church of Rome, venture honestly to maintain and fully to apply that argument in respect to religious faith and practice? We believe not. The governmental adoption of the dogma of religious infallibility has resulted in a tyranny infinitely more odious and bloody than any other which has afflicted humanity. Slowly in the course of ages men have learnt to examine this dogma, and to discredit both it and the priestly assumption founded upon it. They have discovered that in the economy of this human world, there are no unerring guides whom they may blindly follow, no interpreters whose interpretations are exclusively true; and many have arrived at the conviction that to entrust their spiritual lives to the care of the priest is the surest way to induce spiritual decrepitude, and a wretched lingering existence but little short of intellectual and moral death. In fact, uniformity of religious faith always has been an impossibility; only now that impossibility is universally admitted, and the futility of attempting to enforce such uniformity confessed. How long and how vainly has the Church of England sought to circumscribe the doctrine and practice of religion to the Thirty-nine Articles? Indeed, the very Articles themselves are admitted to include contradictory dogmas; and the more necessary it becomes for the Church to define her faith, and to tell us what orthodoxy is, the more impossible she finds it to do so. The argument, then, that the magnitude of

the interests involved justifies the State in establishing an orthodoxy in medicine, in authoritatively patronizing and supporting its professors and in persecuting the heretics, utterly breaks down.

But let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that the State could assure itself of a true doctrine and method of medicine, and that it decreed through its Medical Council that no man should practise who had not been educated accordingly; would it thus be able to exclude quacks from practice? Would it not, on the contrary, arm hundreds and thousands of quacks with its authoritative diploma? And that diploma would enable them to send their patients to the next world far more speedily than they would have been permitted to do, if their victims had not been thus wrongfully induced to confide in them. A diploma may be an assurance that a man has submitted to and passed a certain examination; but the idea that it is a test of real education is a most dangerous delusion. It is well known that a large number of the Extra-Licentiates of the Royal College of Physicians are so ignorant as to be a disgrace to their profession. It is equally notorious that the examiners of the Royal College of Surgeons and those of the Apothecaries' Hall are constantly in the habit of granting diplomas to men who may be said, with but slight exaggeration, never to have studied at all. And even with the utmost honesty of intention, so long as the present system lasts, this evil cannot be fully remedied. The questions which are put to candidates, however varied and numerous, range over certain topics which constitute the staple of all examinations; men called *grinders* inform themselves carefully what the majority of these questions are, and undertake for a very moderate fee to prepare men of mediocre intelligence, and who, never having studied, are ignorant of every branch of their profession, for successful examination in the course of two or three months! To turn loose on the community such men as these with *any* diploma is bad enough; but for that diploma to have the stamp of governmental approval is far worse: for in proportion to its authoritativeness will be the disposition of the public blindly to trust it, and thus to be lulled into a false security, when otherwise it would have relied more on its own inquiries and discernment.

In our humble opinion, it is of infinitely greater importance that the public should eat of the tree of knowledge, physiological and hygienic, and thus become wise to discern good from evil, the man of science from the quack, than it is to protect that same public by statute from

the consequences of its ignorance, even if such protection were practicable, which we deny.* Far be it from us to pretend to a knowledge of all the functions of pain and suffering, but we do earnestly believe that the great and primary one is that of a monitor—a moral and physical conscience to give alarm on the approach of evil, and to induce resistance to its deadly encroachments. Now, the suffering of the community from quacks is the hygienic conscience, the only valid guarantee that physiological ignorance shall be battled with and vanquished, and that a knowledge of the laws of health shall be spread abroad. If a man has committed a sin, and has thus impaired the integrity of his moral nature, would he help himself if he could cut out the stings of conscience, which, though having no reparative force, may at least avert a repetition of the wrong? Or, if he were to burn his hand, would he profit were he to destroy the sense of pain, which, though void of healing power, might, if preserved, warn him when again exposing his hand to danger? And yet in principle this is what even the most enlightened and disinterested advocates of the Medical Reform Act propose to accomplish! They say virtually, Concede to us the powers which we ask, and we will forthwith extirpate all quacks; you shall no longer suffer from their pernicious medicines and conceited ignorance; and if you will commit yourselves to our orthodox guardianship, you may safely rest in profound ignorance of every natural law which determines the condition of your physical being, and may free yourselves of the duty of caring for it, and of maintaining your physical independence, as completely as the faithful Roman Catholic emancipates himself from the responsibility of determining and governing his own intellectual and moral life after he has confided their guardianship to the priest. But grant these enlightened and disinterested advocates of medical protection the authority they crave, what would they actually accomplish? They would undoubtedly

* At a medical meeting, in 1854, Dr. Cousins said:—"He did not believe that Mr. Brady's Bill would do away with quackery, as had been represented. A man joined his own college merely for the purpose of obtaining a diploma, and he was now a most notorious quack. He contended that registration would not do away with quackery. It would be far wiser on their parts to wait until they could direct their minds to a very high stand, and then ask Parliament to remove all the obstructions of which they now had reason to complain. The profession would not gain by the Bill, because the quack would take care to get a diploma, which was easily within his reach."—Quoted in *Our Medical Liberties*.

"I know of no quacks made such by the non-possession of diplomas; because I do not see that diplomas are any guarantee of healing powers, or any security against wide hurtful ones."—*Unlicensed Medicine*.

extirpate all quacks lacking diplomas, but they would replace them in a large number of instances by quacks no less real, only a hundredfold more dangerous by virtue of the State credentials with which they are disguised. There would be no diminution of suffering, only that it would be stupidly acquiesced in from a confused notion of its invariable inevitableness, its intended result, inquiry into the causes of suffering, and the qualifications of the medical adviser, being stifled at the outset by the overbearing authority of the State diploma. That portion of the public which may thus be deceived and induced to surrender its reason and judgment concerning its most vital interests, blindly confiding in the assurances of the State as to the competency of its physicians, will need an increasing amount of State protection and intervention in proportion as the habit of self-reliance diminishes. Thus one step in the wrong direction leads to a second, and the freedom of those who repudiate all State interference beyond the limits of security for person and property is invaded for the sake of these helpless claimants of State-solicitude. The Arabian physician Rhases, who flourished towards the end of the 9th century, felt as strongly as we do that a man should use his own judgment, and not trust to diplomas when selecting a physician. He says:—

“Study carefully the antecedents of the man to whose care you propose confiding all you have most dear in the world; that is to say, your health, your life, and the health and lives of your wife and children. If the man is dissipating his time in frivolous pleasures; if he cultivates with too much zeal the arts that are foreign to his profession, such as music and poetry; still more if he is addicted to wine and debauchery,—refrain from committing to his hands a trust so precious. He merits your confidence who, having early applied himself to the study of medicine, has sought skilful instructors and seen much disease; who has united to the assiduous reading of good authors his personal observation; for it is impossible to see everything and try everything in one's own practice; and the knowledge and experience of a single individual, compared to the knowledge and skill of all men, of all ages, resembles a slender brook of water that flows by the side of a great river.”*

It is the tendency of ideas to marshal men into corporations and societies for their fortification and defence against all such as are hostile to them. Once launched into existence, they forthwith become conservative, and strive to organize themselves into creeds, systems, and institutions, and hence acquire and maintain an ascendancy over the mind of the age long after their partial or entirely erroneous nature has been in-

* Cited in *Renouard's History of Medicine*.

controvertibly shown. Error once rooted in either the popular or scientific intellect is always of long life ; but if it have the fostering care of governmental authority, how much longer will it not flourish? This alone is a sufficient reason for objecting to a Medical Council under the protective wings and patronage of the State. Such patronage would assuredly retard the progress of medical science in England. It will be a premium on medical conformity—the loaves and fishes distributed only to those who, stifling their doubts, profess their belief in the orthodoxy of the Medical Council. The essence of development is the transmutation of the uniform into the multiform, the homogeneous into the heterogeneous—individualization, the incessant production of variety. According to the theory of Laplace, the planets are, by a sort of “spontaneous fission,” true children of the sun, which once filled even Neptune’s orbital space with his nebulous vastness ; the amorphous are transformed into stratified rocks, these into the countless varieties of the vegetable kingdom, and these again into the animal kingdom, equally full of variety. If we ascend into the human world and the domain of mind, the prevalence of this law is even more impressive. Of all the millions of human beings, generation after generation, who have trod this planet, it is morally certain that there never were two either physically, intellectually, or emotionally alike. Hence the infinite diversity of thought, feeling, and apprehension—the cause of the countless sects in every region of mental life. The one-sidedness of each individual mind is supplemented by the one-sidedness of every other, and thus conjointly a many-sided, catholic apprehension of many-sided nature becomes possible. This is at once the explanation and justification of sects, as well as the demonstration of their necessity for the furtherance of science and the establishment of truth. They are the perpetual renovators of ideas, at once the consequences and cause of mental progress, and the invariable condition of a great and rich national life. In proportion to the multiplicity of sects—theological, social, political, scientific, literary, and artistic—are the people truly vigorous and healthy. Theological and political sectarians are diligently uprooted in Austria, and the deadening result is the universal slavery of her people. Who can compute the amount of blood, and treasure, and injustice, which have been vainly expended, even in this country, to put down all kinds of dissent? What should we have been now, if in religion only the oppressors had triumphed? We may point to Spain for an answer. If political sects had been extirpated, the Reform Bill would have been unheard of, the iniquitous Corn-laws

would still be a part of our Statute Book, and the principle of commercial freedom which England inaugurated, and the application of which has contributed so marvellously to her wealth and power, would have been latent still. Were it not for the beneficent activity of sects, our country would now be spiritually oppressed by a stereotyped system of national education, involving the inculcation of theological dogmas by Act of Parliament. Happily, however, so far as Parliament is concerned, owing to the diverse opinions of its members, the rising generation is likely to be spared the parrot-like apprehension of doctrines which would only transcend or confuse their understandings.

In view of the unspeakable importance of sects, as above insisted on, need we adduce proof of the disastrous consequences of their extirpation from the domain of medicine? Medicine, which is but in a slight degree scientific, being still for the most part purely empirical, and which is founded on anatomy, physiology, pathology, chemistry, botany, and the *Materia Medica*, surely needs the aid of all the sects it has originated for its continuous development. Not only in each of the sciences on which medicine is based, but in each of their numerous subdivisions, many sects may be counted; and yet of the ever-changing and advancing ideas derived from these various and but partially explored regions of knowledge, it is proposed that a State-constituted Council shall determine what are true, what false, and what creed concerning them shall entitle the believer to professional honour, if not to the privilege of curing or killing according to law!

If medicine could boast a wide scientific basis on which to rear the much-longed-for temple of therapeutic orthodoxy, we should still protest against any attempt to suppress the heretics; but, in fact, its only pretence to a scientific character is limited to *diagnosis*, or the determination of the nature of diseases by means of their accompanying symptoms. A *science* of healing, or *therapeutics*, has still to be established. Pinel, in his "*Nosography*," published at the close of the last century, limited himself to the problem: "A disease being given, to determine its true character, and the rank it must take in a nosological table." He did not venture to affirm a single general proposition as to treatment, because he regarded this branch of medicine to be too crude to assume a scientific form. In the direction of *diagnosis* there has been marvellous progress during the present century. Excepting this department, the rest is little more than a chaotic mass of incoherent dogmatism and inconsistency. Let us hear the confessions of some of its worthiest and most distinguished professors. The great Bichat wrote:

"We have yet had in *Materia Medica* no general systems; but this science has, until now, been influenced successively by those who were leaders in the profession, and each one of these has, if I may so say, forced upon it his own views. Hence the vagueness and uncertainty which it presents to us to-day. An incoherent assemblage of incoherent opinions, it is perhaps of all the physiological sciences, the one which shows plainest the contradictions and wanderings of the human mind; in fact, it is no science at all for a methodical mind, but is a shapeless conglomerate of inexact ideas, of observations often puerile, of illusory remedies, and of formulas as oddly conceived as fastidiously arranged. It is said the practice of medicine is repulsive, I say more than this: it is, in respect to its principles, taken from most of our *Materia Medica*s, impracticable for a sensible man. Except the medicaments whose effects are fully established by strict observation, such as evacuants, diuretics, sialogogues, anti-spasmodics, &c.—that is, those which act upon a determined function, and to what does our knowledge of the other articles amount?" Broussais, nurtured in the physiological ideas of Bichat, and the philosophy of Condillac and Cabanis, and strengthened also by the observation of diseases, and by a large practice in armies and hospitals, sums up thus: "Look back, and recall what we have said in regard to the vices of medical practice, . . . and then decide whether medicine has, until now, been more useful than injurious to mankind. I agree that it has rendered suffering humanity the service of offering it consolations, by lulling it continuously with illusory hopes; but you must also agree that such a utility is far from being sufficient to elevate medicine to the same rank with other natural sciences, but it seems to reduce it to a level with astrology, superstition, and all sorts of quackery." Even this discriminating physician deluded himself with the belief that he had found the all-efficient remedy—nothing else than his own doctrine, in favour of which he says, the statistics of mortality have already declared, and which must in a short time have an influence upon population more marked even than the discovery of vaccination." Alas! how Time has discredited the prophecy! M. Berard, a distinguished medical writer of the school of Montpellier, would rely on empiricism altogether, declaring his conviction that "physiology cannot serve as a basis for practical medicine." An Italian physician, Giacomini, who published a book on medicine and therapeutics a few years ago, thus expresses himself: "While the art of diagnosis has made immense progress in France, that of the application of medicaments has been entirely neglected. The special doctrine of revulsion plays a considerable part in the

French schools. Formerly, all was sympathy, *consensus*, in diseases; now, everything is antagonism or revulsion." Messrs. Trousseau et Pidoux, in their *System of Medicine* published in 1837, express their opinion that, "The entire generation of medical men turns its back on truth, and will have to march, perhaps for some time yet in error, until that shall fall by its own consequences."*

In England, medical theory and practice present the same scepticism, the same multiform and discordant opinions, the same lack of ascertained principles, the same vacillating practice: witness the fearful extent to which, only a few years ago, bleeding used to be carried and mercury administered, and the great reaction against the one and the other which has now set in; or contrast the treatment of consumption which not long ago obtained, according to which patients were cooped up in close rooms and bled, with the present and infinitely more rational system of urging them to keep in the open air, and prescribing tonics and an abundance of nourishing food. Professor Bennett, of Edinburgh, maintained in a recent lecture that the mortality from *pneumonia* (inflammation of the lungs) has diminished since large bleedings have been abandoned; while his eminent compeer, Professor Alison, teaches that this disease is less fatal than formerly, because inflammations, like fevers, have changed their types since the days of Cullen and Gregory. In cases of pleuritic effusion, Professor Bennett also asserts his belief in the injurious effects of both bleeding and mercury; Professor Alison demonstrated to a crowded audience the wisdom of the opposite practice. At the close of Professor Alison's lecture, Dr. Wood expressed a doubt whether a great deal of our change in medical practice was not the result of fashion, and whether we were not now going into the opposite extreme of avoiding blood-letting too much. More recently Dr. Bennett read a paper on the "Modern Doctrines of Pathology as applied to Practice," wherein he attempted to show "that not blood-letting alone, but every species of treatment which medical men are in the habit of applying, is utterly at variance with sound pathology." He was supported in this by Dr. Sibbald.† There are four systems of medicine and surgery face to face in the English, French, Sardinian, and Turkish hospitals at Constantinople, and as many different systems of administration.‡ If Abernethy could reappear, he would still feel justified in exclaiming, "There has been a great increase of medical men of late years, but, upon my life, diseases have

* See the original citations in Renouard.

† *Medical Times*, March 8, 1856.

‡ *Times*, March 4, 1856.

increased in proportion;" while Baillie would be pretty sure to reiterate his declaration, that he had "no faith whatever in medicine." The believers in Hahnemann appeal to statistics, as sternly demonstrating "That no pathy is better by a long score than allopathy," and, of course, that homœopathy considerably eclipses them both.* And it is this wondrous medley of science, empiricism, and antagonistic practices,—this incredible jumble of doubts, dogmas, and delusions, that self-styled medical reformers would place in charge of a State-constituted Council, with plenary instructions to eliminate what shall seem to it the objectionable elements, and to fuse the rest into a system bearing the Government stamp of "the only true medicine," to the belief in which all future members of the profession shall subscribe before being permitted to practise! Theology will scarcely pretend to rival medicine in the number and diversity of its creeds. Surely, the utter failure of its attempts at conformity might convince our would-be medical legislators of the futility and folly of their arrogant scheme.

The only sure way to truth is along the path of freedom. If we wage a war of force with error, we call all its powers into resistent activity, and thus it becomes strong and enduring; but if it have complete expression, all its vulnerable points are exposed, and it may soon receive its death-blow. The more discussion is encouraged the sooner unity will be arrived at. There are worlds within worlds: homœopathy itself has its troubles. Within its own boundaries it is perplexed by a host of sects, and has anticipated us in the remedy which we here prescribe. We may be edified by listening to the counsels of the most catholic apostle of the last revelation, and at the same time get a glimpse at the inner life of its practice.

"And now our main business would appear to be friendship and brotherhood. The great thing that we want for our living cause is organization; and the main requisite of organization is unity of end and principle, and harmonious diversity of opinion. Already we have the diversity well enough marked. We have men of high dilutions, and men of low dilutions, and men of no dilutions at all. It strikes me that all these are simply different temperaments in the all-embracing body of our art and science, and that they are necessary

* "Everything in physic is now taken on assertion. Men of patient and disciplined minds retire from a study, in which, though it charms them by its difficulty, dulness is suffered to dogmatise, and every brawler constitutes himself an authority. The result in the character of the profession is that of cleverness without sagacity. It loses dignity and wants repose. It is the Bar of the Old Bailey with no Judge on the Bench."—*Dr. J. A. Wilson On Spasm, Languor, and Palsy.*

and natural sects. For each man must handle that in which he can have faith. Without the faith, the healing means has no palpability of grasp. And undoubtedly there are material minds which require a little of what they call substance; and also another different order of minds, for which science itself is a substance, and resultant facts of cure are sufficient to attest its power. By no chemistry of controversy can the one set at present dissolve the other; but they may co-operate under one end."—*Wilkinson's Unlicensed Medicine.*

Suppose we were to elect a council of medical cardinals to judge between doctors who differ, to declare in what consists the real orthodoxy of medicine, and what are dangerous heresies, and to fulminate anathemas on the heads of the propagators: are we quite sure that the heretics excommunicated in this generation would not become the canonized saints of the next? If so, the Provincial Medical Association might at length confess to the conviction that the only wise course for us is respectful tolerance of those from whom we differ, and an enlarged mental hospitality towards the new systems of doctrine and practice which that novelty-monger, Time, persists in introducing to us. Perhaps it is a providential arrangement that the merits of new methods and nostrums should at first be absurdly exaggerated, in order that they may force their way in the world, and compel men's attention. But the sagacious eclectic and true lover of his profession will not contemptuously ignore them altogether, because they can only substantiate a small per-centage of their lofty pretensions. If he cannot sign all the articles of the hydropathic creed, he may profitably meditate on the facts alleged by its professors, extract from them an increased respect for cold water, and commend its virtues to his patients without any apostasy to his former convictions. In like manner, if the disciples of Hahnemann can prove to him that in their treatment of cholera they lose only the same proportion of cases as do the orthodox practitioners, he may justly question the wisdom of converting the interiors of his patients into medicine stores, and may let his doubts modify his practice without committing himself to all the incredible mysteries of homœopathy. To whatever extent, and however rightly or wrongly, homœopathy and hydropathy may be derided, it remains incontestably true, that they have exerted a beneficial influence on the public, even through the prescriptions of "regular practitioners:" less medicine is given, and more washing is prescribed. And, indeed, the wise, ever intent on truth, will gratefully accept the experience and hints which every new doctrine may yield, and will derive from them new healing power.—Such a catholic spirit is unfortunately far from prevalent in the profession;

unworthy rivalry, jealousy, and persecution too often take its place. Egotism, bigotry, tenacity of preconceived notions, and vested interests, are ever organizing themselves into phalanxes of opposition to new ideas and the constantly arising sects which represent them. What of truth they may embody can only assert itself after long and arduous struggles. The opposition is always powerful enough of itself, and needs no legislative re-enforcement. The reception of the discovery of the circulation of the blood, and of vaccination, may abundantly assure us on this point: "John Aubrey tells us he had 'heard Harvey say, that after his book on the Circulation of the Blood came out, he fell mightily in his practice; 'twas believed by the vulgar that he was crack-brained, and all the physicians were against him.'" He was derisively called "the circulator," and his views were at first rejected almost universally. The older intellects, in possession of the seats and places of authority, regarded them as idle dreams. They were publicly assailed by a Dr. Primerose, a pupil of Joannes Riolanus, the distinguished professor of anatomy in the University of Paris; by Riolanus himself; by Parisanus, a physician of Venice; and by Caspar Hofmann, the learned and laborious professor of Nuremberg, whom Harvey visited in vain for the sake of demonstrating to him the truth of his discovery. And Veslingius, professor in the University of Padua, and one of the best anatomists of the age, addressed two letters to Harvey, in which he states his objection to the new doctrine.* Such was the truth-discerning power of the great intellectual lights of medicine in Harvey's day. Wonderful to relate, the London College of Physicians, which had the good fortune to own him as their illustrious member and benefactor, did not distinguish itself by any opposition to his revolutionary doctrine. Corporate pride probably sharpened their preceptions so far as to enable them to appreciate the honour which association with their luminous member would cast around them. But what shall we say to the great Harvey himself, who opposed to the last Aselli's important discovery of the lacteals and lymphatics, vessels which are absolutely necessary to complete his own theory! Jenner's discovery met with a no less formidable opposition than did that of Harvey; and in both cases opposition failing to stop the triumph of truth, detraction was resorted to: the circulation of the blood being admitted, it was asserted to be "none of Harvey's discovery; the fact was so, but it was of no great moment in itself, and the merit of arriving at it was small; the way had

* Willis's "Life of Harvey."

been amply prepared for such a conclusion."* To deprive Jenner of his honour, ambiguous passages from old books were uncovered from the dust of libraries, and certain popular traditions, which had prevailed in some obscure province, were recalled, in order to find in them the germs of his admirable discovery.† Paré, who first applied ligatures to arteries after amputation, was ridiculed by the French faculty of medicine for "hanging human life on a thread, when boiling pitch had stood the test of centuries." "A poor Indian discerned the use of bark; the Jesuits introduced it into England, and it was denounced as the invention of the devil. Dr. Grænwelt first employed cantharides internally, and no sooner did his cures begin to make a noise, than he was at once committed to Newgate, by warrant of the President of the College of Physicians."‡

If the most eminent contemporaries of Harvey, the medical magnates of that age, arrayed themselves in opposition to one of the greatest discoveries in physiology ever made, and used all their influence to put it down; and if Harvey himself assumed a like position with respect to the discovery of Aselli, where, within the compass of human nature, shall we find minds that may safely be trusted as the arbiters of truth, and invested with power to enforce their decisions? Fortunately for our country, she has long had a number of medical bodies, each of which, with special limitations, can grant licences to practise; for it is due to their rival interests and contests with each other, that no one has attained such supreme power as to establish a medical despotism throughout the kingdom. The history of medicine teems with evidence proving how tyrannical would be even the noblest of its professors, if they had governmental power; while the annals of the Royal College of Physicians are a continuous story of its prosecution of "quacks" and heretics, from the reign of Henry VIII. to the accession of Victoria, and of its possession and defence against all intruders of the area within seven miles of London, within which none but its members can legally practise. It has excluded distinguished men whose admission would have conferred on it lasting honour; and until the instinct of self-preservation recently awakened it to a sense of its danger, it persisted in virtually asserting that unless a man believes in the Thirty-nine Articles, he cannot become a good physician, and hence conferred its diploma only on those who had made profession of the orthodox faith, and were graduates of Oxford or Cambridge! A dissenter

* Willis's "Life of Harvey."

† Renouard's "History of Medicine."

‡ "Our Medical Liberties."

had not the smallest chance; and though the college is now becoming a little more catholic, its officers guard themselves from the contagion of heresy by taking the sacrament, as administered by the Church of England, three times a year. Because, believing that a dissenter could not be a good physician, it would only grant its diploma to churchmen, the dissenters established the University of London for their special behoof. The degree of M.D. conferred by that body of examiners is certainly far superior, not only to that of the Royal College of Physicians, but to any other obtainable in Great Britain. One of the Examiners of the College of Physicians recently stated, with noble candour, that when examining graduates of the University of London, he has been impressed with the thoroughness and excellence of their education: "They knew," said he, repeating in earnest the common joke of Examiners, "a great deal more than I did, only I had the advantage of *asking* the questions"! And yet these men cannot legally practise in London until they have paid the College of Physicians fifty-six pounds for a licence! These are the men whom licentiates of the said college are not permitted to meet in consultation without rendering themselves liable to a fine of five pounds! There is much to be said concerning the unjust privileges and proceedings of the Royal Society of Apothecaries; but we prefer to illustrate our argument, so far as English corporations are concerned, by the Royal College of Physicians. We do so because it is regarded as comprising the *élite* of the profession; because its members are presumed to be men of comparatively enlarged views, by virtue of having received an university education before their application to medicine; because they do rank amongst them many eminent men; and because of the high consideration and *prestige* which the college has long enjoyed. Dr. Goodall's "Historical Account of the College's Proceedings against Empiricks and unlicensed Practisers in every Prince's Reign, from their first Incorporation to the Murther of the Royal Martyr, King Charles the First," is sufficiently suggestive of how diligent the college has been in the work of persecution and oppression. (Goodall was a member of the college, for which he had a profound veneration.) In the reign of Henry VIII.—as soon as it got its charter—it instituted three successful prosecutions for practising without its licence. "In the second year of Queen Mary's reign, a great number of empirical impostors were prosecuted and punished by the censors of the College, amongst whom was one Charles Cornet, a Fleming (an impudent and ignorant buffoon), who would not be restrained from his ill practices with the bills of his condemnation affixed

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to the corners of the streets, nor yet with imprisonment itself, being patronized by Hugh Weston, Dean of Westminster, and Roger Chamley. The College, nevertheless, prosecuted him with all vigour and care, whereby he was forced, not only to flee the town in spite of Weston and Chamley, but likewise out of those privileged places where he had sheltered himself (first in St. Martin's, in London, and after in Westminster); they being also imprisoned who in St. Martin's had afforded him a retreat." This Fleming must have been a superior man and able physician, for his time, or such efforts would not have been made by the Dean of Westminster and others to protect him; nor would the College, in addition to its charter, have needed, as it did, the "favour of the Lord Chancellor, several of the nobility, and the king's physicians" to enable them to compel him "to flee the town."

"After the college had thus diligently prosecuted some of these empiricks, and forced others to flee the city and suburbs, they conceived it would highly conduce to the welfare and safety of the kingdom, if they extended their authority to other parts thereof; accordingly they constituted several visitors, to whom they granted authority in their name, that they should not suffer any to practise physick throughout England, unless such as had taken their degrees in Cambridge or Oxford without grace, or were licensed by them or the College under their public seal. Such as did refuse to give obedience to these Laws were committed to prison till they submitted to the due execution of them. Surgeons and apothecaries were prohibited the practise of physick, and the latter required that they should not divulge the names of medicines, nor deliver physician's bills (prescriptions) to the patients."

These extracts are a fair sample of the proceedings of the college throughout the period over which Dr. Goodall's history extends. The number of prosecutions, imprisonments, and enormous fines, in each reign is incredible. That the chief object of these prosecutions was in no wise for the protection and good of the public, but for the maintenance of the medical monopoly of the college members, and more especially for the enriching of themselves by the heavy fines which they incessantly extorted from their victims, is abundantly manifest. That the crowd of surgeons and apothecaries whom they put down and restrained from practice, to the great vexation and asserted injury of their patients, were quite as well qualified to prescribe the horrible remedies at that time in vogue as were the privileged physicians, does not need much proof. But abundant proofs exist, that men in the highest rank of life preferred these poor outlawed and tabooed surgeons and apothecaries

to their privileged oppressors. The college correspondence abounds with letters from such men as Sir Francis Walsingham, the Earl of Essex, the Earl of Manchester, Lord Burleigh, Lord Howard, the Lord High Admiral, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Durham, besides Lord Chief Justices, assuring the president and censors of the college, of their personal experience of the professional ability and honesty of practitioners whom the college had fined or imprisoned, and restrained from exercising their art, and praying the college to restore them to liberty and their patients. Most of the victims thus interceded for were the medical attendants of the men who undertook to expostulate with the college, and protest against its proceedings. It is reasonable to presume that if an ambassador should appoint a physician for himself and his suite, he would take care to select a man of good ability and education. In the time of Charles I., a Dr. Jaquinto was physician to the Venetian Embassy at the English Court. But he extended his prescriptions to English friends who chose to consult him, whereupon the college censors "ordered his imprisonment and a fine of five pounds to be inflicted upon him." The plea that the college interfered for the protection of the public will scarcely hold good in this instance. The following gentle protest of the Earl of Manchester against corporate tyranny and exclusiveness, is of exactly the same tenor as that of a multitude of letters addressed from time to time to the college on behalf of other victims.

"To my very loving friend, Dr. Argent, President of the College of Physicians in London. Mr. President, I am informed by Dr. Jaquinto, whom I have long known and heard well of, That upon occasion of businesse that stayes him for awhile in this City, He was requested by Mr. Basil Nichols to minister physick to his daughter, for which he is now questioned in the College, though both the Patient and her Parents confesse she received good thereby. And he hath intreated me to mediate his freedome from further trouble and molestation during his stay, he behaving himself inoffensively, without intruding himself on other men's Cures: Which I am induced unto both for the honour of our Nation, which hath been ever hospitable to strangers, and also for the respects I bear to learning and his profession, having practised in the kingdom twenty-five years, and thereby done good to many. I do therefore pray you, and the rest of the College of Doctors, the rather for my sake, to afford him the favour that he may live quietly, demeaning himself orderly, and I shall take it kindly, and wherein I may rest

Your very loving friend, W. Manchester.

"When it pleased God to visit me with a great sickness at Exeter, this doctor was of use to me, which makes me willing to use for him any favour I have with you.

W. M."

Thomas Bonham, Doctor in Philosophy and Physic, of Cambridge, brought an action of false imprisonment against the college in the time of James I., and obtained judgment in his favour. Lord Coke, who was judge in the case, thought it of sufficient importance to report it at length himself. The judgment, and the speech by which he supported it, do equal credit to that great lawyer. Dr. Elliotson states that the college imprisoned one of its own fellows for differing in opinion with Galen! Professor Grant compares the acts of the college to those of eastern despots, and says "it has been the grave of intellect."

Are not the proceedings here referred to an unanswerable argument against committing the government of medicine to any body of men, however learned or eminent they may be? Or will it be alleged that since the period of these persecutions, science and general enlightenment have so far advanced as to preclude the possibility of their recurrence in any shape? Has human nature changed? Only so far back as 1829 a Dr. Harrison, from Horncastle, was proceeded against by the college for practising in London without its licence. This very year the Society of Apothecaries instituted a prosecution against a member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England—Mr. Cockcroft, of Todmorden—because he was practising without its licence. He has a large practice, and possesses "the esteem and respect of all classes in Todmorden and its neighbourhood. A memorial, signed by four magistrates, four clergyman, two physicians, five surgeons, and six solicitors, bore testimony to his position and respectability, and called upon the society to refrain from pursuing its unjust course towards him. A like memorial was forwarded from the Board of Guardians. But these documents met with a dignified rebuke from the Worshipful Society."* Was the motive of the society in this instance protection of the public health, or increase of its own funds? But we need no stronger evidence of how vigorous and active the spirit of selfish exclusiveness and oppression still is, than that which is to be found in the arguments of the advocates for the "Medical Reform Act, 1856." One of these gentlemen, a graduate of Oxford and of the University of London, and in the enjoyment of a considerable practice, observed to us the other day, that he not only considered it necessary that the Medical Council should be armed with legal power to put down all "quacks," among whom he classes all homœopaths, but he actually insisted on the necessity of stripping the latter of whatever diplomas they may have! "Only let us get this

* "The Lancet," Feb. 23, 1856.

Bill," said he, "as a first instalment, and then you shall see what we shall afterwards accomplish." This medical Puseyite will be delighted to learn that his medieval ideas are fully realized in France. "The Anatomical Society of Paris, at the meeting of the 4th of January, 1856, decided unanimously that the following members should be excluded, as authors of homœopathic books:—Messrs. Terssier, Gabalda, Frédault, and Tousset"* Some three years ago, a student, admitted to be thoroughly qualified to pass his examination with honour, became a candidate for the Edinburgh degree of M.D. The examiners, learning that he believed in the principles of Hahnemann, rejected him! Out of the many medical corporations it is to be hoped that he found at least one tolerant enough to admit him as a member; but suppose Parliament passes Mr. Headlam's Bill, there would be no appeal from the decisions of the council which it would constitute. A student rejected by its authority would be precluded entirely from obtaining a certificate of his qualifications, however excellent they might be, and hence forbidden to practise, unless under the opprobrious designation of "quack." But even this remnant of right is not to be long permitted; for, as we have said, we are already admonished that the promoters of the Bill anticipate the speedy arrival of the time when such practitioners shall be forcibly suppressed altogether.

Let us resume. We protest, then, against Mr. Headlam's Bill, because it is contrary to the principle of local self-government; because, in the important respects which we have indicated, it violates the personal freedom of the public and of the profession; because it would tend to establish medical uniformity of doctrine and practice, and thus encourage conservatism, frown on genius, oppose new ideas, and sanction persecution; because the constituent elements of medical science (so called) are for the most part too crude, incoherent, and even antagonistic to admit of organization into a system, to be exclusively taught as orthodox; because any attempt at such organization would infallibly retard the progress of medical knowledge; because all experience proves that no council is competent to represent the interests of truth, while the history of all authoritative councils is a history of the consolidation and sanction of error; and finally, because while State-registered diplomas would be no additional guarantee of professional skill, they would, nevertheless, greatly foster the dangerous habit, already far too prevalent, of relying exclusively on their testimony of competency, and hence charlatans would derive from their pos-

* "Medical Circular."

session, additional facilities in practising on the credulity of those who put their trust in such parchment assurances.

Would we then abolish diplomas altogether? No, certainly not. *We would simply sever the connexion of all Medical bodies with the State.* That would be the beginning and end of our Medico-political prescription, which would be none the less efficacious for its brevity. The constitutional maladies from which they suffer, the injustice which they are exposed to or inflict, and the generation of "Medical Reformers," are almost entirely the results of chartered privileges or State interference. The College of Physicians has been so pampered and spoilt by the State, so induced to rely on its charter of monopoly, instead of on its essential claims to professional support, that its long-cherished spirit of arrogant exclusiveness, and its favourite method of government by means of fines and Newgate, have turned nearly all men against it, changing their veneration into indifference, if not contempt. Hence its rival, the University of London, and hence its increasing decrepitude, with scarcely funds enough to prolong its existence. If it could have the courage to make Lord Palmerston a present of its charter, to resolve to be self-sustaining, to institute a curriculum of study for its candidates, wisely adapted to the present state of knowledge, and calculated to insure, as far as any curriculum can do, a thorough and comprehensive education; if it would be scrupulously conscientious in its examinations, and in its admission or rejection of candidates, and would reduce the fee exacted for its licence, it might, with the great advantages it would still possess, safely defy all rivalry, and resume its position as the most influential Medical Corporation in Britain. But whether, while it has yet time, it will be brave enough to save itself or not, the unrighteous monopolies, so inconsistent with the spirit of the age, which it and the Society of Apothecaries continue to enjoy, as well as all similar privileges accorded to the twenty-three medical corporations, must be abolished before the profession can assume its rightful position, before medical education can be essentially improved, and before the only true method of putting down quackery and quacks can be established. In the meantime, we would not sanction the least legislative interference. The only thing which "regularly qualified practitioners" can fairly require as regards quacks is, that they should not be allowed to practise under false titles. But no system of registration is necessary to ensure this. If, for example, the members of the Society of Apothecaries should feel themselves aggrieved by any quack who may falsely style himself one of their body, the common law of England will enable them to prevent such a fraud.

Those members who are zealous that the good name of their diplomas should not be prostituted could easily combine to institute legal proceedings against any one so offending.*

So soon as all the medical institutions shall be placed on a footing of perfect equality, the principle of competition will begin to work its miracles. When each university and college becomes conscious that it may no longer rely on chartered monopolies, and that its very existence will henceforth depend on its relative excellence and adaptation to the growing knowledge and needs of the time, it will set about the revision and improvement of itself, after the method we have prescribed for the College of Physicians, with a diligence and effectiveness which a centralized Medical Council would labour in vain to induce. After such regeneration each would emulate the other by putting forth all its powers to ensure in its graduates the best possible education. Each would flourish and become influential in proportion only to the public favour bestowed upon it; and consequently all would appeal to the public to judge of the comparative excellence of their diplomas as tests of scientific knowledge and practical skill. The public, called upon to arbitrate and to distribute its patronage as the reward of merit, would at length slowly awaken to the conviction of its incredible folly, in having hitherto persisted in ignorance and indifference concerning the education of the men to whose keeping it entrusts its very existence; it would gradually accustom itself to scrutinize more and more closely the working and effects of each medical school; it would learn to assign to diplomas their exact worth and no more; and finally, to investigate the character, ability, knowledge, and experience of indi-

* In the *Times* of March 17th there is a report of a trial which casts a shade of doubt over the statement in the text. The Royal College of Surgeons preferred an indictment at common law against F. Hodgson for forging a diploma, and also for altering the same with intent to defraud. "Mr. Baron Bramwell expressed an opinion that the indictment could not be sustained, upon the ground that there was no evidence that the prisoner intended to commit any particular fraud, but only the general fraud of representing himself to be a member of the college. His lordship said he would reserve the point for the opinion of the Court for Crown Cases Reserved, and directed the jury to find the prisoner GUILTY, which was done." Of course, if his lordship's opinion in this case were sound (we do not believe it is), the forger of a diploma could be prosecuted successfully so soon as he could be proved to have induced a patient to employ him by producing the diploma in evidence of his qualification to practise. However, as legal, as well as medical, doctors differ, we expect Mr. Baron Bramwell's opinion will not be sustained by the Court for Crown Cases Reserved, the decision of which we shall look for with interest. If a diploma could be assumed by any charlatan who has no right to it, we should be puzzled to know how it is that the title-page of a book may not be pirated with impunity.

vidual men before employing them. When it shall thus, as it were, take the control of medical education into its own hands, and not until then, will its standard be raised to the height of contemporary knowledge; only then will physicians or "general practitioners" assume the scientific character and intellectual rank, and evince the deep, yea even religious, sense of responsibility, befitting men entrusted with the lives of the community. The nature of the demand determines that of the supply: until the people at large shall become sufficiently enlightened to distinguish between an ignoramus and a man of science, the majority of medical men will continue to practise with a minimum of knowledge, and charlatans and quacks will continue to prevail. Thus the only complete panacea for the ills of which the profession so persistently complains is a generally diffused knowledge of and interest in both medicine and its ministers. The benefit which the people themselves would experience from such a change would make us hail with gladness any event which should inaugurate it; and such, we believe, would be the repeal of existing medical charters. Shall we then—instead of contenting ourselves by applying a remedy at once so obvious and so simple, and one which would not only cure existing evils, but would infuse fresh life into the medical body—give the lie to our vaunted principles of free-trade, and compel, by Act of Parliament, the election of a council whose baneful effects would be a thousand-fold greater than have been those of the charters themselves?

That tyranny is not exclusively the offspring of monarchies and aristocracies, but that it may be an exuberant growth of democracies themselves, we may be fully assured by the establishment of a Maine Liquor Law in nearly half the States of the American Union. The partisans of reckless selfishness and conceited ignorance vastly outnumber the advocates of justice and wisdom: enactments having the sanction of majorities may be as unrighteous and oppressive as the ukases of the most absolute Czar. If it were proved to us that Mr. Headlam's Bill is ardently longed for by nine-tenths of the profession, such proof would not in the least affect our conviction of its violation of the individual rights of the dissentients, and of its opposition to the true interests of medicine, of its professors, and of the public.

It is not a little remarkable that while all Englishmen, and we may add Englishwomen, esteem themselves competent to be theologians, and to pronounce dogmatically concerning each of the legion of rival religions, there should be so little general and genuine interest in medicine. If the public had expended as much time, attention, and solicitude on its physical as it has

on its spiritual welfare, how much more rational would be the present doctrine and practice of therapeutics, how much more scientific the great body of medical men, how much disease would have been prevented! Dr. Todd is reported to have said to his pupils that he had become convinced that an apoplectic patient's chances of recovery are greatly increased if he is not bled; that in such cases he had, as a rule, ceased to bleed, but that such is the strength of the popular prejudice in favour of bleeding for apoplexy, that great moral courage is required to resist it; inasmuch as, if an unbled patient should die, his death would most likely be imputed to the neglect of the doctor. One of the ablest men in the profession recently attended a gentleman attacked with paralysis, who, under his enlightened treatment, rapidly improved. He was ordered into the country, with careful injunctions as to diet, mode of life, &c., which he did not obey. He had a second attack; he immediately returned to town, but instead of recurring to his former adviser he called in a gentleman, not without the authority of a diploma, who prescribed electricity, which, not being agreeable, was, with the sanction of the prescriber, administered through the body of a man-servant, who was to stand between the patient and the machine, in order to avert from him its unpleasant effects! The patient deluded himself into the idea that he derived great benefit from the treatment, and no doubt paid his preserver accordingly.

"Of physic as a science, and in its usefulness, the public take no heed. Their sympathy is only with its follies. In truth, the ignorance of the gentry of England in medicine, gross as their credulity, is the superstition of barbarism. This is especially true of the aristocratical sections of society. In their vain struggle for consequence, they find in physic an occasion for patronage, and use it as a thing of fashion. . . . Persons of the highest talent and most refined education . . . are content, in all questions relating to their health, at once to surrender their judgment and to converse in a jargon. . . . By a large portion of the public, the foreign impertinences of homœopathy, and the murderous follies of the British allopathist, are received in turn with equal favour. Counter-irritation is exchanged for mesmerism; and to mesmerism succeeds hydropathy. Their vaunt is of calomel in scruple doses, or they denounce it in the infinitesimal globule. . . . And of these persons some are legislators, chosen or hereditary, for the protection of the public health, as for the preservation of its morals! The wise and modest physician, while enjoying the favour of these sectarian dispensers of medical reputation, will never fail to remember that he holds it only by right of caprice, and in a chance succession with those whose professional fraternity he would be least willing to acknowledge. . . . And bitter is the penalty which society suffers for the indulgence of its humour, that physic shall be fashion.

In the wild revel held by empirical medicine in England, during the last quarter of a century, thousands have perished madly on example, whom a moment's free and sober thought would have helped to live."
—*Dr. J. A. Wilson, On Spasm, Languor, and Palsy.*

The state of medicine, as confessed to by its most distinguished professors, will be pointed at as offering neither pleasing nor profitable inducements to study, and as an abundant justification of its neglect by the people. They may allege that if, feeling no faith in its doctrines and practice, they follow the dictates of caprice, or abandon themselves to men who are never troubled with doubts, and who supply their want of knowledge by assertions, and their want of judgment by impudence, —they do but "better the instruction" afforded by example in the profession itself. We are forced to admit this humiliating truth, and yet we do not despair. There is, as we have said, one branch of medicine which has the sure basis of science; and, fortunately for the people, that very branch which teaches how, from the associated symptoms, to determine the nature of any particular disease, is the most important for them to learn. One of the most fruitful causes of fatal disease is the fact, that it insidiously advances in the darkness of ignorance; its victims are not alive to their danger, and hence adopt no measures of defence until the enemy is in the citadel. But if that branch of medical knowledge which is established beyond dispute were acquired by the people, as it might in reality be, they would appreciate every indication of danger, would assume offensive operations against the foe on his very first appearance, and would know at once, without waiting for the admonition of perilous suffering, when delaying to seek the aid of the physician would be to risk the loss of life. If such knowledge were popularized, the estimate of the true physician would be immeasurably heightened; in a large proportion of cases, his vocation would be rather that of prevention than of cure; the public health would rapidly improve, and the science of medicine would at length enter on its beneficent career. We are not without faith that this anticipation is even now beginning to realize itself. Notwithstanding the threatening aspect of the Medical Bill which has now passed a "second reading," and the general clamour for more legislative interference and protection which even this Bill does not satisfy, we believe that the time is fast approaching when the republic of medicine will be liberated from every State fetter which has aided for centuries in restraining its development, and also from the tyranny of its own members. Medical Science will then progress with an unprecedented rapidity, under the invigorating influence of public opinion.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

A VALUABLE contribution to the hermeneutics of the Old Testament will be furnished by Dr. Hupfeld's critical exposition of the Psalms.¹ The bulk of the completed work will be considerable, for the first volume of 440 pages carries us only to the end of the twenty-first Psalm. At the same time, considering the completeness of the execution, the author has brought his work within fair limits. And he has to occupy a considerable space at times in reference to the re-actionary expositions of Hengstenberg, Tholuck, Stier, and others. The Book of the Psalms, used for so many ages in the worship of the Jewish and Christian churches, has of necessity acquired a *symbolic* character, and has come to be regarded by Christians as an epitome of their creed, as well as a manual of practical piety. Traditional meanings, therefore, become agglutinated to its original sense. Many Hebrew songs, intended for general use on divers occasions, such as hymns of thanksgiving and strains of prayer, have been first tied down, on insufficient grounds, to some particular historical occasion or person, and then there has been superadded a typical and prophetic sense to such persons or events. In this way some of the psalms have assumed their Messianic signification, for which, upon sound principles of exegesis, there appears no foundation. We may instance in the case of two of the psalms comprised in Dr. Hupfeld's present volume, the second and the sixteenth. The second psalm is attributed to David in Acts iv. 25, 26, and an application made of the rising up of the kings of the earth, to the rising up of Herod and the priests against Jesus; the seventh verse is likewise applied, Acts xiii. 33, and Heb. i. 5, and v. 5, to Jesus, as Son of God. Upon this basis rests the traditional interpretation of the whole psalm, as prophetic and descriptive of Christ and his kingdom, and the passage, ver. 12, "Kiss the Son, &c.," is especially interpreted of the divine worship which should be paid to him. But all this structure rests on a very slight foundation. First, it is the custom of the New Testament writers to apply and adapt quotations from the Old Testament, but such adaptation is of itself no sure ground of interpretation. Secondly, it is hardly possible to attribute the psalm to David, which will detract from any authority which the application of it in the Acts may be thought to carry. For David could not very well be the inditer of the psalm, as well as the king whom he speaks of in it: nor are the circumstances described in the psalm such as suit the person and reign of David: the king is described in it as settled and established on the Hill of Sion, and the kings of the earth as uprising and gathering themselves together, encouraging each other

¹ "Die Psalmen. Übersetzt u. ausgelegt." Von Dr. Hermann Hupfeld, ord. Prof. der Theo. zu Halle. Erster Band. Gotha. 1855.

to break asunder the bonds of Jehovah and his Anointed One. For a primary historical sense we can look neither to the reign of David nor to that of Solomon: in David's time the kingdom was not yet settled; in Solomon's, it was never disturbed. Or, if the psalm, which is a noble and most spirited lyrical composition, is to be attributed to that age, it must be considered as having reference to no special historical facts, but as expressing the idea of the theocracy, as it was conceived of under the monarchy. This idea has no proper counterpart in that of the spiritual reign of Christ: even if it had, it would be childish and incongruous to apply the rising-up of Herod and Pilate against Christ as a literal fulfilment of part of a prophecy, and for the rest, for which no literal fulfilment could be found, to resort to a spiritual interpretation. With respect to verse 12, "Kiss the Son," נִשְׁקֹץ , there is little difficulty in the word *nashku*: *nāshak*, is to embrace and kiss in all its senses, and is used of the kiss of honour and religion; but בָּר cannot be the Son, the ב of the seventh verse. *Bar* has here no article or construction to define it: "kiss son" would be nonsense; and besides, in the sense of "son," the word does not occur in pure Hebrew; it is only met with in the Bible in the words of Lemuel, Prov. xxxi. 2, a piece of a very late age, as a term of endearment. But *bar*, from *bārar*, *selegit*, signifies "pure," and from the same root, *bōr* means "purity," which would give the sense of, "embrace purity." The LXX have ἐράζασθε παιδείας , "embrace instruction." But *bar* may be used adverbially, as Aquila, $\text{καταφιλήσατε ἐκλεκτῶς}$: Symmachus, $\text{προσκυνήσατε καθαρῶς}$, and Jerom, "adore pure." There is still wanting an object in the construction, and Dr. Hupfeld suggests that בָּר is corrupt, and that we might read בָּרַךְ with the sense of "embrace, attach yourselves to him." We do not think it at all possible, that the verb could have this reflective sense, or that it could be constructed with בָּר . In the sense of embracing, or giving a kiss to any one, it is followed by בָּ , Gen. xxxi. 28, 55; 1 Kings xix. 20. Retaining בָּר , we should rather conjecture נִשְׁקֹחַ *nashkuhu*, for נִשְׁקֹץ *nashku*; "embrace, that is, worship him, namely Jehovah, purely." At any rate, "the Son" of the Christian commentators disappears.

There is another Psalm included in Dr. Hupfeld's present volume, which is especially distinguished among the Messianic Psalms, the 16th, of which the passage, "Thou shalt not leave my soul in hell, neither shalt thou suffer Thy Holy One to see corruption," is applied to the Resurrection of Christ, both in Peter's sermon, Acts ii., and Paul's sermon at Antioch, Acts xiii., and is supposed to have especial regard to the exemption of the Saviour's body from decomposition. It is evident that David, if he was the author of the psalm, could not have had such thought in his own mind, for in his day no opinion of a Resurrection existed among the Jews; and the quotation of the passage in the Acts resolves itself into an application of Scripture in a different sense from that in which its words were first intended. By the employment of a canon of higher and lower senses anything may be made of anything. Applications of such a kind might indeed have an argu-

mentative force to the Apostles and their contemporaries, but they have none to ourselves, and the interpretation of Peter will not, to us, affix a prophetic meaning to expressions, which critically considered are not capable of it. For the Psalm, so far from contemplating death and a resurrection, is expressive of faith in the Divine protection, and expectation of continuance in life. Our English version of the 9th and 10th verses stands at present as follows:—"Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth; my flesh also shall rest in hope. For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption." Upon which is to be observed; 1. that *bāsār* never means a *body dead*, a *corpse*, rarely, *flesh used for food*, almost always, *living flesh*, as Gen. vi. 17, "to destroy all flesh (*בָּשָׂר*) wherein is the breath of life;" and the "heart," the "glory," or spirit, and the living "flesh," are a description of the whole man. The proper word for *cadaver* is *phagher*, as in Isaiah lxvi. 24, "they shall go forth and look on the *carcasses*, &c.," and xxxvii. 36, "behold they were all *dead corpses*." 2. *yishcōn* "shall rest," does not signify resting in sleep or death, but "dwelling," and the margin in the English Bible says that in the Hebrew it is "dwell in safety," or rather 3. *בְּאִמּוּנָה* "in confidence," from *אָמַן* *confusus est*; 4. *לֹא יִרְאוּ* is not "leave in hell," as if the soul were there already, but "abandon to:" the same verb, construed in like manner with *לֹא*, is also mistranslated in Job xxxix. 14, speaking of the ostrich, "which leaveth her eggs in the earth," E.V., rather, "abandons them to the earth;" 5. the parallel verb conveys the same meaning, *לֹא תִתֵּן לָהֶם לִרְאוֹת* thou shalt not give to see, that is, thou shalt not deliver over to see, as in Psalm lxxviii. 46, "gave," that is, delivered over "their increase to the caterpillar," and verse 61, "delivered his strength into captivity;" 6. *שְׁאוֹל* not "corruption," but the "place of corruption," the grave, *אֵת* the pit where bodies are laid, while *Sheol* is the receptacle for the souls. The passage will then run thus, "Wherefore my heart is glad and my glory rejoices, and my flesh too dwells in security. Because thou wilt not abandon my soul to Sheol, nor permit thy Holy One to see the grave." One more observation we will take upon the 11th verse, *בְּיָמֶיךָ* not, *at thy right hand*, as if *there* and not *here*, but *in thy right hand*, inasmuch as Jehovah is the giver of it; just as Prov. iii. 16, "Length of life is in her right hand *אֵת* and in her left hand riches and honour." We should like to see works similar to Dr. Hupfeld's by English Divines.

Popular in style and treatment, very elegant in execution, and at the same time embodying the results of much learning and research, is the work of Mr. Vaughan, entitled "Hours with the Mystics."² It should be read by every one who is desirous of observing dispassionately the phenomena of religious and spiritual condition. Though light

² "Hours with the Mystics. A Contribution to the History of Religious Opinion." By Robert Alfred Vaughan, B.A. Two vols. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1856.

in form, the book is a very serious one in its purpose, and will be especially acceptable to those who hope that at some day a charitable reconciliation, if not an intellectual solvent, may be found for religious differences. Mentally many-sided, with a scholar's command over his materials, and of a refined taste, Mr. Vaughan has produced a work without the pretension of a thorough history, which will obtain itself a permanent place on many a shelf after it has lain a while on the reading-table. Little apology is in fact needed for the selection of a subject which, to some, may at first seem uninviting. But the author reminds us in his preface, that in the religious history of almost every age and country, we meet with minds impatient of forms and technicalities, yielding themselves willingly to impulses which promise to free them from the trammels of signs and externals, and to carry them forth from the human to the divine.

"The story of such an ambition, with its disasters and its glories, will not be deemed, by any thoughtful mind, less worthy of record than the career of a conqueror. Through all the changes of doctrine, and the long conflict of creeds, it is interesting to trace the unconscious unity of mystical temperaments in every communion. It can scarcely be without some profit that we essay to gather together and arrange this company of ardent natures; to account for their harmony and their differences, to ascertain the extent of their influence for good and evil, to point out their errors, and to estimate even dreams impossible to cold or meaner spirits."—*Preface*, p. vii.

Mystics have been men of like humanity with ourselves, and mysticism, though under many varieties, has presented a common form in different Christian communions, under Christian and non-Christian conditions. But it is only by tracing the existence of mysticism in the non-Christian subject, that the proper character and real worth of Christian Mysticism could be ascertained. The author does not undertake to give an account of all known mystics, but has "endeavoured to portray and estimate those who have made epochs in the history of Mysticism," "who are fair representatives of its stages or transitions," "whose enthusiasm has been signally benign or notoriously baneful."

A mystic (μύστης, μύω) is one who closes all avenues of sense which are the inlets of the material, the sublunary, the conditioned, and thereby gives the soul freedom to unite itself with the divine, with the unconditioned. Mysticism has been found in conjunction with Theism, Pantheism, and Atheism, according to the opinions entertained concerning the Absolute. It may also be divided into intellectual and moral. Intellectual Mysticism is exemplified in that of the Hindu pantheist, of the Buddhist atheist, or nihilist; while the moral mysticism can only be found in connexion with theism. Christianity, therefore, while it has not excluded the intellectual mysticism, has rather given rise to the moral sentimental mysticism, of which the object is either God himself, as a person, or the divine humanity of the Redeemer. Most various, indeed, are the phases of mysticism; and our author has perhaps done well in preferring to delineate specific examples of it, rather than distinctly to classify its kinds. Plunging into the middle of the first volume, let us extract his sketch of the mysticism of Bernard.

"The design of Christianity is, in his idea, not to sanctify and elevate all our powers, to raise us to our truest manhood, accomplishing in every excellence all our faculties both of mind and body, but to teach us to nullify our corporeal part, to seclude ourselves, by abstraction, from its demands, and to raise us, while on earth, to a superhuman exaltation above the flesh,—a vision and a glory approaching that of the angelic state. . . . Their knowledge [that of angels] is immediate—a direct intuition of the primal ideas of things in the mind of the Creator. To such measure of this immediate intuition as mortals may attain he exhorts the devout mind to aspire. They do well who piously employ their senses among the things of sense for the divine glory and the good of others. Happier yet are they who, with a true philosophy, survey and explore things visible, that they may rise, through them, to a knowledge of the invisible. But most of all does he extol the state of those who, not by gradual stages of ascent, but by a sudden rapture, are elevated at times, like St. Paul, to the immediate vision of heavenly things. . . . Totally withdrawn into themselves, they are not only, like other good men, dead to the body and the world, and raised above the grosser hindrances of sense, but even beyond those images and similitudes drawn from visible objects which colour and obscure our ordinary conceptions of spiritual truths."—Vol. i. pp. 152, 3.

Then we have a notice of Hugo of St. Victor, and his doctrine of an "immediate intuition of Deity by means of a separate faculty"—an "eye of contemplation;" and of Richard, his pupil and successor, who taught, that in the highest contemplative ecstasy "the body sleeps, and the soul and all the visible world is shut away. The spirit is joined to the Lord, and one with Him." From mysticism in the Latin Church we turn to the German mysticism of the fourteenth century, Eckart, Tauler, the *Friends of God*, the *Flagellants*, Ruysbroek. Mystical preaching like that of Eckart and of Tauler could never have been popular, had there not prevailed a wide-spread dissatisfaction with the doctrine of the Church, as it was practically evidenced in the lives of ecclesiastics. Christ was certainly not with the appointed teacher, and people followed any call, "Lo, here! lo, there!" if haply they might find him. Fanatical outbreaks gave evidence of that *malaise* in Western Christendom which found relief in the Reformation.

The description of the Flagellants in Strasburg is very striking (Vol. i. p. 267); and so the story of Heinrich Suso is very amusing, but neither can we stay upon that, nor upon the Persian Sufism. Luther appears upon the scene. Many of the mystics previous to the Reformation had been men of progress. The more moderate among them found in Luther's doctrine of justification by faith that affection of the subjective consciousness relatively to a divine act, which satisfied their yearnings. Luther, indeed, in fixing the attention upon a subjective faith went far enough, but succeeded in drawing a sharp line between his doctrine and the wilder mysticisms, by a distinction between the mediate and immediate influence of the Spirit.

"The Divine Majesty does not speak to men immediately, as they call it, so that they have vision of God, for He saith 'No flesh shall see me and live.' Human nature could not survive the least syllable of the Divine utterance. So God addresses man through men, because we could not endure his speaking to us without medium."—Vol. ii. p. 21.

But we must abstain from making any observations of our own on the relation of Lutheranism to Mysticism, either dogmatically or historically, and also from noticing several inviting chapters on Behmen, the Rosicrucians, Theresa, the Quietist Controversy, and Swedenborg. Pause we for a moment on the following passage, which appears to present what the author deems the truth of the matter.

"*Willoughby*. There is no mysticism in the doctrine of an immediate influence exercised by the Spirit of God on the spirit of man.

"*Atherton*. Certainly not. It would be strange if the Creator, in whom we live and move, should have no direct access to the spirit of his own creatures.

"*Gower*. Does not your admission indicate the line between the true and the false in that aspiration after *immediate* knowledge, intercourse, or intuition, so common among the mystics? It is true that the divine influence is exerted upon us directly. But it is not true that such influence dispenses with rather than demands—suspends rather than quickens, the desires and faculties of our nature. So it appears to me at least.

"*Atherton*. And to me also."—Vol. ii. p. 264.

We conceive the author to mean, that immediate divine influence does not contradict or supersede, but acts through and according to the laws of man's nature. Certainly if God, in whom we live, and move, and have our being, is an immanent and constant energy in his creation, his influence or action may be said to be immediate on every material atom, on every psychical being in the universe—he cannot be far from any one of us. But such influence is, according to our very conception of it, uniform and ordinary. The question really is, whether it be, or be not mysticism and a mistake, to believe in, to labour after, to believe that one experiences an immediate influence, not ordinary, uniform, common, but special and exceptional—an influence which "bloweth where it listeth," operating *per saltum*, given to a chosen few, a light revealed to those who have the "Eye of Contemplation," a redemption reached by those who stretch forth the hand of true faith. At least, if there be such immediate influence sporadically bestowed, its presence can be acknowledged only by those who think they have a perception of it; and men have thought they have had a perception of it, and that their spiritual insight has been quickened by it, and yet have strangely differed in their conceptions of the Deity who has been revealed by it. Spiritual intuition is found in combination with Hinduism, Mahometanism, Alexandrianism, Christianity; it has been appealed to by Romish ecstasies, French Quietists, German Protestants, English Quakers. Either that can be no specific faculty or gift of insight, which with equal certainty testifies to men of different—of contradictory religious beliefs, their close union with the Very Fountain of life and truth, or those distinctions which seem to part them are, after all, no true spiritual differences, or the expectation of such supernatural union and communion with the Deity is a delusion and a dream. Isolating, unsocial, selfish, is mysticism, even in its modified form of a doctrine of possible immediate divine influence. Luther was right in bidding Carlstadt not expect it. And though there may be few who would acknowledge the name of mystic in our own day, very many are mystics in a degree. Thus, says Mr. Vaughan:

"I tend towards mysticism, if I invest either my religious intuitions or my particular interpretation of Scripture with a divine halo—with a virtual infallibility—and charge with profanity the man who is dissatisfied with my conclusions. The 'evangelical' is wrong, if he hastily condemns as 'carnal' him who does not find his express doctrines in the Bible; if instead of attempting to satisfy the understanding of the objector with reasons, he summarily dismisses it, by misquoting the passage, 'the natural man discerneth not the things of the spirit.' The 'spiritualist' errs in precisely the same way, when he assumes that his intuitions are too holy to be questioned by the logical faculty. . . . If the intuition of the one man, or the faith of the other, be removed from the sphere of knowing and the court of evidence,—be an impulse or an instinct rather than a conviction, and be rendered inaccessible utterly to the understanding, then is the bridge broken down between them and their fellows. The common tongue of interpretation and the common ground of argument are taken altogether away. For such faith no reason can be rendered to him who has it not."—Vol. ii. p. 294.

The work of M. Pitzipios on the Oriental Church³ is issued by a society recently formed in connexion with the Roman Propaganda, entitled the *Christian Oriental Society*, the object of which is to work towards the union of the churches of the East under the spiritual supremacy of the Pope. By the Oriental Church, M. Pitzipios means that which is commonly called the Greek Church. The work consists of an historical account of the causes which resulted in the separation of East and West, which is thoroughly Roman, and of a method of conciliation of doctrinal differences which is equally so, and reminds us of a similar attempt made some years since, to show that the Anglican Articles were reconcilable with the decrees of the Council of Trent. And as political causes had much to do with the separation, so political relations are not left out of sight in the projected reunion of the East and West. Russia is to play an important part in the great ecclesiastical reconciliation. "Whatever may be the immediate issue of the present war," says M. Pitzipios, "it is not to be doubted that that Empire will continue to exercise an important influence on the side of Conservatism, a great preponderance in the European balance." But her separation from the Catholic Church prevents her enjoying that perfect confidence on the part of the Christian people of Europe which is otherwise due to her on account of her Conservative principles. And besides other advantages, it would be a much finer thing for the Emperors of Russia to bear the title of Protectors of the Catholic Church than that of Protectors of the Oriental Church. The national Greek Church would present but little difficulty in the way of a reunion, inasmuch as it has not been well treated by the Church of Constantinople. The Armenian is but a subdivision of the Oriental Church, which will follow the Russo-Greek without difficulty, and the vista of the future is terminated by the bringing again of the Protestants into the true fold united under one visible head, the true Vicar and Vicegerent of Christ.

³ "L'Eglise Orientale. Exposé historique de sa séparation et de sa réunion avec celle de Rome." Par Jacques G. Pitzipios, Fondateur de la Société Chrétienne Orientale. Rome: Imprimerie de la Propagande.

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An interesting sketch of the life and career of the late Archdeacon Hare is prefixed to a volume of Charges now first published.⁴ It is framed in a slight but sufficient outline of his personal history, and does justice to his honesty, charity, and zeal, if it does not in all respects vindicate his theological position from inconsistency. Julius Hare, indeed, by intellectual accomplishment and moral excellence, was fitted to exercise an influence, both within and without the church to which he belonged, far greater than that which he did exercise, had he been in possession of a consistent theological principle. With such a principle his Lutheranism could not furnish him. The Lutheran preaching of Justification by Faith, of being clothed in Christ's righteousness, and the like, could not supply Hare, though he thought it could, with a doctrine sufficiently positive to satisfy the inquirers with whom his age abounded. The Lutheran doctrine in its own hour had its force as a relative doctrine and with reference to an antagonism, just as the type of it had in the preaching of St. Paul. It degenerates in its native seat either into a dry orthodoxy or into a mystical confidence in personal redemption. Much less in the England of the present day could it give life and unity to a palsied and divided church. And if Hare was in antagonism with the Tractarians, it was not such an antagonism as that of Luther to the Papists. The charities of his heart, as well as many bonds of common tastes and associations, prevented his regarding the leaders of the Oxford movement as anti-Christ's and children of perdition. Hare was a phantom Luther, without his gross body, and without his force, his *θῦμος* unacerbated by persecution, with shadowy weapons slaying phantom popes. His friends even thought that, on the æsthetic side, he might himself be acted on by the Roman fascination. When he visited Rome for the first time—

"Some of his Protestant friends, who knew his love of art, his affection for Mr. Digby, and the personal sympathy which he had with the Eternal City, trembled for the effect which it might produce upon his mind. Their fears were groundless. Rome was all, and more than all, that he had imagined. It was made still dearer to him than it would have been for its own sake, because he formed in the visit his friendship with the Chevalier Bunsen—a friendship which was as close and hearty as those which men begin in their boyhood, and proved more lasting. But the splendid vision left him a stronger Protestant than it found him. 'I saw the Pope,' he used to say, 'apparently kneeling in prayer for mankind; but the legs which kneeled were artificial; he was in his chair. Was not that sight enough to counteract all the æsthetical impressions of the worship, if they had been a hundred times stronger than they were?' Of course those who are used to such ceremonies would have regarded this one with perfect calmness; a skilful apologist would probably have been able to discover that artificial legs contain a moral and mystery which are quite wanting in the natural legs. This Mr. Hare fully believed. The moral and mystery of the whole system came out, it appeared to him, in that one characteristic symbol."—Pref. p. xxvi.

⁴ "Charges to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Lewes, delivered at the ordinary Visitations in the years 1843, 1845, 1846." By Julius Charles Hare, Archdeacon. With an Introduction explanatory of his position in the Church with reference to the parties which divide it. Cambridge. 1856.

The three Charges now printed for the first time are entitled "The Wants of the Church," "Romanizing Fallacies," "Romanizing Tendencies of the Age." They are characterized by the truthfulness and earnestness of the author, and will still be perused with interest by clerical readers.

"Typical Forms and Special Ends"⁵ is a work which has for its purpose to reconcile science and revelation. The general argument of the book is intended to illustrate the position, that two great principles are seen to prevail in the constitution of the material universe—the principle of order or general plan, pattern, and type, and the principle of special adaptation or particular ends, by which "each object, while constructed after a general model, is at the same time accommodated to the situation which it has to occupy, and a purpose which it is intended to serve." There is a difficulty lying at the very threshold of the discussion, which the learned authors have not troubled themselves to engage with, namely, this: How is the existence of these antagonist principles compatible with the doctrine of divine unity? If one Being is the author of order and law, diversity and multiplicity must be already given; if He is a designer, contriver, adapter, a primordial homogeneous material must be co-existent with Him. Is the one God to be identified with the principle of order, or with the principle of variety? He cannot be the Author of both, as it were playing one hand against the other. The forces are really antagonistic: void against form, unity against multiplicity, the uniform against the various, the homogeneous against the heterogeneous, and death against life. Neither is victorious over the other. If form issues from void it sinks back into it, if variety diversifies the uniform, it is again overcome by it, if life emerges from death, it is again absorbed into it. The professors have not, as it seems to us, precluded a dualistic doctrine. Nor yet in their argument concerning adaptations and ends have they met objections to the teleological view, from the inadequacy of many supposed ends, as of brief insect life exhausting such an infinite apparatus of machinery, and of the immense preparation for wasted and inchoate life; nor a like objection from the clashing of ends, as in opposing tendencies of different forms of animal and vegetable life to increase indefinitely, each at the expense of the other; nor another from our own ignorance, limited knowledge, and the insignificant place which this globe occupies relatively to the universe.

The book is withal agreeably written, and compiles many interesting observations of modern naturalists; but we cannot refrain from quoting a portion of one chapter, which we think very damaging to the work. As there are typical forms throughout nature, so there are types, prognosticative and progressive forms, in the kingdom of grace. Thus the Old Testament characters and narratives are types; "for in the Bible are no myths, but real events are made as lively as myths,

⁵ "Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation." By the Rev. James M'Cosh, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the Queen's University in Ireland, &c. &c., and George Dickie, A.M., M.D., Professor of Natural History in the Queen's University in Ireland, &c. &c. Edinburgh: Constable. 1856.

and far more instructive." And as physical science shows that numbers have a significancy in every department of nature,

"We certainly do meet in Bible narrative with a recurrence of certain numbers, and these not unlike the numbers which recent science has disclosed in nature. The beasts were gathered into the ark, even as they are assorted in nature, in pairs; and our Lord sent out his disciples, as the fowls of the air are sent out, two and two, to support and comfort each other. Three derives its significancy from the very nature of God, and appears in the triple sacerdotal blessing of Jacob, in the thrice holy of Isaiah (vi. 3) in the three great religious festivals; in Jonah being three days in the whale's belly; in our Lord being three days in the grave; and in the threefold judgments denounced in the Book of Revelation, where the tail of the great red dragon draws the third of the stars, and three unclean spirits issue from the mouth of the dragon, the beast, and the false prophet, &c., &c."—p. 522.

The purpose of the authoress of "The Progress of Religious Ideas through successive Ages"⁶ will be best explained by a short extract from the preface of the book itself:—

"While my mind was yet in its youth, I was offended by the manner in which Christian writers usually describe other religions; for I observed, that they habitually covered apparent contradictions and absurdities, in Jewish or Christian writings, with a veil of allegories and mystical interpretation, while the records of all other religions were unscrupulously analysed, or contemptuously described as 'childish fables,' or 'filthy superstitions.' I was well aware that this was done unconsciously, under the influence of habitual reverence for early teaching; and I was still more displeased with the scoffing tone of sceptical writers, who regarded all religions as founded on imposture. Either way, the one-sidedness of the representation troubled my strong sense of justice."

The manner in which the authoress has executed the task which she imposed on herself in consequence, is unexceptionable in regard to fairness and impartiality. "It is never pleasant," she says, "to walk directly through and over the opinions of the age in which one lives. I have not done it sarcastically, as if I despised them: because such is not my feeling." It cannot perhaps be said that the apology made for some want of original learning is altogether inappropriate, but there is great truth in the observation, that theological erudition tends to trammel the mind, and that learned men are seldom free from sectarian bias.

Some papers of Mr. O'Kelly's, which originally appeared on the "Platform" of the *Reasoner*, are published by him in a collected form, under the title of "Theology for the People."⁷ They are vigorous and pointed, not always sufficiently close. Their purpose is to maintain Theism and a hope of immortality in opposition to Mr. Holyoake's own views on those subjects. At the same time the author, who appears to have been brought up in the Church of Rome, is as earnest as any one can be in the desire to reform the old theologies.

The chief fault which we feel inclined to find with a little work

⁶ "The Progress of Religious Ideas through Successive Ages." By L. Maria Child. Three vols. New York. 1855.

⁷ "Theology for the People; or, a series of short papers suggestive of Religious Theism." By E. De Penhenty O'Kelly, Esq. London: Holyoake. 1855.

entitled "Dialogues on Universal Restitution,"⁸ is with the title itself. It may imply to some minds, that eternal sequences of human action shall be arbitrarily arrested as if by an extraneous intervention, at least on one side; that while an everlasting reward shall be permitted to follow to the righteous according to the Scriptural promise, the everlasting punishment of the wicked, as Scripturally threatened, shall not be carried out; that, with their will or against their will, all shall be made happy at last. But this is not the meaning of the author. For he maintains, that neither is it consistent with the moral constitution of the universe, nor in fact declared in Scripture, that there shall be an eternity of hell-pains inflicted upon transgressors. With most of his criticisms upon *αἰώνιος*, we feel disposed to concur. *Αἰών* itself means *seculum*, *ævum*, an age or terminable period, and the adjective, or the phrases *εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰώνων*, and the like, in their strongest form, only imply an indefinite succession of periods, equivalent to the expressions "from generation to generation," "as long as the sun and moon endureth," of the Hebrews. Nothing is conveyed in such forms which is tantamount to a metaphysical eternity: and as to an eternal Now, such a conception may be Alexandrian, but it is not Hebrew. With some who think the letter of Scripture decisive in such inquiries, it is no doubt important to show, that the letter does not in fact touch the doctrine of an eternity of inflicted punishment as divines have taught it. And yet it may be true, that the consequence of every sin shall be a *pœna damni* hereafter, and, strictly speaking, for ever—that is, that however benign the constitution of things of which men form a part, they cannot ever make up in all respects for lost time and opportunities: "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap," and if he sow sparingly he shall reap sparingly.

"If the nonsense is believed that is talked about persons 'repenting at the eleventh hour,' and such maxims as 'While there is life there is hope,' are in the mouths of those who should teach others, need we be surprised that poor souls are buoyed up by a false security, and are certainly led on to misery? . . . Man must be told that God is the God of this world; that *every sin* hardens a man; that, as a matter of course, and with as much certainty as two and two make four, *every sin* makes a man *worse* than he was before he committed it; that if he allows himself to be carried along by his lusts, he is not to expect that from an immense exertion and strong 'feelings' a sudden afflatus is to come upon him and whiff all his sins away at once, so that he will hear no more of them."—pp. 126, 7.

There is a great deal of strong good sense in this unpretending little work.

A very timely volume is the translation of Dr. Kahnis's "History of German Protestantism;"⁹ Kahnis himself belongs to the high Lutheran and extreme reactionary party, corresponding very closely to that

⁸ "Dialogues on Universal Restitution." London: Freeman. 1855.

⁹ "Internal History of German Protestantism since the middle of the last Century." By Ch. Fr. Aug. Kahnis, Prof. Theol. in University of Leipzig. Translated from the German by the Rev. Theodore Meyer, Hebrew Tutor in the New College, Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Clark. 1856.

which is termed Puseyite in this country. But some allowance being made for his position, his work may be read with confidence, as describing fairly the relative movement of theological opinion in Germany for a century. The distinctive features of rival theologies are happily seized, and incidentally are made apparent the aims of the high Lutherans; it will be instructive, we think, in many quarters in England to learn how little has hitherto been gained for religious freedom in enlightened Prussia. Some of the biographical sketches of individuals in Dr. Kahn's work are very lively, as, for instance, that of the eccentric Bahrdt. More justice, however, is done to Bahrdt's position in the history of opinion in Dr. Noack's very clear and impartial work,¹⁰ of which the third volume is before us. Unhappily, Bahrdt's immoralities were such as to throw extreme discredit on any opinions which he advanced.

Some very forcible and well-reasoned lectures by Mr. Ierson¹¹ have for their object the rearing of a rational religion upon the divine lessons to be read in Nature. Nature is God's book, not handed down by tradition, but his genuine work, and open to our direct appeal. Ancient interpretations of the phenomena of Nature were indeed childish because of the childlike condition of the human race, but they have been embalmed in sacred books, and made the foundation of theologies from generation to generation.

"The old writers discoursed of God in figures of speech. They could do little else. It is our best language; the basis of all our language to this day. But these figures were of course derived from nature, from an experience of nature very imperfectly understood. Imagine to what conclusions men would come, who should reason from a figurative language as though it had all the nicety and exactness of a set of logical definitions. Something of this kind we have been so long occupied in doing. In this matter the play of the fancy is infinite in resource, and the early Scriptures are really made to justify any conceivable opinion." pp. 10, 11.

We have before us a very dispassionate "History of the Mormons,"¹² by a German, not of the bulk which German histories of that society will assume in another generation, but a pleasant brochure of 240 pages. It is altogether a plainer and fairer account than any which we have met with in English. The numbers of the Mormons do not as yet appear to be very considerable. According to the latest data, they are thus distributed:—America contains 68,700, of whom 38,000 in Utah, 5000 in New York, 4000 in California, 5000 in Nova Scotia and Canada; South America and the Islands, 2000. In Europe, 39,000 saints are thus found; in Great Britain and Ireland 32,000, Scandinavia 5000, Germany and Switzerland 1000, France 500, the

¹⁰ "Die Freidenker in der Religion, oder die Repräsentanten der religiösen Aufklärung in England, Frankreich, und Deutschland." Von Dr. L. Noack. 3ter theil. Die Deutsche Aufklärung.

¹¹ "The Divine Kingdom of Nature; or, a First Statement of the Principles of a Natural Faith." Lectures delivered at Finsbury Chapel, South-place. By Henry Ierson, A.M. London: Chapman. 1855.

¹² "Geschichte der Mormonen oder Jüngsten-Tages-Heiligen in Nordamerika." Von Theodor Olshausen in St. Louis im Staate Missouri. Göttingen. 1856.

rest of Europe 500. In Asia there are supposed to be 1000, in Africa 100, in Australia and Polynesia 2400, on travel 1800. There are besides, 3500 Schismatics, Strangites,—Rigdonites, and Wightites. These numbers amount to 116,500, and the total cannot well exceed 120,000.

Thus, it appears that Protestant England has been the great feeder of the Mormon Church. Very few Romanists become Mormons, few Irish, Italians, Spaniards, French, or even Germans. More proselytes are made among Hindus and Chinese, than among the American Indians or the Jews, although the saints have a special mission in Palestine. This is the natural and necessary consequence of the ignorant condition of the English peasantry, taught to read out of nothing but the Bible, and to believe in the Bible as so much supernatural letter-press, with no information beyond it or explanation of it. So when a Mormon elder makes his appearance in a country village in England, with his miraculous salve, rustics think this must be the true Church at last, for they read of miracles, and anointing with oil in the Bible, and Elders praying over the sick in the name of the Lord. When they are told of Joe Smith as the Prophet, they find likewise in their Bibles that the Prophet shall be sent before the coming of the Lord, and that the Lord is coming, both the Evangelical Clergyman and the Methodist Minister are always warning them. It does not startle them, that the Mormon should preach that there is no salvation out of his own Church, for that is the doctrine of all the sects which do battle for the soul of the Englishman. Having been baptized two or three times already, in the Church, by the Baptist, by the Ranter, there is no difficulty in being baptized again, and as there is no salvation without true baptism, they must be baptized for their dead friends now in purgatorial hell, as the Mormon expounds to them, "Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead." And as little do we think, that the Mormon polygamy would have offended the moral sense of the Bible-without-note-or-comment-worshipping English countrymen, had the law of the land permitted that question to be opened. Herr Olshausen intimates, that the Mormon hierarchy have instituted another form of the spiritual wife system, entitled the "Order of the Cloistered Saints," an institution about which there exists at present the same kind of doubt and uncertainty, as that which once enveloped the practice of polygamy, now openly acknowledged. It is represented as being a *spiritual* union between a Mormon and the Mormonite wife of one unconverted. Now we do not think that Mormonism will ever be put down out of the Bible, but we think that, in spite of the authority it finds in the Bible, it will decay, or drag on only a feeble existence, by reason of its immorality, by reason of its contradicting the natural laws of the Creator. Unless further persecution should instil new life into it, a society enfeebled by polygamy will wane like an inferior race before other people who do not contradict the divine law manifested in the numerical equality of the sexes. No special or exceptional case is made out for the Mormon polygamy on natural grounds. For in Utah in 1851 there were not so many females as males by 700, and yet the principal

Mormons have from eight to ten, or even a much larger number of wives. The children of polygamist marriages are weaker, and the rate of increase is necessarily diminished. Thus Brigham Young has had thirty children, of whom eight were born from two wives successively married in monogamy, while his thirty-eight spiritual wives have produced only twenty-two. In monogamy these females would have borne at least four times that number. In this, no doubt, as in many other instances, morality will be found to be the groundwork of the truest theology.

The Hulsean Essay for the year 1854,¹³ traces in an unaffected style the progress among the Western Nations of liberal and humane principles relatively to international law. Partly from the necessity imposed on him by the terms of his subject, and partly from ambiguities permitted to hang about the word Christianity, the author is led to attribute to one influence results which are rather due to the concurrent action of many causes. He divides indeed the influence of Christianity upon international law into direct and indirect. The former is exerted in a twofold manner; 1st. By means of considerations deduced from its expressed declarations, and from the tendency of its precepts. 2ndly. By the agency of "institutions, customs, usages, and circumstances;" originating in Christianity itself. On the other hand, the indirect influence of Christianity is derived through its previous influence on the other sources from whence international law has been derived.

According to this division many influences, such as the ecclesiastical, the papal, the monastic, are classified under direct influences of Christianity, which ought to be considered as indirect, or rather ought not to be recognised as, properly speaking, issuing from Christianity itself at all. For an example of the misleading effect which this indistinct division has exercised upon the Author's treatise, may be instanced his account of the Crusades at p. 29.

No doubt the Crusades originated the first European federation. But to attribute the Crusades themselves to anything worthy the name of Christianity seems to us a great mistake. They were owing to ecclesiastical influence and to an epidemic fanaticism. Zeal enough was there, but no true spirit of the Gospel. If the Master would not suffer the sword to be drawn in defence of his life, because his kingdom was not of this world, they were no true followers—at least, most misguided followers—who devastated the civilized world with war and its effects for many generations, in order that they might by the sword deliver the sepulchre where his body was supposed to have lain. In like manner the papal influence is considered by Mr. Kennedy a direct Christian influence. Yet we do not suppose that he considers the papal constitution of the Church to be its normal form, or to be of the essence of the Gospel of Christ. And if the Church of the West had retained the federal form, instead of the monarchical, had its bishops

¹³ "The Influence of Christianity upon International Law." The Hulsean Prize Essay in the University of Cambridge for the year 1854. By C. M. Kennedy, B.A. Cambridge. 1856.

been an aristocracy and its communions free, the exercise of its influence for peace and forbearance between nations would have been at least as truly Christian as when exercised by an infallible head, a sovereign without appeal, a pope.

Mr. Kennedy does ample justice to the Roman law, as the foundation of European international law: he acknowledges that its principles were fixed before the promulgation of Christianity, and that whatsoever improvements Christianity may have effected in other departments of Roman jurisprudence, it effected not much in respect of international law, "which in reality was susceptible of little improvement."

The present sketch of Mr. Kennedy's is well worthy of being filled up into a larger work on the Progress of International Law, in which the influence of Christianity, more strictly defined, should have its part assigned to it as one of many causes which have tended to social and political civilization. The different degrees of development attained by the international principle in Eastern and Western Christendom have not escaped the author's notice, but he does not seem to have drawn the obvious inference, that Christianity would have been as ineffectual a civilizer in the West as in the East, had it not met with the ground already prepared by the prevalence of the Roman law, and of the idea of co-citizenship and equality of rights which flowed from it, had it not met also with the Teutonic race, in which the feeling of brotherhood is peculiarly strong. With the Roman sense of equal rights, and the Teutonic feeling of equal duties, would easily combine the Christian doctrines of the essential equality of all men by reason of a common origin, of a common responsibility, and of common hopes. But in less favourable soils these Christian principles have been unprolific and inert.

A curious little book has been put out by Mr. Malan, called the "Triliteral Classic of China."¹⁴ The Chinese children are instructed out of a primer, or first reading book, called triliteral, because each line or verse consists of three letters, syllables, or words. Mr. Malan gives a translation of the classic of Wang-po-keou, which is the school-book in popular use; also of a similar book by the Protestant missionaries, for the use of their scholars, and of one issued by the Rebel 'Tae-ping-wang. This little work scarcely admits of extracts, but will be interesting to those who are watching the movements of the rebels in China, as likely to open that region to Christianity and civilization.

We are glad that Mr. Malan, one of our first Oriental linguists, and Mr. Alford, an eminent Biblical critic, have been associated with the foreign translation committee of an influential religious society, by the act of a high ecclesiastical authority.

A chair of Moral Philosophy was founded in the University of Dublin in 1837, and the late William Archer Butler was called upon to fill it at the early age of twenty-six. For the first four years of his professorial life he appears to have composed and read his addresses to his pupils, a custom which he then abandoned, and to that

¹⁴ "The Threefold San-Tze-King: or, the Triliteral Classic of China," &c. &c. Put into English, with notes, by the Rev. S. C. Malan, M.A., Vicar of Broadwindsor. London: Nutt. 1856.

custom, while it lasted, the public owes the now published "Lectures on the History of Ancient Philosophy."¹⁵ Mr. Butler, who died in 1848, has been hitherto better known as a divine, and especially by his polemical "Letters on Development." The work now brought out, although very unequal in merit, will not diminish his reputation; and if the Lectures on Plato, in the second volume, had been published alone, they would have materially raised it. Mr. Butler was often led away by a rhetorical facility, and he had not learnt as a professor of philosophy effectually to correct the looseness of thought in which divines take refuge from logically evident inconsistencies.

In the first volume is contained an introductory series in vindication of psychological investigations, and establishing the possibility and the excellence of a science of mind. The mind is subject to laws, for,—

"It will not be denied that science exists. The existence of science in any region whatsoever pre-supposes constancy of relations. Relations are states of a conscious mind. Therefore constancy of relations supposes constancy of states of mind. That is to say, the existence of any science of any description implies that the mind is subject to established laws; and therefore, so far, the mere existence of science implies the possibility of a science of mind."—p. 95.

All human agency proceeds upon the supposition of mental laws. This is true not only in reflective activity, but also in practical life—is evidenced in technical energies as well as in moral action. The mental phenomena in their whole range are uniform, constant, and subject to law, in the same sense that the phenomena in any other department of the universe are; and a true science of mind must be an inductive science, like any other. Such science is in fact, as yet, in its infancy; but it is already established, that mind is a part of nature. This conviction has been discovered in modern times, we should rather say, restored; for it began to be acknowledged even by Socrates. We might even say, that the wise man, who in one department of his natural history, "spoke of trees from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that groweth upon the wall," must have also observed in an inductive spirit the mental and moral phenomena of man before he could have delivered his "Proverbs."

The *first series* of lectures which follows is employed, after some digression on the Indian systems, with the præ-Socratic Greek schools; the second series with Socrates, the Megarics, Cynics, and Cyrenaics. Two series in the second volume are occupied with Plato; one with his successors and the Neo-Platonists, and another unfinished series with the Psychology of Aristotle. From the first series in the second volume we must extract an introductory view, or rather a popular presentation, of the Platonic doctrine of Ideas, as a favourable specimen of the author's manner—

"That man's soul is made to contain not merely a consistent scheme of its own notions, but a direct apprehension of *real and eternal laws beyond it*, is not too absurd to be maintained. That these real and eternal laws are things in-

¹⁵ "Lectures on the History of Ancient Philosophy." By William Archer Butler, M.A., late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Dublin. Edited from the author's MSS., with notes, by William Hepworth Thompson, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, and Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge. Macmillan. 1856.

telligible, and not things sensible, is not very extravagant either. That these laws impressed upon creation by its Creator, and apprehended by man, are something distinct equally from the Creator and from man; and that the whole mass of them may be fairly termed the world of things purely intelligible, is surely allowable. Nay, further, that there are qualities in the supreme and ultimate cause of all, which are manifested in His creation; and not merely manifested, but, in a manner—after being brought out of his super-essential nature into the stage of being below him, but next to him—are then by the causative act of creation deposited in things, differencing them one from the other, so that the things participate of them (*μετέχουσι*) communicate with them (*κοινωνοῦσι*); this likewise seems to present no incredible account of the relation of the world to its Author. That the intelligence of man, excited to reflection by the impressions of these objects thus (though themselves transitory) participant of a divine quality, should rise to higher conceptions of the perfections there faintly exhibited; and inasmuch as these perfections are unquestionably *real* existences, and *known* to be such in the very act of contemplation—that this should be regarded as a direct intellectual apperception of them,—a union of the reason with the ideas in that sphere of ideas which is common to both,—this is certainly no preposterous notion in substance, and by those who deeply study it, will perhaps be judged no unwarrantable form of phrase. Finally, that the reason, in proportion as it learns to contemplate the perfect and eternal, desires the enjoyment of such contemplations in a more consummate degree, and cannot be fully satisfied except in the actual fruition of the perfect itself;—this seems not to contradict any received principle of psychology, or any known law of human nature. Yet these suppositions, taken together, constitute the famous THEORY OF IDEAS.”—Vol. ii. pp. 118, 119.

It is essential to understanding the Platonic doctrine of ideas to remember, that he held matter to be co-eternal with deity, and that the notion of a creation of matter *ex nihilo* had no place in Greek philosophy. The informing this void by ideas constitutes the actual phenomenal world as it is. There are ideas of every actual existence, ideas of works of art, ideas of all concrete qualities, ideas of relations, but not ideas of mere portions or parts; and all these ideas are constituents of one universal law, of one many-sided pattern, to which the actual universe including its separate existences corresponds. The one supreme and comprehensive idea is that of the perfect and the good; the imperfection which characterizes all concrete things, whereby they are mere imitations and reflections of the pure and the perfect, arises from the nature of the matter in which they are implicated; but it is possible for the mind to use these resemblances as diagrams, and to arrive through them at a perception of the eternal and the true. In the whole of this work, and especially in the sections on Plato, the learned editor has added many pointed notes and pertinent references, sustaining his author where it was possible, and elsewhere modifying and improving his statements. He has performed his office most ably, kindly, and candidly.

A short and elegant essay by M. Véra¹⁶ has for its object the clearing away, if possible, some obstacles to the reception of Hegel's doctrine by the philosophical mind in England. Induction and common sense he thinks are the two pillars on which rest the delusive philosophy of this country. Bacon, he reminds us, was not the founder of the induc-

¹⁶ “An Inquiry into Speculative and Experimental Science.” By A. Véra, Docteur-ès-Lettres of the Faculty of Paris. London: Longmans. 1856.

tive method, and that in the *Analytics* of Aristotle the relation of inductive to objective knowledge is lucidly described. Neither, indeed, was Aristotle the discoverer of the method, although he described it; nor yet Plato, though he employed it; nor yet many others before him. Yet Bacon may be truly said to have been a restorer of the method, and to have led scientific inquirers off from seeking to discover truth by a deductive method, by syllogising from vague premises, and drawing fine-spun inferences from received definitions. This was no little merit in his day; not that he set himself up against Aristotle, but against the abuse of Aristotle. To Aristotle himself M. Véra does justice on one page, but not on the next. He honours him for his own systematic employment of the method of induction, and then depreciates the method itself. Socrates or Plato likewise "elevate the mind to the contemplation of ideas by an inductive proceeding," p. 8; that is, using induction as a step towards science and the immediate contemplation of ideas. But then induction is resolved into an imperfect ratiocination, pp. 10, 11. Now, Aristotle should at least have had the credit of having said, that induction is a different process from reasoning; that induction and reasoning employ different faculties; that we reason by syllogism from principles; but that we do not obtain principles by syllogism; and that a separate faculty, the intuitional understanding (*νοῦς*), is that whereby we apprehend principles. And in so saying he might not be far, though he would not admit it under the same form, from his master's doctrine of ideas; for if Aristotle's principles were propositions, every mental proposition is an idea severed into parts. But even if the process of induction be thrown into the syllogistic form, then it is to the faculty of *νοῦς* the leap is owing, whereby *A B C* are pronounced to be = *All*. For the validity of induction does not depend upon mere enumeration; and a single instance is in some matters, and in other matters to some minds, sufficient to authorize the conclusion, to quicken the intuition, to verify the idea. And more; for induction not only suggests the idea, in the shape of hypothesis, but induces the verification of it by experiment, and even an Hegelian must allow that *as yet* no human mind has embraced the absolute idea in its totality; no human mind can *as yet* be sure that the partial glimpses of the idea which it has attained may not be seen under other forms as its knowledge of universal being widens.

"The fact is, that the absolute cannot be so dismembered. The absolute being one, the knowledge of the absolute must be one also. All questions relating to the absolute are so intertwined, that by the starting of one all others are started at the same time, and, consequently, the solution of one cannot be obtained without the solution of the others. Whether the solution will be with the aid of revelation, or by the mere power of reason, whether it will be to-day or to-morrow, in the present or in some future existence, does not alter the case—the solution must be by the human mind itself." p. 41.

Yet it so far alters the case, that until by enlargement of our powers, or by our transplanting into another sphere, we are enabled to effect the solution, we must be content to grope our way by syllogism, observation, induction, conjecture, experiment, and common sense.

POLITICS AND EDUCATION.

THE *Politics of Aristotle* is a work of which a good English edition has long been wanted, and Mr. Congreve's University reputation was high enough to make it probable that an edition undertaken by him would be satisfactory both to the college-student and to the general reader. We must say, however, that we are disappointed. The task is undoubtedly a difficult one; for so numerous are the points touched on by Aristotle which bear on the history and institutions of Greece, or elucidate his own position in philosophy, that the utmost discretion is necessary to prevent every sentence being made the foundation of an essay. The text also is obscure, the books are commonly arranged in a very questionable order, and great portions of the work are incomplete, being either fragments of a larger treatise, or left unfinished by the author. To explain what Aristotle meant, to arrange the various parts in a comprehensive order, to fill up the gaps which intervene, is therefore the first task of the editor of the "*Politics*." It requires a great expenditure of thankless labour, and the possession of sound scholarship and critical tact. Mr. Congreve appears to us, on the whole, to have carried out this part of his undertaking in an honest and skilful manner. But when this preliminary success has been achieved, it remains to illustrate this masterpiece of ancient political science by the researches of modern inquiry. Making every allowance for all inherent difficulties, for the necessity to be brief, and the dangers of fruitless dissertation, we must say the predominant feeling this book has awakened has been one of continual surprise that Mr. Congreve could have been contented to let it go with his name into the world. It is very nearly, if not entirely, destitute of historical value; it is far from being a learned work, and it is singularly wanting in philosophical appreciation. These are harsh terms to use of a volume evidently written by a scholar, and by a man who has read and thought about history. But that they are warranted will be, we think, evident to any one who chooses to look into the work sufficiently often to find that nine out of ten historical allusions are despatched by a reference to Grote's *Greece*, or who will take the trouble to read the passages in which Mr. Congreve speaks of Plato. He tells us that there is at present "a reaction in favour of Plato," but that he does not go with the fashion of the times. This air of dogmatically ignoring a whole field of modern thought and inquiry, is one only too prevalent in England, and is an indication of the price we pay for what is cheap perhaps at any price,—our insular position. Exactly in this way our clergy,

¹ *Ἀριστοτέλους τὰ Πολιτικά*. "*The Politics of Aristotle*," with English Notes. By Richard Congreve, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of Wadham College, Oxford. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1855.

when told of the vast results of Biblical criticism, "beg to say they are not rationalists." Modern philosophy makes it clear to us what was not, perhaps could not be, clear to Aristotle, that Plato was bent on working out the great moral problem whether the elimination of temptation is the condition of attaining virtue. It is a problem which has vexed and still vexes the Christian world. If Plato was hindered by the limits of his religion, his age, and his country, from seeing some of the features which this question wears to modern speculators, at any rate his separation from our modes of thought enables us to see what the question really is in its simplest aspect. To talk of the interest which is excited by the study of the Republic as "a reaction with which he does not agree," is to talk in a manner that does Mr. Congreve little credit.

Mr. Congreve has warm feelings and strong opinions on many subjects of present interest in social and political science. He has restrained himself from giving vent to them in the body of his work, but he has indulged himself with an appendix containing five essays. One is on Plato, the others on slavery, monarchy, war, and education. They seem to us entirely out of place here; but perhaps it is fair that an editor who has worked hard at the text, and has compiled a most copious and valuable verbal index, should have a little bit of pleasure at the end. They are literally an excursus. Mr. Congreve "runs out," not so much for the edification of the student as to stretch his own limbs. It is impossible that any one should do justice to such topics in the few pages these observations occupy. As he gives them, Mr. Congreve's opinions are little better than unsupported paradoxes. They are the paradoxes of a clever man, and may furnish many suggestive hints to the reader; but an author trifles with the public, and with his own reputation, who devotes eight pages to showing that the best government for modern Europe is a dictatorship where the dictator appoints his successor, and seven to persuading English parents to give up the whole system of public and private schools.

Mr. Macleod has published the second volume of his work on "The Theory and Practice of Banking."² He continues the history of banking, begun in his former volume, and now gives an elaborate and able sketch of the rise and progress of banking in England. There is no other source, as far as we are aware, where anything like the same amount of clear and detailed information on the subject can be gained. The theory of money has only been really worked out since the Bullion Report made its way gradually into the general understanding; and, from the time when the Act of 1819 yielded the first fruits of this growing intelligence on the subject down to the crisis of 1847, which so rudely tested Sir Robert Peel's great attempt to settle the whole

² "The Theory and Practice of Banking, with the Elementary Principles of Currency, Prices, Credit, and Exchanges." By Henry Dunning Macleod, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, Fellow of the Cambridge Philosophical Society. Vol. II. London: Longmans. 1856.

matter and place it on a permanent basis, the monetary history of the country is full of incidents sufficient in variety and interest to call forth all the powers of the narrator. Mr. Macleod also attempts an exposure of the fallacy on which the schemes of Law and the issue of assignats were based, although the fallacy was not, we think, exactly that which he states it to have been. Mr. Macleod says that the fallacy consisted in supposing that a paper issue could be based on commodities, and he appeals to the experience of any individual whether he can buy commodities and keep his money as well. This is not what the issuer of assignats proposed to do: he proposed to exchange the land he had got for goods he wanted, stipulating that, if before a certain day he paid money, instead of transferring the land, he might do so; in fact, he mortgaged the land. The fallacy really consisted in estimating the value of land, thrown in great quantities upon a market, by the value of a portion sold in ordinary times. The reason, and, we believe, the only reason, why assignats should not be issued is, that bullion is so far more reliable a basis of notes than anything else—its value is so much more fixed, that it is inexpedient to tamper with the real foundation of stability, which an issue exclusively based on bullion affords.

A dissertation follows on the Act of 1844. There is much that may be reasonably said against the Act, but with the particular things Mr. Macleod says we disagree. His first objection is, that the portion of the permitted issue based on Government Securities is a first dereliction of the currency principle; and, secondly, is an instance of what Mr. Macleod calls "Lawism"—that is, of an issue based on commodities or something else than bullion. Now the object of the Act was merely to ensure the convertibility of the notes; and, it being perfectly certain that bullion to the whole amount of the notes was unnecessary to ensure this, it was only a matter of calculation to what an extent bullion could safely be dispensed with, and fourteen millions might have been fixed on without reference to the amount of securities held by the Bank; but, any way, it was better that these securities should guarantee the fourteen millions, and Government Securities are a very good guarantee, not that the note shall be immediately converted, but that the holder shall suffer no loss. The discovery, however, on which Mr. Macleod particularly prides himself is, that the Act fails to restrict the currency because it omits to settle the rate of discount. It is open, he says, to the directors to discount at a rate below that of other countries. The consequence is, that foreigners will send their bills over here, and a drain of gold will ensue. It may be true that these bills, until the discount righted itself, would increase the circulating medium here; but the Act supplies a corrective, which Mr. Macleod omits to notice: the amount of notes issued would decrease as the gold was exported, and thus the circulating medium would be diminished in one way if augmented in another. Mr. Macleod proposes to regulate the rate of discount by law, a proposal to which it is sufficient to object that this would be a very extraordinary way of bringing the English into harmony with

the foreign rate, and that the law would be evaded with the utmost facility.

Chapters follow on the business of banking and on the rise of the joint-stock banks, in which there is a considerable amount of useful information, but also exhibiting a great tendency to dogmatism. What, for instance, are we to think of the modesty of an author who, in his table of contents, after referring to a judgment of the Court of Exchequer, inserts as a heading, "Great error in law committed in this judgment"? Throughout the book a tone is assumed towards other writers on political economy, which is not all warranted by the position or merits of the author. This is especially the case in the introductory chapter, in which he speaks of Mr. Maculloch and Mr. Mill with a petulancy and coarseness which we had hoped were banished from the polemics of modern science. Mr. Macleod boasts to have hit on some truths in the elementary region of political economy, to which he thinks none but fools can have been blind. One of these is, that capital does not consist of the accumulated store of commodities, but of an accumulated store of labour: as he says, the labourer is paid for his labour, supposing he does not expend his earnings, the surplus represents his store of labour and forms his capital. We should have thought the reply obvious. In the case supposed, it is evident that the labourer produces by his labour more than suffices to maintain him: that he does not actually receive the surplus in corn or shoes, arises merely from our not living in a state of barter. And yet it is the pride of this discovery which leads Mr. Macleod to use such language as the "prodigious fallacies and puerile and absurd ideas" of Mr. Ricardo, Mr. Maculloch, and Mr. Mill.

In another portion of the introductory chapter he attacks with still more fierceness and contemptuous abuse, a proposition he ascribes to Mr. Mill, that "the measure of value is the cost of production." If he would only have read Mr. Mill's work instead of abusing it, he might have seen that Mr. Mill never said anything of the sort, in the sense that Mr. Macleod attributes to him. What Mr. Mill said, was, that the value of a thing was a fluctuating quantity dependent on the relation for the time being of demand and supply (a discovery which Mr. Macleod claims as original and prints in large capital letters), but that it always gravitates to the cost of production; by which he meant, what is obviously true, that it is possible that the supply or demand may for a time be excessive; but that, in the long run, if it is worth while to produce the thing at all, the value will be determined by the cost of production, including in that cost a fair profit. The unfairness of many of Mr. Macleod's remarks, the arrogance of his language, and the frequent hastiness of his reasoning make us fear that in spite of its merits as a book of reference for facts, and as containing an able exposition of the course of business in Scotch and English banks, this work will quickly sink into almost total oblivion.

It is part of the penalty which a man, and especially a Scotchman, pays for being distinguished, that, when he is dead, people will insist on publishing everything he ever wrote. We have now a volume of poli-

tical economy, by Dugald Stewart,³ which will probably be of no use to any human being, for it consists almost entirely of an abridgment of Adam Smith, and criticisms on his writings long since anticipated; but then, as the editor tells us, it is written with the "eloquence, wisdom, and enlightened liberality, which distinguish all the works of Mr. Stewart." Dugald Stewart was not the sort of writer (though he was a man of mark and usefulness in his day) whom we can best honour by printing every scrap that can be found in his handwriting. We have not even in this volume the complete and corrected material of his lectures, for, although it once existed in writing, the manuscript was prudently destroyed by his son, who, with more sense than filial respect, pronounced it "unsaleable." The present editor, however, may calculate that if he prints these unfinished essays as a volume of Stewart's collected works, purchasers of the whole set must buy this volume together with the others. It would be too much to say, that if they opened it they will not find some facts unknown to them, some good remarks, and some polished writing; but they will not lose much by leaving it uncut.

Pamphlets continue to be poured forth on the Act of 1844, and we have in particular two to mention; one written by Mr. Stansfield,⁴ urging the immediate reconsideration of the Act, and the other by Mr. Johnson,⁵ containing strictures on the recent attack made by Mr. Tooke on the principles and working of the Act. Mr. Stansfield wishes that all restriction on the issue of notes should be abrogated; that the Bank of England should be empowered to issue 1*l.* notes, and that its discount shall be fixed at a minimum rate of 5 per cent. if the advance is made in 1*l.* notes, and of 4 per cent. if made otherwise; in no case is the rate to exceed 5 per cent. He says what has often been said before, that previous to the passing of the Act, the Bank never reduced the rate of discount below 4 per cent. Since 1844, money has been lent at 2 per cent., and this Mr. Stansfield says has encouraged speculation, with its ultimate consequences of a crisis and a panic; therefore to check speculation, we ought to fix a minimum rate of discount. We cannot at all concur in this reasoning; if 2 per cent. is below the natural level, the directors are making a mistake for which they will suffer, and from the effects of which they must gain experience; if 2 per cent. is the natural level, why should we force the Bank not to go below 4? Mr. Johnson's pamphlet is so closely connected with Mr. Tooke's, following it section by section, that we shall do no more than point out its existence to those who, in studying Mr. Tooke, may wish to have at hand the running criticism of an official of the Bank of England.

Mr. Cotterill has reprinted a small work, published in 1850, on the "Civil Freedom of Trade,"⁶ by which he means the natural freedom

³ "The Collected Works of Dugald Stewart." Edited by Sir W. Hamilton, Bart. Vol. VIII. Edinburgh: Hamilton. 1855.

⁴ "A Few Reasons for the Immediate Reconsideration of the Bank Charter Act of 1844." By Hamer Stansfield, Esq. London: Effingham Wilson. 1855.

⁵ "Currency Principles *versus* Banking Principles." By A. Johnson, Bullion Office, Bank of England. London: Richardson. 1856.

⁶ "The Civil Freedom of Trade." By Charles Foster Cotterill. London: Effingham Wilson. 1856.

of trade as limited by considerations deduced from the general advantage of society. Thus, as he says, a man may naturally drive as fast as he pleases, but in civil society he must drive so as to cause no inconvenience to his neighbours. The particular object to be effected by establishing the general proposition that trade may be limited, is to advocate the institution of public granaries; a plan he has also advocated in a pamphlet recently addressed to Lord John Russell.⁷ If he means merely to recommend it as a good speculation to a public company, there can be no objection; the only difficulty is to get the company up. If he means that Government should speculate in grain, we have neither space nor patience to discuss the proposition. We may also notice here a little work by Mr. Playford, on Investment,⁸ which contains some useful information respecting the mode of transacting business on the Stock Exchange, but is much more limited in its scope than its title would suggest; and a treatise on Decimal Coinage, by Mr. Slater,⁹ advocating a tenpenny decimal unit, and giving full information on the existing French and English system of measures of weight and measures of money, and on the means by which a complete decimal system might be introduced in England.

Dr. Vollgraff has published the third and last volume of his very elaborate work, which he characterises generally as an attempt to place on a scientific basis, ethnology as resting on anthropology (*i. e.*, the science having for its subject-matter man as a physical and intellectual being), and political philosophy and the philosophy of right as resting on ethnology. The third volume is called "*Polignosie und Polilogie*,"¹⁰ *i. e.*, the inquiry into, and the scientific arrangement of, the facts presented by the phenomena of human society. Dr. Vollgraff traces the origin of the society of the state from the smaller societies out of which it is composed, and notices four questions which every state has to solve in some way or other, and by the mode of solving which we may estimate the character of the state—*viz.*, the questions arising from the relation of husband to wife, the appropriation of the fruits of labour, the devolution of property, and the mutual supply of wants. Human societies merely held together by the recognition of the first of these questions, are only to be found among savages; nomads recognise the first two; industrial but half-organized peoples recognise the first three; while the highly-organized recognise all. The author then states the requisites for the existence of a society, such as a geographical position, &c., and points out how far societies composed of the four classes of men above mentioned, rising above each other in the same order as before, possess these requisites. We then have the functions of states, and the rights they recognise and protect, and again

⁷ "Letter to Lord John Russell, M.P." By Charles Foster Cotterill.

⁸ "Practical Hints for Investing Money." By Francis Playford, sworn broker. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1855.

⁹ "An Inquiry into the Principles involved in the Decimalization of the Weights, Measures, and Monies of the United Kingdom." By Robert Slater. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1855.

¹⁰ "*Polignosie und Polilogie, oder Genetische und Comparative Staats und Rechts Philosophie auf Anthropognostischer, Ethnologischer und Historischer Grundlage.*" Von Karl Vollgraff. Marburg: 1855.

are conducted through the same ethnological steps. The relation of greater communities to their smaller component parts is then treated of in like manner. He proceeds to treat of these various phenomena as altered by the period of its history for which the society has attained; and lastly, Dr. Vollgraff inquires how far these ethnological facts and results of political and social science can be employed in the construction of a universal history. The work is well worthy of attention; it contains a wonderful store of learning, and is evidently the fruit of long reflection and patient study. We rather distrust any arrangement in which everything is made to go by fours, the "secret quadruplicity" of nature being one of Dr. Vollgraff's favourite notions. But, generally speaking, it is impossible not to think highly of the work. We may observe that the philosophical conceptions worked out in this book, of the evolution of law by the progressive facts of man's history, is one to which English writers on jurisprudence are almost strangers, and yet it is the very conception wanted to clear up the difficulties they feel with respect to the existence of a law of nature.

The Baron Ferdinand de Cussy has lately published the first volume of a work long announced as completed, on the Phases (that is, the successive stages of development) of Maritime Law, and the most celebrated Cases relating to it.¹¹ He tells us in his Preface, that he is not writing a book of theories or of speculative doctrines, but a collection of facts and principles recognised and generally admitted. At the same time, sufficient care is shown in the exposition of general principles to afford those who may follow him a light to guide their course, and not leave them such a rock of offence as undigested facts are apt to interpose. The first book is devoted to stating the present state of maritime legislation, as based on the great treaties concluded since the peace of 1763, frequent reference being made to those earlier treaties or regulations in which the existing law was anticipated. The second book treats the subject historically, and traces the gradual change which the growing good sense of mankind has wrought in this department of international law. It is the object of this part of the work, on the one hand, to indicate the too frequent invasions which have been made on maritime law; and, on the other, to recount the much more frequent instances in which homage has been paid to the great conservative principles which, ever since the Peace of Utrecht, "have found publicists to advocate, and statesmen to protect them." To most readers this will be the most interesting portion of the work; but as only a fraction of the second part appears in this volume, we will reserve all criticism until the whole is in our hands.

An important contribution to the literature of jurisprudence has been made by M. de Salvandy, in a volume on the rights over property accruing to the survivors of a married couple.¹² The rights of husband and wife are, as the author points out, of two kinds; either they are

¹¹ "Phases et Causes célèbres du Droit maritime des Nations." Par Le Baron Ferdinand de Cussy. Tome I. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 1856.

¹² "Essai sur l'Histoire et la Législation particulière des Gains de survie entre Epoux." Par Paul de Salvandy. Paris: Durand. 1855.

certain and transmissible, secured to the husband and wife, however the marriage may be dissolved, and appertaining necessarily to him or her, or to their respective representatives; or they may be entirely personal to the married couple, not given at all to their families, and dependent for each of the pair on an uncertain event—namely, the dissolution of the marriage by the prior decease of one of the two. It is only of the latter class that M. de Salvandy treats. And limited as the subject appears, it yet, as he remarks, comprehends many of the most important points in the history of nuptial contracts. Some special favour has naturally, under most systems of law, been accorded to the surviving partner: and often the rights granted are so extensive as to destroy completely those of the heirs of the deceased. When first the system of dowry and of community of goods was formed, the heirs of the wife were not allowed to claim: although she herself could recover her dowry (meaning by dowry what she had contributed to the common stock). At last, the heirs of the survivor were allowed to claim the rights at first granted only to the person they represented; but still certain special advantages remained attached to each of the married couple, and were conferred on the survivor, either by the law or by the agreement of the parties. In the Roman system we have, first, the *manus*, which, taking little account of the special dignity and claims of the wife, yet allowed her the portion of a daughter. Afterwards, we have the *dos*, accruing either entirely or in part to the husband, or else reverting to the wife, the *dos*, together with the *donatio propter nuptias*, forming a mass distinct from the rest of the patrimony, governed by particular principles, and dependent for its destination on the accident of survivorship. In France, the old system of legislation followed in the main the later Roman law; several distinctions, however, separated the law of the South of France from that of the North, the notion of a community of goods being worked out in the latter more than in the former. The Code is silent on the point, except that it provides easy means by which parties on marrying can arrange for themselves, either to hold their property in common, or either can give the other a particular claim on their personal property. To elucidate the progress of this legislation in Rome and France, is the task which M. Salvandy has undertaken, and successfully fulfilled. We cannot follow him into details, but we must notice an important principle which he states at the outset, and often subsequently refers to—viz., that the laws regulating the succession to intestates and of those regulating the interest acquired by the survivor of a married couple, are to be looked on as a whole, and that we shall only understand the one if we take the other into account. Thus, for instance, is explained the silence of the Code above mentioned: the Code gives the daughter a necessary share in the property of the father: it does not extend any special protection to the widow. On the other hand, under the old system of primogeniture, the widow had right over the property of her husband: and was thus compensated for her possible exclusion from the property of her father.

English readers find it hard to do justice to the political writers of Germany. We pardon readily the bold and striking opposition which the systems of France and Russia present to our own: we have even a

kind of respect for the unwieldy and incoherent despotism of Austria: but the misfortunes of constitutional Germany provoke our especial contempt. To try, and then not to be able to do, what we have done so long and so well, seems to place Germans so much beneath us. The history of the Parliament of Frankfort was misunderstood at the time, and has been misrepresented ever since. Most Englishmen have a notion that the deputies spoke like fools and acted like madmen; that Austria outwitted Prussia; that the counter-revolution was successful, and that the feelings which displayed themselves so conspicuously in 1848 are now extinguished, or survive only in the hearts of beer-drinking students. There is some truth in this, but a great deal more of untruth. The longing for change to a better and worthier state of things pervades the men of the noblest and highest intellect. They are tired of living without a State: they pine for a Germany that shall make itself known and felt in Europe, freed from Russia, and united within. M. Gervinus is the chief representative of this ambition, and he has devoted his life to stimulating his country to action: the reign of the imagination, he says, is over; Germany has carried philosophy to the verge of human thought, and has reserved the true, *i.e.*, the Hellenic, poetry, in the songs and dramas of Goethe. It is time to abandon the regions of metaphysics and romance, and to act. M. Diezel, in a pamphlet published last year, and recently translated into English,¹³ works eagerly in the same direction, and advocates the formation of a national party in Germany. He has been struck with dismay and chagrin, as all true Germans must have been, at the insignificant and humiliating position which Germany has occupied in the Russian war. Is it, he asks, always to be so? is Germany to be always divided into Prussia under a vacillating king, Austria under the terror of the papacy, and a congeries of minor States without an aim, a hope, and almost without a political existence? He thinks not: and that the germ of a better future lies in the existence of a number of sober, educated, resolute men, scattered through every German State, but especially through the minor ones, who may form the nucleus of a national party, may gain strength enough to defy the police, and establish an organ in the press: it might be possible in this way to make some stand against the enervating influence of bureaucracy, and to raise the public mind against the *Philisterei* that bows beneath the Russian yoke because it is bribed by Russian gold, dazzled by Russian decorations, and intimidated by Russian threats. We cannot here enter into the question, how soon and how far these aspirations can be realized; but we recommend this pamphlet to our readers as one among many signs that Germany is not altogether politically dead, and that she possesses many men who have a right to ask us to bear with them for a time, not to treat them with unmitigated contempt, and not to withdraw from them one of their chief sources of encouragement, consolation, and strength—the sympathy of England.

¹³ "The Formation of a National Party in Germany, a Necessity of the Present Crisis in Europe." Translated from the German of Gustav Diezel, by Frederica Rowan. London: Ridgway. 1855.

Under the title of "*The Food of London*,"¹⁴ Mr. Dodd has given a well-arranged and very interesting summary of statistics, showing the method by which the great metropolis is supplied with its daily food. This is not a very easy task to fulfil creditably, because the materials for the work lie scattered through many forgotten volumes, or can only be arrived at by direct inquiry from a great variety of persons. Mr. Dodd has worked hard and has written well: there is a little book-making here and there, but in the main, the account he gives us is a probable account, very tolerably full, and is exceedingly readable. There is rather too large a portion of the volume assigned to a historical sketch of the stages by which London has come to devour, century by century, a greater mass of food, and of the various schemes, successful and unsuccessful, which have been contrived to place the supply on a level with the demand. We must, however, grant some indulgence to a laborious author, and confess that it requires the severest virtue to omit information which has been gained with great trouble and research.

The food of London is first viewed in what Mr. Dodd terms its "wholesale aspects." We then pass to special subjects, and are told how Londoners get their bread, their meat, milk, poultry, fish, vegetables, groceries, and drink. The chapters allotted to these various subjects are full of amusing information, but it is a kind of information which cannot be condensed, and we therefore will not attempt to analyse the contents. Readers must learn for themselves how bread is made and adulterated; where all the oxen come from, and where they are killed; where all the cows live that add their mite to the produce of the pump and the chalk-pit; and how Londoners happen to have enough oysters and potatoes. They will find it very pleasant reading, and will come at last to think of the necessities of life on so large a scale, that they will hardly like to order less than a thousand eggs or a ton of cheese.

We must throw together four pamphlets which have no better connexion with each other than that they refer to subjects of present interest, but which are hardly of sufficient importance to demand a separate notice. A pamphlet, to which the name of its author is not attached, advocates the creation of an Educational Suffrage,¹⁵ by which is meant, that the elector should possess a certain amount of education, and that he should show that he possesses it by passing an examination; the scheme embraces a vast apparatus for organizing the examination. Such a plan is a mere dream in the form proposed; but when education becomes national, no voter will be without the means of knowledge proportionate to his station in life. To extend education, not to alter the suffrage, is the true way, we may be sure, to effect the object aimed at. "*Sanitary Reform and Sanitary Reformers*,"¹⁶ con-

¹⁴ "*The Food of London: a Sketch of the Chief Varieties, Sources of Supply, probable Quantities, Modes of Arrival, Processes of Manufacture, suspected Adulteration, and Machinery of Distribution of the Food for a Community of Two Millions and a Half.*" By George Dodd. London: Longmans. 1856.

¹⁵ "*A Proposal for Educational Suffrage.*" London: Effingham Wilson.

¹⁶ "*Sanitary Reform and Sanitary Reformers.*" London: Stanford. 1855.

tains some valuable information, but it also contains so much abuse of individuals, that we forbear to do more than mention it. Captain Maconochie, to whose exertions and ability all who have had to study or to work the reformatory system, are so much indebted, has published, in a small pamphlet,¹⁷ the outline of the plan he recommends. It consists in what he calls the "Mark System," or "the substitution of task for time sentences," by which is meant, that the prisoner has, instead of remaining in prison for a definite period, to gain a definite number of marks. He receives these marks for the goodness of his personal demeanour, for his diligence in labour, and for the amount of result his labour produces, as also for his conduct when under the superintendence of the chaplain and the schoolmaster. He loses marks for offences and for indulgences, such, for instance, as an improvement in his food beyond the regular standard, the object being to teach self-denial, by leaving it optional with the prisoner to have marks or better fare. When, on the balance, a certain amount is reached, the prisoner is free. Lastly, we have a pamphlet called "*La Ligue des Neutres*,"¹⁸ published at Brussels, but apparently proceeding from Berlin, in which the position of the neutrals is glorified, and the exercise of their influence threatened against the party on which the responsibility of continuing the war may rest, if peace is not now concluded. There is little valuable in the pamphlet, and its bias and information may be judged of, when we find it telling us that England is not hearty in the war, but is urged on by the Emperor of the French.

The Commissioners appointed to inquire into the arrangements in the Inns of Court for promoting the Study of the Law and Jurisprudence, have lately published a very interesting Report.¹⁹ They had to inquire what funds were applicable for the purpose of promoting legal study, what instruction was given, and of what improvements the system now pursued is susceptible. The surplus income of the Inner Temple is about 5000*l.*, that of Lincoln's Inn about 4000*l.* a-year. The other two Inns have scarcely any surplus at all. But whatever money is necessary for the endowment of professorships and the reward of students can easily be procured from one or other of the Inns, and it may be assumed that expense need be no obstacle to any requisite improvement. In the year 1851, the present Solicitor-General caused a meeting to be convened of the benchers of the four Inns of Court, and the result was the establishment of a Council of Legal Education, consisting of eight members. Readers were appointed to give lectures, and to hold private classes for the better instruction of the students. At stated intervals the students are admitted to a voluntary examination, having their choice to submit to the examination or to attend a certain number of lectures. Three studentships of fifty guineas a-year have also been founded; and this encourage-

¹⁷ "*Prison Discipline*." By Captain Maconochie, R.N., K.H. London: Harrison. 1856.

¹⁸ "*La Ligue des Neutres*." Bruxelles: Bluff. 1856.

¹⁹ "Report of the Commissioners appointed to Inquire into the Arrangements in the Inns of Court and Inns of Chancery, for Promoting the Study of Law and Jurisprudence." London: 1855.

ment has proved sufficient already to excite emulation among industrious students. But the present system offers no security to the public that a barrister knows even the rudiments of law, and does not compel the student to spend an hour of his three years of preparation with any profit to himself or others. The Commissioners are therefore decided in their recommendation that an examination, before being called to the bar, should be compulsory on all students. We may look on this as a certain result of the Report; it is a result due equally to the public and the student; and it would, we think, be a great mistake to have this examination too easy. All English examinations are apt to become a farce, because they all run in a prescribed course, and therefore are easily provided against; and also because there is too much tenderness shown for the stupid and idle. As a machinery by which this and kindred subjects should be regulated, the Commissioners propose that the Inns should be united in a University, governed by a Chancellor elected for life, and a Senate consisting of thirty-two members. It is also proposed, that where a person wishing to be admitted as the member of an Inn shall not have taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts at a university, he shall be examined, previously to admission, in English History and Latin. The subjects for the examination of students desirous of being called to the bar, are to be divided into branches, the first including constitutional law and legal history, jurisprudence, and the Roman civil law; the second including common law, equity, and the law of real property. Every person called to the bar would be required to pass an examination in a subject in each of the two branches. There can be no doubt that the general attainments of the bar would be greatly raised if the recommendations contained in this Report were carried into effect.

The Civil Service Commissioners have also published their first Report, giving an account of the working of the system established by the Order in Council of the 21st of May, 1855.²⁰ The Commissioners proceeded, in the first instance, to arrange with the heads of the different offices a list of subjects in which candidates should be examined. Speaking generally, we may say that those intended to hold permanent clerkships are required to be able to read, to write from dictation, to have some knowledge of arithmetic, geography, History of England or general history, one foreign language or Latin, and of book-keeping, where the nature of their future duties renders that addition desirable. It is now a frequent practice for the head of an office to send all the candidates on his list when one or two vacancies occur, and then those most distinguished in the examinations are appointed. There is therefore a higher list of subjects appointed in each department where this takes place, for the competitive examinations. For instance, in the Colonial Office, the candidates in this higher examination, besides passing in the ordinary examination, are examined in three, selected by each candidate, out of the five following subjects:—

²⁰ "First Report of Her Majesty's Civil Service Commissioners." Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. 1856.

1. Languages and literature of Greece and Rome ; 2. Languages and literature of France, Germany, and Italy ; 3. Modern history, including that of the British colonies, with exercises in composition designed to test purity and elegance of style ; 4. Elements of constitutional and international law, with elements of political economy ; 5. Pure and mixed mathematics, not including the highest branches, with accounts and book-keeping. Again : every candidate who has been examined in the ordinary examination is permitted to select, if he pleases, other subjects in addition to those required for the situation to which he was nominated. If the candidate shows proficiency in the subject or subjects he chooses, an honorary addition is made to his certificate characterizing the degree of proficiency displayed. A list is given of the number of candidates who have obtained this honorary addition in the different branches of study, and it appears that in French there have been more than double the number of those distinguished in any other subject. The examiners have been sensible and firm enough not to make the pass-examination a mere form. Out of 1078 candidates examined up to February 25, 1856, a certificate was refused to about one-third of the whole number. The failures have, however, not been caused by a deficiency in the knowledge of the higher branches, but by badness of writing, gross ignorance of spelling (of which amusing instances are given in an appendix), and ignorance of arithmetic. Great credit for prudence and courage is due to all who have had charge of the examination system in its infancy ; when bad judgment, timidity, or excessive strictness, might have seriously endangered it.

From M. Eugène Rendu we have a semi-official work on the schools of Northern Germany.²¹ He was sent by the French Minister of Public Instruction to examine their condition, and this volume is the result of his tour. He is a Catholic, and when he speaks of Protestants, we do not implicitly trust either his facts or his deductions ; but he states enough to give us a glimpse into a very curious problem—how the religious education of children can be carried on where the teacher has no faith in dogmatic theology ; especially where, as in the greater part of North Germany, the religion favoured in high quarters and recommended by authority is of a pietistic character. M. Rendu either was very successful in gaining the confidence of the schoolmasters he visited, or they are under very little restraint ordinarily, for he gives instance after instance where he certainly met with no disguise. *Je respecte le Christ, mais je le laisse à sa place*, was the profession of faith volunteered by a Hanoverian. In Saxony, a schoolmaster showed him a periodical by Wicislenus, of Halle, with which he “corrected the orthodoxy of the Catechism.” There is a considerable portion of Protestant Germany where evangelical orthodoxy is really dominant, and dogmatic Christianity is honestly taught ; as, for instance, in a great part of Hanover, in Hesse-Darmstadt and the Electorate of Hesse, in Pomerania, and in Berlin itself ; but in Saxony and East

²¹ “De l'Education populaire dans l'Allemagne du Nord et de ses Rapports avec les Doctrines philosophiques et religieuses.” Par Eugène Rendu. Paris : Librairie de L. Hachette. 1855.

Prussia scepticism prevails, although cloaked under the thin veil of official pietism. A schoolmaster informed M. Rendu that 80 out of 100 of his brethren believed after the fashion of Wicislenus. Some few of the unorthodox are Hegelians, but the great majority are rationalists. Their great guide at present is M. Diesterweg, who was long at the head of the normal primary school of Berlin, and who has thus exercised the personal influence of a tutor over almost all the schoolmasters of Prussia. The government at last got frightened, and dismissed M. Diesterweg, who thereupon started a publication called the "*Rheinische Blätter*," in which he enlightens his disciples. The Prussian authorities try to curb the infidelity of the teachers who sit at M. Diesterweg's feet, or at any rate its outward expression, and have lately published a curious circular, in which they remonstrate with the masters for their non-attendance at divine worship, and complain that even those who are obliged, in the character of organists, choristers, or sacristans, to go to church, steal out before the sermon is begun. It is obvious how ineffectual all attempts at external coercion must be; where faith has perished, governments cannot galvanize it. We do not see any solution to the difficulty, except that which time will bring—time that will show what is the real issue of that sifting of the foundations of religion now going on in Germany. M. Rendu contrasts with triumph the absolute exclusion of all religious doubt which is maintained in Catholic Germany. We do not see that there is much cause for triumph. The aim of Protestantism is truth, or rather the knowledge of truth; the aim of Catholicism is uninquiring belief; the penalty of the one is doubt, that of the other is mental degradation. We must set one against the other. If, indeed, M. Rendu had shown that the scepticism of Northern Germany was attended by a moral deterioration, he would have established a point really worth attending to. But he does not give a hint that the public morality is affected by the public infidelity, and we think his silence is a fact of some significance.

Dr. Donaldson has published a small volume on "Classical Scholarship and Classical Learning."²² The main object of the book seems to be to advocate the maintenance of the privileges given to this branch of education at the Universities. We do not think that, with respect to those who go to the Universities, there is any real difference of opinion as to the utility of making classics a very prominent subject of study. The difficulty is to determine the balance of advantage when the student only intends to give a small portion of his life to study, and hopes, when he is sixteen or seventeen, to embark in active life. We therefore do not think much is to be gained from following the general drift of Dr. Donaldson's book; but, incidentally, there are many points in the volume worth noticing. In the first place, the author insists on the necessity for a University examination before

²² "Classical Scholarship and Classical Learning, considered with especial Reference to Competitive Tests and University Teaching. A Practical Essay on a Liberal Education." By John William Donaldson, D.D., formerly Fellow and Classical Lecturer of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Deighton. 1856.

the student enters a college. This, we think, is a step into which both Universities will soon find themselves forced. It would have two advantages: it would place the standard of a student's learning at entrance in the hands of the University, not of a particular college, and it would stimulate the activity and direct the studies of every school throughout the kingdom. Dr. Donaldson is also eager in repelling the charge that the English are beneath the Germans in scholarship. We are not at all convinced by Dr. Donaldson's list of English scholars. The English have, of late years, freely availed themselves of the labours of Germans, and thrown the result into an English shape. Speaking generally, we cannot say they have done more. How inexpressibly inferior the English are to the Germans in theological research and criticism is well known to Dr. Donaldson, who has a right to speak on the subject, and who deserves to be held in honour for the courageous sacrifice he made in publishing his "*Book of Jasher*." There are also many recommendations and suggestions on minor topics, such as the mode of conducting examinations, the choice of examiners, the encouragement of linguistic studies, into which we cannot follow the author, but which will give great value to the book for those who are practically concerned in the work of education at the Universities.

From Cambridge we have also a pamphlet, by Mr. Goodwin, on "*Education for Working Men*."²³ A college, as it is called, has recently been instituted at Cambridge for working men, conducted by members of the University; or, in simpler and more appropriate language, classes are held in the evenings of work-days, which working men may attend. The number who offered themselves was 177, of whom 3 were plucked in an entrance examination, 44 finally failed to appear, and 130 remain as students. There is nothing to object to in Mr. Goodwin's lecture, but we wish that the light of those who seek to improve the uneducated was not made quite so conspicuous, and that chairmen would be content to address an audience without rushing into print. Dr. Mann has lately published two well-chosen volumes of "*Lessons in General Knowledge*,"²⁴ full of information, and, though, from the variety of subjects, the student may perhaps be occasionally a little confused, yet he is likely to gain a great deal from the perusal. The only other work we have to notice is a little volume by Mr. Macleod, on "*Home Education*,"²⁵ in which he entreats parents to consider how much of education depends on home influences, and asks the rich to add this to the many reasons why they should improve the dwellings of the poor. It can hardly be called a practical book, for it does not attempt to meet the obvious

²³ "*Education for Working Men. An Address delivered in the Town-Hall of Cambridge.*" By the Rev. Harvey Goodwin, M.A., late Fellow of Gonville and Caius College. Cambridge: Deighton. 1855.

²⁴ "*Lessons in General Knowledge.*" By Robert James Mann, M.D., F.R.A.S. London: Longmans. 1856.

²⁵ "*The Home School; or, Hints on Home Education.*" By the Rev. Norman Macleod, Minister of Barony Parish, Glasgow. Edinburgh: Paton and Ritchie. 1856.

difficulties of the subject; but it is practical in the sense that it may appeal to the feelings, and awaken the conscience of some on whom these difficulties do not weigh very heavily.

SCIENCE.

THE second part of "Miller's Elements of Chemistry"¹ comprises nineteen distinct chapters and their subdivisions. The plan which the author proposes to himself is to consider first the properties of the four elements which enter into the composition of those all-pervading and all-important substances, air and water; viz., oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, and carbon. Next, to describe the well-marked natural group, consisting of what Berzelius termed the halogens, from the circumstance of their forming with the metals compounds resembling common salt; viz., chlorine, bromine, iodine, and fluorine. Next, "the combustible elements;" namely, sulphur, selenium, and phosphorus; the general survey of the non-metallic elements being completed by silicon and boron. The metals are divided into seven groups: first, metals of the alkalis; secondly, metals of the alkaline earths; thirdly, metals of the earths; fourthly, metals more or less analogous to iron; fifthly, metals which yield acids; sixthly, metals; seventhly, the noble metals. The author's mind appears to be well stored with the facts of his science, but his classifications and explanations are not always so happy as we could wish them to be; and the reason, we imagine, is because he suffers himself to be guided by what he has *read*, and does not seem accustomed to trust his own independent thought on chemical subjects. Referring to the order in which he proposes to treat of the elements, he says, "We shall first examine the chemical properties which are exhibited by *each* element in its uncombined form; we shall then study the nature of its action upon other elements." What the author means to propose here may be manifest on reflection, but it appears to us rather difficult to carry out what he proposes in the assigned order. What is the meaning of studying the action of a body in its uncombined form, as distinct from its action upon other bodies? How can we infer the properties of any element except by its action upon other elements? In the order of time, in fact, the first step indicated by Mr. Miller cannot possibly precede the second, although the particle '*then*' evidently intimates that he thinks otherwise. In the examples given by the author, of his first step, he in reality takes the second. The property of oxygen, he says, is that "it possesses the power of supporting combustion in an eminent degree. If a splinter of wood, with a glowing spark on any part of it, be plunged into the gas, the wood will instantly burst into flame." Surely this property belongs to the action of the element oxygen upon other elements.

¹ "Elements of Chemistry, Theoretical and Practical." By William Allen Miller. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1856.

"All bodies," says our author, "may, with reference to combustion, be arranged under one of three classes. The first class consists of bodies which, like oxygen, allow other substances to burn in them freely, but which cannot themselves, in ordinary language, be set on fire,—these are termed *supporters of combustion*. The second class consists of bodies which, like charcoal, actually burn, when sufficiently heated in a gas belonging to the first class: these substances are termed *combustibles*. The third class embraces such bodies as will neither burn themselves, nor support the combustion of others."

We do not think that the convenience of this classification at all compensates for the mischief which it does by introducing into the mind a localized and imperfect conception of the phenomena of combustion. Combustion is a *dual* act: it is the result of the mutual action of *two bodies* at least; and one of the bodies concerned in the production of this effect has just as good a right to be termed combustible as the other. The above division was made at a time when man's conceptions of chemical action were rude and defective, and it is indolently continued when our knowledge is ripe. Did our atmosphere contain olefiant gas, or hydrogen, instead of oxygen, the present classification would be reversed; the combustibles would become supporters of combustion, and the supporters of combustion would become combustibles. "Mercury," says Professor Miller, "does not, when oxydized at a high temperature, appear to burn, in the ordinary sense of the term." Now this is certainly lowering scientific expression to popular notions: but ought it not rather to be our aim to lift popular notions—and more especially the notions of students of chemistry—to the conception of the truth, that this thing which we call burning is a thing of degrees; and that the oxidation of a mass of iron by the atmosphere is as essentially an act of combustion as the consuming of the substance in oxygen gas? The philosophical conception ought, we think, to be brought before the mind of the student, that the intensity of a given amount of force depends upon the time into which its action is condensed: if the same amount of force be spread over twice the time, its action is less intense; if it be condensed into half the time, its intensity is proportionately augmented;—but the force is essentially the same in both cases.

Professor Miller would be an eloquent writer if his vocation lay in a field which called for the exercise of eloquence. But to a mind whetted to a scientific appetite, anxious to know what is hydrogen, what is oxygen, and how they combine to form water, such sentences as the following seem like the sound of a mower's scythe in December—sadly out of place:—

"The personal experience of all will testify to the charm of the waterfall; the rivulet, the lake, or the stream adds beauty to the landscape,—whilst few can behold unmoved the unbounded expanse of ocean, which whether motionless, or heaving with the gently undulating tide, or when lashed into foam by the storm which sweeps over its surface, seems to remind man of his own insignificance, and of the power of Him who alone can lift up or quell its boiling waves."

We can tell the author that if he had his mental eye fixed firmly, as it ought to be, upon his hydrogen and his oxygen, he would have

neither time nor taste for such episodes as this. We would strongly recommend the omission of the passage from the future editions of the work. It throws the mind of the reader out of gear, and disqualifies it, to some extent, for the reception of the severe mechanical ideas of weight and measurement which immediately follow. The scientific writer incurs great danger in the statement of generalities, and the cautious writer will avoid them as much as possible. When we are told that "water is the perfection of a neutral substance," we find it difficult to attach any meaning to the words. "It enters into combinations," says our author, "most extensively with bases and acids." This latter statement, we apprehend, expresses all the writer intended to express upon the subject. A substance cannot be called neutral that combines with either bases or acids, unless indeed it can be shown that the act of combination is not a reciprocal act; that the water is passive, and resigns itself, like a maiden who has no will of her own, to the embrace of her suitor. In explaining the cause of the report produced by the explosion of oxygen and hydrogen, our author states, "Great dilatation is at first produced, followed by the formation of a partial vacuum, the surrounding air rushes in to fill the void, and by the collision of its particles produces the report." We have no doubt that here, as in other cases, Mr. Miller has faithfully transcribed the explanation given by chemical writers who have preceded him of the phenomenon in question; but we have just as little doubt that the exercise of a little original thought would have caused him to pause before endorsing it with his approval. The explanation is manifestly borrowed from the fact that sound is produced by the collision of bodies in sensible masses. But why is sound produced by such collision? Simply, we suppose, because by the act of collision a shock is imparted to the atmosphere, through which the impulse is propagated to the organs of hearing. It is not the collision of itself which produces the effect; it merely affects the air so that the latter can affect the auricular nerve. Now, it appears to us that the exact conditions of sound are produced by the sudden dilatation and condensation to which Mr. Miller refers; so that the hypothetical rattle of the particles of air is as unnecessary as it is unproven. If our author pictures to himself the clash of two of his molecular pebbles, and asks himself *where is the atmosphere by which their shock is communicated to the ear*, he will perhaps see that his explanation is not without its difficulties. A looseness of style is sometimes apparent in the work which will need attention in future editions. Speaking of the Davy lamp in an atmosphere of fire-damp, the author says: "When the gas is in sufficient excess, the lamp is entirely extinguished; if *it* be withdrawn from the explosive mixture while the cylinder is full of flame, *it* generally rekindles the wick, and the lamp continues to burn as usual." "When I see many 'its' in a page," saith William Cobbett, "I usually tremble for the writer."

In some places, however, our author's description is clear and happy. In proving the hollow structure of flame, he says,—“If a wooden match be held for a few seconds across the middle of the flame of a spirit-lamp with a large wick, the match will become charred at the

edges of the flame, but the intermediate portion will remain uninjured. If a fragment of phosphorus be placed in a small deflagrating spoon, ignited, and then introduced into the middle of the flame, it will be extinguished, but it will burn with its former energy the moment that the spoon is withdrawn from the flame." This is simple, and to the point; and the general character of the book is so elementary that there is no reason why the whole of it should not be equally so.

The tapering form of flame is not, we imagine, fully accounted for by Mr. Miller. Speaking of the blowpipe, our author says,—

"In front of the blue cone there is the luminous portion, containing *unburned combustible gases* at a high temperature, which of course have a powerful tendency to combine with the oxygen. . . . Hence this portion is termed the *reducing flame* of the blowpipe."

We should rather have inferred from Mr. Miller's own description of flame, that this luminous portion consisted of carbon-particles at a white heat, and that the reducing action was chiefly due to these particles, instead of to "*unburned combustible gases*." The explanation of the blue flame of a candle does not strike us as quite satisfactory. "In the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe," observes our author, "owing to the complete intermixture of the two gases, *the flame is solid*, and, therefore, of small dimensions." It is at least looseness to tell us in one place that flames are *gaseous*, and here that the oxy-hydrogen flame is "*solid*."

Having thus briefly illustrated the looseness which we conceive more or less to pervade this work, let us, in justice to the author, state that it contains a store of valuable materials. Indeed, the matter is so sound and so abundant, that a little care on the part of the writer will materially improve the future editions of the work. On a re-perusal we see, indeed, that he himself regards the terms "*combustible*" and "*supporter of combustion*" as purely conventional. Why, then, not act on this conviction, instead of making a conventionalism the basis of a serious scientific classification? What we think we discern throughout the entire work is the industrious *reader*, rather than the original *thinker*,—the man who contents himself with making the acquaintance of what others have accomplished, without having himself drunk from the wellspring of natural truth. It is perfectly possible for such a mind to produce a valuable and instructive book, and, on the whole, there are perhaps few of his class more competent for the task he has undertaken than the author of the volume before us.

The material from which a scientific work is to be constructed may be dealt with in two ways: the first requires the faculty of arrangement, the power of grouping facts under their proper heads, and of attaching the parts thus formed to each other in methodical succession. A work constructed in this way becomes in some measure a scientific encyclopædia, and the proper execution of it presupposes a mind well stored with facts both new and old, and the power of stating these facts in a clear and intelligible manner. Such a work may, to use the language of a writer well known to the readers of this Review, be called an *aggregate*. Another way of dealing with such materials

presupposes the existence of a rarer faculty—of a power which is darkly shadowed by the scripture myth of the Spirit brooding upon the face of chaos—a power of patient contemplation of facts until they become saturated with the dew of thought, and are rendered plastic and mouldable into an artistic *whole*.

In the volume now before us, from the pen of M. De la Rive,¹ the former mode of treatment is the predominant one. The writer's stores of knowledge are immense. As far as the science of England and France is concerned, there is nothing unknown to him; his acquaintance with German science is also extensive; and the intellectual riches thus treasured are showered down on the pages before us. To the worker in science such a book is of great value: facts which are scattered widely through Journals and Transactions are here collected; the discoverers are mentioned in the order of priority, and thus a body of information is placed at the hand of the man of science which it would require immense labour on his own part to collect and to preserve. The scientific worker, superposing as he does thought upon thought, and memory upon memory, naturally finds, after a series of years, that such thoughts and such memories interfere with each other; and to such as feel this, M. De la Rive's work will prove a most important remembrancer. The first volume of the work, containing nearly 600 pages, was published three years ago; the present volume contains upwards of 900 pages; still the author finds himself compelled to devote a third volume to the applications of electricity. Three years, as we have said, have elapsed between the publication of the first and second volumes; and although we have characterized the book rather as an *aggregate* than as a *whole*, the cause of the delay referred to proves the work to be the repository of original thought also. "The long interval," says the author, "which has elapsed between the publication of these two volumes, is due to the desire that I have entertained of not allowing the second to appear until after my having succeeded in giving a satisfactory theory of the voltaic pile. I hope to have solved this difficult and contested question in a manner that will be accepted by all who have turned their attention to it." Without being able to share fully in the hope of M. De la Rive, we have to say that his views on the point in question, though containing nothing which we can regard as entirely new, are stated in a clear and satisfactory manner. He is one of those who attribute the generation of voltaic electricity to chemical action, and not to the mere contact of dissimilar bodies, as supposed by Volta. A day is dawning which promises a clearer insight into this great question than that which we now possess. We already feel that the problem of the voltaic pile is embraced in the still larger one of the conservation of force—that no force, such as electricity, can be generated and continued, without an equivalent expenditure of some other form of force. In the pile, the feeding force is undoubtedly chemical action,—but the mind wishes to know something of the nature of this

¹ "A Treatise on Electricity, in Theory and Practice." By Aug. De la Rive. Translated for the Author by Charles V. Walker. Vol. II. London: Longmans. 1856.

action; of the mechanical agency by which it is propagated through liquid and solid conductors,—and the modifications it must undergo in order to appear under such different forms. As yet we have made but little approach towards the solution of these problems, and we turn with a certain dissatisfaction from the contemplation of the fact, as long as that resting-place for our unifying intellect, the cause of the fact, remains unknown.

The particular subjects treated of in the volume before us, are:—The propagation of electricity, including the phenomena of transmission through solid conductors, through elastic fluids, and through vacuo;—the calorific and luminous effects of dynamic electricity, embracing the laws of heat-development in the circuit, and some general considerations on electric light and heat;—on the chemical effects of dynamic electricity, including the laws of electro-chemical decompositions, the clearing-up of apparent exceptions, the movements of electrolytic liquids, the chemical effects of ordinary electricity, and the production and properties of ozone;—the physiological effects of dynamic electricity, comprising a fundamental analysis of the nature of the electric current upon animals;—the sources of electricity, embracing heat, mechanical actions, and chemical actions. The work is concluded by notes on the development of certain mathematical points, and is also enriched by a list of the works from which the author has drawn the materials of each chapter. One word in conclusion, with regard to the translation. It is full of French idioms; and should a second edition appear, it will require the revision of some person acquainted with the points of distinction between the scientific language of England and of France.

Three or four years ago Dr. Lardner published his “Hand-book of Natural Philosophy,” in two volumes of very unequal size. He is now publishing a second edition of the work³ in handsome octavo volumes of uniform size, each containing a little more than 400 pages. Each volume is preceded by an analytical table of contents, and concluded by an alphabetical index, both extremely valuable, and indicative of the thoughtful care bestowed by the author upon this work. Three of these volumes are now before us—the first being devoted to mathematics,—the second to hydrostatics, pneumatics, and heat,—and the third to optics. We are acquainted with few writers who combine in a higher degree the qualities necessary for sound and clear scientific exposition than the author of these volumes. His knowledge gives him the courage to be elementary, while the half-informed man, fearing to be deemed superficial, often covers his ignorance, and clouds his reader, by an assumption of profundity. The best-informed writers, we would repeat, are, when they please, the most truly elementary; for they can distinguish foundation from superstructure, and raise the scientific edifice with the confidence of an architect who, while he embraces the whole plan, can converge his thought in each particular part in due season. There is a satis-

³ “Handbook of Natural Philosophy.” By Dionysius Lardner, D.C.L. London: Walton and Maberly. 1855-6.

faction in being able to pronounce a hearty word of praise; and this satisfaction is ours in speaking of the volumes before us. They are calm, lucid, and instructive; so plain that a child may read with understanding, and so solid as to commend themselves to advanced students. We would, however, draw the author's attention to the recent researches of Helmholtz on colours; a knowledge of them will, we think, induce him to modify some of his statements. The section entitled "Amplitude of Waves," and the volume on Optics, will also need reconsideration. The care expended to make the work worthy of public favour is further manifested by a comparison of the present edition with the first. The interval between the publication of the two editions has been employed in collecting a mass of instructive materials, chiefly intended to show the bearing of scientific principles upon the phenomena and instruments of practical and domestic life. The illustrations are clear and copious, and everything has been done to render the work worthy of extensive patronage.

A new work on the *Elektromagnetische Telegraph*⁴ lies before us, preceded, as is their custom, by an introductory paragraph from its publishers, Messrs. Vieweg and Son. The author, in his preface, might be left to tell his own tale, and we strongly doubt whether the public endorsement of these books by these gentlemen adds a whit to their value. The work before us is well written, and contains a great amount of valuable information. The description of electro-telegraphic apparatus is preceded by a brief sketch of the electric phenomena which bear upon the question. The labours of Steinheil, Wheatstone, Bain, Morse, Scerneus, Siemens and Halske, and others, are passed in review, and the work concludes with a description of various electric clocks. To those who read German, and desire a knowledge of what has been accomplished in this department of practical science, the book of Dr. Schellen will prove a safe and pleasant guide.

One of the great difficulties in the detailed study of any department of Natural History—more strongly felt, however, in some departments than in others,—arises out of the multiplicity of names given by different systematists to the same objects; which causes the determination of the synonymy of any species to be frequently a matter of more laborious research than the complete investigation of its structure and affinities. This difficulty has been created, on the one hand, by the want of acquaintance, on the part of the name-givers, with what had been done by their predecessors; and on the other, by the pernicious tendency which has been, and still is, far too common (although discountenanced by the best-informed naturalists), to erect new specific distinctions upon individual variations of the most trivial nature. Our present binomial method of nomenclature was devised by the sagacity of Linnæus; and by almost universal consent, the tenth edition of his "*Systema Naturæ*," in which species were for the first time defined, is considered as the basis for all subsequent characterization of the objects which it included. But the question

⁴ "Der Elektromagnetische Telegraph. Bei Dr. H. Schellen. Braunschweig.

—What *are* these Linnæan species?—is one of far greater difficulty than would be supposed by any but such as have applied themselves to its solution; for the characters on which Linnæus relied, as sufficient to differentiate the species known to him, from each other, are by no means adequate to differentiate his species from others with which he was unacquainted; so that among half a dozen species of shells or plants, to which his specific characters seem equally applicable, the conchologist or botanist may have no means of determining from these alone, *which* was the species indicated by Linnæus. It might naturally have been supposed that an easy solution of this problem would be obtained by reference to Linnæus's own museum, which is in the possession of the Linnæan Society; and we believe that, as regards the plants, there is seldom any difficulty—the specimens and the names having been carefully kept together. As to the shells, however, the state of the case is unfortunately very different. During the time that the museum was in the possession of Sir James E. Smith (who deserves more credit for the public spirit which prompted him to acquire it at his own private cost, than for the care which he took of it whilst it was in his keeping), the conchological part seems to have got into most complete confusion. Not only were the specimens and their names very frequently separated, but some specimens appear to have been lost, and many of hersto have been interpolated, so that the determination of the original Linnæan species would seem to be an almost hopeless affair. None but a very experienced conchologist, with every advantage of time, patience, and sagacity, could apply himself to such a work with any chance of success; whilst, to any one possessing these qualifications, who should unflinchingly carry through such a tedious investigation, no other reward is likely to fall, than the warm thanks of every true votary of natural history. This labour of love has been undertaken by Mr. Hanley, who has made it his special object of pursuit for many years; and we know no one who could be more safely relied on for executing it, with that combination of ability, zeal, and conscientiousness, which alone could ensure to its results any permanent value. From the account which he gives in his preface of the methods which he has adopted, and from our own knowledge of his thorough devotion to his purpose (as much as six weeks having been sometimes given to the hunting-up all the available means for the determination of a single species), we feel confident that he must have settled every point which is capable of a settlement, and that his “Shells of Linnæus”⁵ will rank as the standard by which all systematic conchologists must henceforth abide, as respects the nomenclature of the Linnæan species.

The original of Professor Milne-Edwards's “Manual of Zoology,”⁶ is one of three, which, taken together, form the “Elementary Course of

⁵ “*Ipei Linnæi Conchylia.*” “The Shells of Linnæus,” determined from his Manuscripts and Collection. By Sylvanus Hanley, B.A., F.L.S. London. 1855. Williams and Norgate. 8vo. pp. 556.

⁶ “A Manual of Zoology.” By M. Milne-Edwards. Translated by R. Knox, M.D., F.R.S.E. Illustrated by 500 wood engravings. London: 1856. H. Renshaw. Fcp. 8vo. pp. 503.

Natural History" prescribed and sanctioned by the Council of Public Instruction in France; it is written by one of the most accomplished naturalists of our time, who thinks it a worthy exercise of his powers to promote the diffusion of sound scientific knowledge through the rising generation; and it has passed through seven editions, consisting in all of no fewer than 30,000 copies.

It is rather to be wondered at, that an elementary treatise so well adapted, by the simplicity of its style and its practical character, to become an educational text-book in this country, should not have earlier found a translator; and Dr. Knox has done an acceptable service in bringing it before the British public. His performance would have been much more accordant with good taste, however, if he had eschewed that besetting tendency to exalt Dr. Knox at the expense of everybody else, which fills his preface with self-laudation and ill-natured depreciation of others (even M. Milne-Edwards not being spared); and it would have been much more useful to English readers, if, while professing to eschew "all French idioms," the translator had turned the book into our own vernacular, instead of retaining many French names for objects which are known in this country either by their English or by their scientific appellations. Our first criticism could only be justified by a citation of nearly the entire preface, which the limits of our space forbid;—in support of our second, it will suffice to cite a few examples out of scores which we could adduce. In page 169, when describing the habits of the bee, our translator tells us that the queen, "towards the eleventh month of her existence, begins to lay eggs, which produce the *bourdons*, or males;" why could he not say *drones*? A few lines below, he says that working bees feed the larvæ "with a sort of *bouillie*;" what idea will this convey to a reader ignorant of French cookery? The long-eared bat (fig. 200) is named *chauve-souris oreillard*; the brown rat is spoken of (pp. 263-4) as the *surmulot*; the penguin (fig. 230) is called *manchot*; and the stilt (fig. 233) *echasse d'Europe*. Truly Dr. Knox's translation needs to be again translated. We may almost say the same of the seven pages of Dr. Knox's own composition, interpolated under the head of Fishes; for whilst professing to curtail "all lengthened treatment of physiological and metaphysical hypotheses," he has occupied much of the space thus saved with an enunciation of certain transcendental doctrines of his own, which are far more above the comprehension of ordinary readers, than anything which he has omitted from the French original. We strongly recommend the publisher, before issuing a new edition of this manual, to have it revised by some one who is competent to put it into vernacular English, and sedulously to eliminate all the *Knoxisms* by which it is disfigured.

The object of Mr. Gosse's very useful little manual,⁷ is to give to the seaside collector the means of ascertaining, with as little trouble or doubt as possible, the generic name of every animal that

⁷ "A Manual of Marine Zoology for the British Isles." By Philip Henry Gosse, A.L.S. Part I. London: 1856. Van Voorst. Fcp. 8vo. pp. 203. With 335 figures.

has been recognised by naturalists as inhabiting the British seas, the Infusoria and Entozoa being excepted. A whole library of books was previously needed, to enable the student to determine the zoophytes, the echinoderms, the mollusks, the annelids, and the crustaceans, which a single haul of his dredge might bring up, or which a fortunate gale might cast on the shore; and with these Mr. Gosse has obviously no idea of entering into competition, his desire being that his little book should be regarded as an introduction, rather than a rival, to the elaborate monographs of Johnson, Busk, Forbes, Bell, Baird, Yarrell, and other writers upon British marine zoology. Although he has made continual use of these, both in the systematic arrangement he has adopted, and in the characters he has given of classes, orders, families and genera, yet he has by no means servilely followed them, and has based his descriptions, in a large proportion of cases, upon specimens before him. Of every genus he gives a figure, which, though in mere outline, will afford useful assistance in the determination of the generic type; to the tyro especially it will often speak more clearly than the verbal definitions. Out of the total number of these figures, no fewer than 120 are stated by Mr. Gosse to have been drawn by himself from living specimens, and 102 more from preserved specimens; so that scarcely more than one-third are borrowed from other authors. The present part includes all the classes belonging to the Protozoic, Radiated, and Articulated series; and the second part, which we hope will not be long in making its appearance, will embrace the Molluscous and Vertebrated forms of marine life. After what we have said of this manual, it seems almost superfluous to add our high appreciation of its utility, or to recommend it to all such as apply themselves to the study of our marine fauna.

From Mr. Lovell Reeve's publishing establishment, we have three new volumes of his popular series of illustrated works on Natural History, which are well calculated to add to the reputation it has already acquired. The general scope of Dr. Berthold Seemann's account of the Palms will be understood from his full title-page;⁸ but none save those who have made the economic uses of plants their special study, will have any idea, until they have perused it, how much there is of *human* interest in this remarkable group of plants, in addition to the attractiveness which they derive from their majestic aspect and the gigantic scale of their leaves and blossoms. For, removed as we are from the regions in which they grow, we are not only apt to forget our own obligations to them (which form a much longer catalogue than would be generally supposed), but to ignore the fact that in many parts of the tropical and sub-tropical zones, whole nations are dependent upon particular species of palms, not only for their supplies of food, but also for the materials of their habitations, their clothing, their weapons, their household utensils—in fact, of everything they

⁸ "Popular History of the Palms and their Allies; containing a Familiar Account of their Structure, Geographical and Geological Distribution, History, Properties, and Uses, and a complete list of all the species introduced into our gardens." By Berthold Seemann, Ph. D., M.A., F.L.S., &c. London: 1856. Lovell Reeve. Sq. 8vo. pp. 359. With 20 Coloured Lithographic Plates.

possess. The *Cocos* or Cocoa-nut Tree probably surpasses all other palms in the extent of its diffusion and in the number of products which it affords; but there are others of at least equal utility to particular tribes of men—the Date Palm, for example, to the inhabitants of the oases of the African and Arabian deserts, and the *Palmyra* (*Borassus flabelliformis*) to the natives of Ceylon, Southern India, and the Malayan Archipelago. There is a poem in the Tamil language in which no fewer than 801 different purposes are enumerated to which the *Palmyra* may be applied; and this we are assured by no means exhausts the catalogue. The rapidly-increasing cultivation of the *Eleis*, which yields the palm-oil now largely used in the manufacture of soap and candles, exercises a social and even political influence, that is little dreamt of by the vast majority of those who consume these articles; for it is through its means, far more than by our costly blockading squadron, that the slave-trade has been driven from the Guinea coast; the negro chiefs finding it to be much more profitable, as well as pleasant, to carry on the peaceful traffic in palm-oil, which now employs 20,000 tons of shipping annually from Liverpool alone, than to depend for their revenue upon the precarious produce of slave-hunts; whilst it may be doubted how far Britain could have ventured to defy the power of Russia, had she not been thus rendered to so great a degree independent of those supplies of tallow, which formerly constituted the staple of indispensable branches of her manufacture. There can be little question that many other tropical countries which at present afford few articles of export, would find, in the produce of their native palms, or of other kinds that might be introduced into them, a source of wealth of which their inhabitants have at present no idea; and among other merits of Dr. Seemann's treatise, it can lay claim to that of giving a large amount of information as to the species which are most likely to be thus rendered profitable. In the performance of his task he has had the advantage not merely of the published labours of those botanists and travellers who have given special attention to this group, but also of much valuable unpublished information from various reliable sources; and, in addition, of personal familiarity with the peculiar physiognomy of the tribe, which he had himself the opportunity of forming whilst acting as botanist in the voyage of her Majesty's ship *Herald*. No volume of Mr. Reeve's series has impressed us more favourably than this, in regard alike to the text and the illustrations; and we can cordially recommend it, as containing an amount of accurate and well-digested information with respect to one of the most remarkable of all the Natural Families of Plants, such as would be in vain sought for in any systematic treatise.

The "Popular Geography of Plants"⁹ may be regarded as a sort of reproduction of Prof. Meyen's "Botanical Geography," in a form adapted to interest the general reader. It pretends to no merit

⁹ "Popular Geography of Plants; or a Botanical Excursion Round the World." By E. M. C. Edited by Charles Daubeny, M.D., F.R.S. London: 1856. Lovell Reeve. Sq. 8vo. pp. 370. With 20 Coloured Lithographic Plates.

beyond that of such a judicious selection and grouping of facts, as should convey a fair idea of the general character of the vegetation of different regions; and in this the anonymous author (or authoress?) has succeeded extremely well, the descriptions being spirited and elegant, and the most important features being prominently brought into relief, without any aim at too minute a filling-up of details. The illustrations are mostly reduced from authentic views of the characteristic vegetation of different countries in the works of travellers of repute; and, notwithstanding their small size, they convey a very correct idea of the scenes they represent, as we can testify from personal acquaintance with many of them. And the preface which Dr. Daubeney has contributed, gives a very just view of those general doctrines relating to the distribution of plants, which may be considered as most authenticated by late researches. We are very glad to perceive that he entirely goes along with Dr. J. D. Hooker, in allowing a vast influence to the modifying effects of climatic influences, operating through long periods of time, upon the characters of plants whose constitution enables them to diffuse themselves widely; and in thus reducing the number of reputed species, by admitting the identity of many which have been commonly regarded as distinct, merely because they presented some trifling differences, and were found in widely-separated localities. Thus Dr. Hooker suggests that the Cedar of Lebanon is merely an altered form of the Deodar or Himalaya Pine, the latter being the type of the species, which has a very wide range of distribution; whilst the former, although its ordinary aspect seems very different, is apt to run into varieties, of which some approximate to the Deodar, and others to the Cedar of Mount Atlas, which last also may be regarded as an outlying modification of the same type. It is much to the advantage of true science, that this line of investigation should be followed up to its utmost possible extent; and though the question is but summarily treated by Dr. Daubeney, yet he has put it forward so clearly and well, that his notice of it cannot but make an impression on the mind of every reader who can take-in common sense, upon a subject which has been treated by most systematists as if common sense had nothing whatever to do with it.

Mr. Adam White's "Popular History of Birds"¹⁰ does not present any peculiar feature, save the form of the book and the style of the illustrations, to distinguish it from other treatises of the same kind, by naturalists of various degrees of eminence. It is a pleasant, readable account of the tribes that are most remarkable for peculiarities of structure or habit, chiefly compiled from the works of recent observers; and it maintains the *juste milieu* between the formal scientific treatise and the mere gossiping narration. The system of classification followed is that of Mr. G. R. Gray, who is at the head of the ornithological department of the British Museum; and this little work

¹⁰ "Popular History of Birds; comprising a Familiar Account of their Classification and Habits." By Adam White, Assistant in the Zoological Department of the British Museum. London: 1855. Lovell Reeve. Sq. 8vo. pp. 347. With 20 Coloured Lithographic Plates.

may be advantageously employed, therefore, as a companion to that admirably-arranged collection. We should have been glad if, in his introduction, our author had entered into somewhat more detail as to the distinctive peculiarities of the class, both structural and physiological; what he has said upon these subjects being not only very meagre, but so imperfectly expressed as to make it apparent that he is not here upon his own ground. Surely it is very trite to give as reasons for the general attractiveness of the class, that "there is something peculiarly clean and pleasing about their feathers," and that "the generally oval shape of their body has for the most part an elegant outline, comprehended at a glance," or that "as a whole birds may be called rather small than large, rather light than heavy." Surely it would have been better to give some account of the marvellous structure of the plumage, which is at once so useful and so ornamental, so light and yet so warm a clothing, and affords so firm and yet elastic a surface for striking the air. In place of such information, we are told at second-hand, that Oken called birds *ear-breast* animals. (What can this mean?) We have not met with any such platitudes in the body of the book, in which the author writes as a well-informed naturalist, who is neither anatomist nor physiologist, might be expected to do; and altogether, therefore, we can justly recommend it as a worthy companion to the excellent treatises we have previously noticed.

Mr. Neilson's *Treatise on Mesmerism*¹¹ not being one whit more scientific in its plan, or more creditable in its execution, than any of its predecessors, we need not occupy any of our space in noticing it. Its staple materials are abuse of the Medical Profession for its opposition to the system, and vague theories about brain-force and nervous currents, in deficiency or disturbance of which all diseases are said to originate, whilst the curative agency of mesmerism consists in the readjustment of these. And such stuff as this, the faculty are stigmatised as a set of prejudiced ignoramuses for not accepting, upon the *ipse dixit* of William Neilson, Esquire.

The protest, uttered by an anonymous writer,¹² against the employment of male-accoucheurs, as "an outrage on the modesty of women," and "derogatory to the medical profession," is a combination of such outrageous nonsense, and such gross impurity, that we shall not sully our pages with an exposure of its absurdities. One would suppose that the practice he condemns was a league for the very worst purposes between wives and doctors, to the injury of husbands; instead of being sanctioned by general experience, as affording the greatest confidence on the one side and the most efficacious service on the other, at a time when such confidence and assistance are most needed, with so small a tendency to those evils which are here pictured as necessary consequences, that they may be practically left out of the question.

¹¹ "Mesmerism, in its Relation to Health and Disease, and the Present State of Medicine." By William Neilson, Esq. Edinburgh: 1855. Shepherd and Elliot. Fcp. 8vo. pp. 250.

¹² "Hints to Husbands." By One of the Guild. A Revelation. London: 1856. Simpkin and Marshall. Fcp. 8vo. pp. 125.

We never met with a more remarkable verification of Swift's saying, we think it is, that "a nice man is a man of very nasty ideas."

Among the various treatises which have considerably multiplied of late, as to the means of preserving health and prolonging life, we are inclined to assign no mean place to that of Mr. Pinney,¹³ on account of the general tone of good sense, and the highly practical character, by which it is pervaded. He has no special "remedy" to propose for the evils to which flesh is heir; but he gives plenty of judicious advice in regard to the avoidance of any influences which tend to add to their burthen. The difficulty, however, does not lie so much in our want of knowledge, as in our want of resolution to act upon that knowledge, when convenience, or what we think necessity, urges us to continue in a course which, prospectively, we feel to be injudicious. It is not only the young and thoughtless votary of dissipation, but the hard-worked middle-aged toiler in a business or profession, who draws bills at a long date, the payment of which will be demanded at a future period with fearful interest. But in the present state of society, how is a man with a family, struggling, with limited means, to educate and put them forward in the world by his own exertions alone, to avoid this imprudence?

The terrible outbreak of cholera, during the epidemic of 1854, in and around Broad-street, Golden-square,¹⁴ a locality which had not been seriously affected in either of the preceding epidemics, must be still fresh in the memory of our readers; who will probably recollect, also, how many hypotheses were put forward, to account for this apparent exception to the ordinary laws of its diffusion. The Vestry of St. James's adopted the very sensible course of appointing an efficient committee, for the purpose of inquiring what there was in the previous sanitary condition of the district, which might have operated in determining the local development of the cholera-poison; and this committee, which seems to have performed its office with praiseworthy industry and sagacity, has come to the very important conclusion, that, whilst other conditions may have had a subordinate influence, by far the most important agency was exerted by the use of the water from a particular pump, the well of which had been contaminated by communication with a drain. The introduction of water thus contaminated with putrescent matter, into the living body, has been proved to render it peculiarly susceptible of the influence of any zymotic poison, and particularly of the cholera-poison; whilst, if it should have happened (as is by no means improbable) that the drain had received the evacuations of a patient affected either with cholera or with choleraic diarrhœa, the poison would itself have been diffused by the very same means. This was proved to have been actually the case in a very similar outbreak which took place in Bristol about the

¹³ "The Influence of Occupation on Health and Life; with a Remedy for attaining the Utmost Length of Life compatible with the Present Constitution of Man." By Joel Pinney, Esq. London: 1856. Longmans. 8vo. pp. 97.

¹⁴ "Report of the Cholera Outbreak in the Parish of St. James, Westminster, during the autumn of 1854." Presented to the Vestry by the Cholera Inquiry Committee, July, 1855. London: 1855. Churchill. 8vo. pp. 176. With Maps and Plans.

same time ; the houses attacked being spread along a line of streets supplied with water by pipes from a reservoir fed by a spring called Jacob's Well, some of them at a considerable distance from this reservoir ; for it was ascertained by the careful inquiries of Dr. W. Budd, not only that the water of the reservoir had been contaminated by the bursting of a drain proceeding from a house above it, but also that in this house a case of cholera had occurred just previously to the general outbreak in question. We are far from believing that these cases prove that such is the *general* mode in which the cholera-poison is multiplied and diffused ; on the contrary, we believe that everything which either tends to the introduction or to the retention of decomposing organic matter within the living body, renders it a fit *nidus* for the development of the poison-germs, brought either by the atmosphere or by any of the *ingesta*. But we think that they establish a strong case in favour of the doctrine, that the contamination of water is *one* of the modes by which this terrible disease is spread ; and that, where it does operate, its operation is most fearfully potent, and ought, therefore, to be guarded against with the most jealous care.

There is no subject of which "a little knowledge" is so dangerous a thing as it is in the case of Practical Medicine. People affected with chronic complaints are apt to read almost every book which they fancy may throw light upon the nature of their malady, especially if it also promises a cure ; and, regardless of the adage, (whose truth is generally acknowledged and acted upon, even by doctors themselves,) that "he who treats his own case has a fool for his patient," they try upon themselves without discrimination all the methods of treatment which they find mentioned ; and by such a course of proceeding, as well as by constantly dwelling upon their symptoms, they are almost sure to aggravate their sufferings, turning slight ailments into severe diseases, and not unfrequently developing imaginary maladies into real ones. So, too, mothers who are deeply read in "domestic medicine" are apt to cram their children with physic, often in large and injurious quantities, because they think it necessary to be *doing something*. And Lady-Bountifuls, in place of the innocent diet-drinks and comforting stomachics which they served-out in old times, force upon their poor neighbours such doses of powerful medicines as none but "heroic" practitioners would now-a-days dispense. Now, it is one of the most marked features of improvement in modern practice, that the intelligent medical man is disposed to put far more trust than formerly in Nature, and to let her cure diseases in her own way, wherever he feels that he can safely do so ; and it is often his highest wisdom, therefore, to do nothing else than put his patient in the most favourable circumstances for her efficient action. The readers of "Domestic Medicines," who fancy that *drugs* contain remedies for every malady, are the subjects with whom a wise and conscientious practitioner finds it most difficult to deal ; for they have their own opinions as to what ought to be done, and consequently their own ideas as to the qualifications of a man who does not do it. In our view, therefore, a "Domestic Medicine" ought to contain little else than a system of instructions in regard to the diet and regimen of the sick, the management of the sick-room, the influence of change of

climate, scene, and occupation on chronic diseases,—in fact, everything which falls under the head of domestic arrangement; with directions for the course to be pursued under the more common emergencies arising out of accident or suddenly-developed maladies; and an account of the uses and doses of some ten or twelve medicines which may be employed with tolerable safety. It ought to be the first principle in the composition of such a book, that its directions shall lead to no serious harm, even when put in practice in cases to which they may be inappropriate; and the observance of this principle would at once cut away the greater part of what we regard as the most objectionable matter in works of this class. Of the two books before us,^{15, 16} we decidedly prefer Mr. Kesteven's, as most nearly approximating the standard we have laid down; the "Eminent Physician" seems to us to have shown a marvellous lack of judgment, both as to what he has inserted and what he has omitted.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

WITH the rest of the world we come with our homage to Mr. Macaulay.¹ Steady, strong, and uniform, the stream of his thought continues to flow; and, without effort, or with no outward sign of it, he keeps his place as the first living writer of English prose. There is no occasion for us to quote from Mr. Macaulay, to criticize or to praise him. Our readers long ago have made their own quotations, selected their favourite passages—have read and read again every page of his history, and the universal approbation of the world has at once dispensed with the necessity of panegyric and made censure impossible, except to those who are ambitious of a foolish singularity.

On whatever side we look at this book, whether at the style of it or the matter of it, it is alike astonishing. The style is faultlessly luminous; every word is in its right place; every sentence is exquisitely balanced; the current never flags. Homer, according to the Roman poet, may be sometimes languid: Mr. Macaulay is always bright, sparkling, attractive. Every paragraph contains a succession of pleasing surprises, and the wise and the unwise may be alike charmed by a writer who, though he is never shallow, yet makes no demand upon the intellect of his readers—who at once relates his story, and supplies in a few words, with a judicious epithet or a well-turned clause, the sentiments which, in a rational mind, it ought to excite. Cultivated men are thus pleased to meet their own thoughts expressed

¹⁵ "A Hand-Book of Domestic Medicine, popularly arranged." By an Eminent Physician. London: Bohn. 1855. Post 8vo, pp. 684.

¹⁶ "A Manual of the Domestic Practice of Medicine." By W. B. Kesteven, F.R.C.S. London: Longmans. 1856. Post 8vo, pp. 328.

¹ "The History of England, from the Accession of James the Second." By Thomas Babington Macaulay. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longman. 1855.

so excellently, and those to whom thought is usually unfamiliar are unable to refuse their attention when addressed in language at once so reasonable and so transparent.

And the marvel of the style becomes still greater when we think of the matter of this history in its naked substance, unadorned by the artist's skill. Mr. Macaulay's touch carpets a desert with verdure, and brings water-springs out of the dry ground. In no period of this nation's life have the fortunes of it been committed to men on the whole so base, so worthless, intellectually and morally—if Mr. Macaulay's account of them be true—so without claim to interest and without power of exciting it, as those who ruled England in the years which he has described in his present volumes. William the Third and Archbishop Tillotson are almost the only characters upon the canvas on which the eye can rest without contempt or disgust, and we are alike amazed at the genius which, out of such materials, has created a story so fascinating, and at the patience which has consented to labour in so dismal a region. We imagine the Revolution of 1688 as something great and glorious, because it succeeded—because the constitution of this country then assumed those forms of liberty which have secured the peaceful development of our national energy. In gratitude for so great a good we attribute the success of that revolution to the moderation with which it was conducted, and insensibly transfer to the actors the character of the epoch to which they belonged. But a very small acquaintance with English history suffices to show us (and if any doubt remained, Mr. Macaulay's volumes would disperse it for ever) that it was not by the Marlboroughs, the Shrewsburys, the Seymours, that English liberty was really won. The battle was fought forty years before, by men of a far other stamp than they; and the relative position of the Crown and the people was decided by no manœuvring of eloquent parliamentary conventions, but by sword and musket on the stricken fields of Marston Moor and Worcester. If English freedom had never possessed truer friends than the heroes of 1688, the Stuart princes might have built their thrones upon the grave of that freedom with little fear of opposition; and the boasted moderation of the second revolution was possible only from the light effort which was required to effect it. There was no occasion to appeal to those stronger and deeper passions which, when once heated, will not consent so readily to subside into constitutional temperature.

The founders of "this second temple," as they appear in Mr. Macaulay's pages, seem to have been men without faith in God or man, privately sensual and politically profligate to a degree which is almost beyond belief. They were, like the dishonest gamblers of a modern racecourse, outwardly supporting the favourite of the hour, but hedging secretly on the chances of his opponent—venal, perjured, treacherous, and careful only to secure themselves and their own interests against all contingencies. The honest enthusiasts also, whether Republican or Jacobite, fare little better in Mr. Macaulay's hands. The Cameronians, as they are here represented, were impracticable fanatics. Among the Nonjurors, Ken alone is permitted to retain our sympathy; and Ken's character is spared at the expense of his

understanding. Except in the king, there is no singleness of purpose, no heroism, no greatness anywhere; not one man, on any side, is shown to us whom, as Englishmen, we can remember with pride.

So sadly is this the complexion of Mr. Macaulay's story, that we might be at a loss to know why it is so attractive—where the fascination of it lies. The style, indeed, might be an adequate explanation. It is a delight to read an English book so excellently written; and, again, our own history, whether it be to our credit or to our shame, is of necessary interest to us. All nations are curious, if they can be nothing better, about the doings of their ancestors; and Mr. Macaulay's industry, which, enormous as it is, is accompanied by a memory equal to the most extraordinary demands upon it, has lighted up a region which was before, for the most part, mere darkness, and has brought out, distinct in form and colour, the pictures of men and things which hung before us in dim and shapeless masses. There is much, too, in the coherent reasonableness of his narrative, or what appears like reasonableness to those among us who have no means of correcting what we read. The parts of the various actions grow one out of the other. The actors are exhibited as influenced by motives which, if we disapprove, we at least can understand; and thus we feel a pleasure like that which a good portrait gives us, or, indeed, any good work of art—the pleasure of seeing a successful imitation, a true representation, in a graceful form, of something which exists, or has existed, independently of ourselves. We are gratified with the successful likeness; we seem to feel that, although we may not have ourselves seen the original, yet that the imitation carries, in its general *vraisemblance*, a guarantee of its fidelity, and that we have before us a real image of a real thing.

But something more than this is required to explain a popularity so unprecedented as that of Mr. Macaulay. Works of genius are usually slow in finding reception; and a welcome so universal is not to be accounted for by mere excellence of manner. He appears in a remarkable degree to express for the nineteenth century its own reflections upon its own greatness. He tells his story in such a manner as to gratify with the most delicate flattery the self-approbation of every reader of the present age. His estimate of the possibilities of human nature in the way of virtue is not perhaps a high one; but he appears to be satisfied that the present century is, on the whole, the happiest which the world has seen; that, taking the average of all classes of the community, the necessities and the comforts of life are more evenly distributed, that moral and intellectual cultivation penetrate more widely and deeply among the masses of mankind, than any earlier period has been privileged to see. This is itself a pleasant reflection, and it is rendered even more agreeable by the style in which it is conveyed. It is implied in the contrasts which, though not dwelt upon, are inevitably suggested by the whole substance of his narrative. There is not one of his readers, the poorest and meanest of them, who may not have compared himself to his own advantage with the confidential ministers, the statesmen, the nobles, the clergy of the court of William; who may not honestly feel that, in his basest moments, he

could not have stooped to be Mr. Macaulay's Marlborough, or have quieted his conscience with the sophistries which raised Sherlock to a deanery. And in a thousand other ways the man of the nineteenth century is enabled to look upon himself with complacency. The material progress is too evident to require more than graceful illustration. Morality and public justice are represented to have advanced with equal strides; and sometimes, indeed, in his eagerness to paint some gratifying examples, the historian ventures into trifling over-statements. For instance, in calculating the salaries of the Post-Office clerks, he finds the average of their incomes now to be three times what it was under William, and he gives to the present the full benefit of the advantage, forgetting the difference in the value of money, which would perhaps reverse the proportion.

This, however, is a small matter; and any number of analogous inadvertences would scarcely impair the confident effect of his pictures. Nor is the progress which we have all made since the seventeenth century the only pleasant reflection which he suggests to us. It might be that the close of that century was a period of peculiar worthlessness; it might be that we had but risen out of a hollow upon the crest of a wave, from which there might be again a descent before us. But Mr. Macaulay encourages us to hope for a future as progressive as the past. He will not allow that, with all their profligacy and venality, William's ministers and William's parliaments were baser than those of Elizabeth. Some persons indeed there were, as he admits, who sighed at the apparent degeneracy; but he fling aside the unwisdom of such reasoners with an easy contempt; and in his scorn of those who would exalt the past at the expense of the present, he implies (for otherwise the scorn would be out of place) that there is no such thing as national degeneracy, or at least that in the present happy state of the world it can never reappear. We confess to finding Mr. Macaulay's bitterness on this point a little unnecessary. Inasmuch as all the old nations had seen their periods of growth and decay, there was nothing absolutely absurd if men who remembered the Long Parliament imagined a change for the worse in a time when the votes of members were bought and sold like any other commodity; if those who had served under a Blake or a Cromwell could not offer an equal homage to a Russell or a Marlborough. Literature and art, too, furnished an excuse for a misgiving. In Greece and Rome the same centuries witnessed alike the culmination of intellect and of national power. Poetry and painting perished in mediæval Italy with the freedom of the Republics. The decline of one was the sure indicator of the decline of the other; and so in England Dryden was but a poor exchange for Milton, and Wycherley and Congreve very questionable rivals of Ben Jonson and of Shakspeare. Mr. Macaulay himself, in his earlier writings, encouraged in some degree the mistake which now he reprobates. He taught us to believe that Fletcher was pure compared to Congreve, and to see in the vitiation of the stage an evidence of the corruption of morality. The statesmen of Elizabeth, also, whom he now accuses of having built up princely fortunes by the sale of their patronage, he once held up to our respect as comparatively pure.

But these and similar phenomena we may now assure ourselves were only superficial. The Tudor ministers, Mr. Macaulay informs us, were as profligate in reality as those of the Restoration and the Revolution; while the latter were infinitely more enlightened upon the true interests of mankind. If poetry has declined, it is because the genius of the country has passed into a more practical direction; and secure in our constitutional liberty, we may rest on the conviction that progress, material, intellectual, moral, social, and political, forms the law under which we live and breathe. It is true that among the consequences of that liberty every man may now "do what he will with his own;" and because certain men had done what was wrong with their own, a million human beings in these islands were, a few years back, piteously starved to death. But what was that to us—believers as we are in the new evangle of political economy? Was not the population of Ireland unwholesomely redundant? Was not beneficent nature interfering for our relief? Let us not disturb ourselves. We are a great age. The universe has waited anxiously for us to be born, and Mr. Macaulay is our most eloquent prophet. He possesses all qualifications but one to give him a place among the greatest of writers. That one we may be excused if we briefly mention.

Some historians, like some poets, when they bring their characters before us, do not attempt to describe them exhaustively. In their pages, as in real life, a certain portion only of the thoughts and actions of men admit of being interpreted in words. There remains in every one a certain world of sentiment which is visible in results, but cannot itself be sounded. Even with a keen self-scrutiny, we can each of us penetrate but a little way into this portion of ourselves; while it is here nevertheless that the secret sources lie hidden of the character and the will. Thus it is that we are such an enigma to one another. Thus it is that, if we would describe other men faithfully, we must be careful not only to observe what they do, but to attempt by sympathy to feel as they feel; and when we have done our best in this way, we must content ourselves with an inadequate conclusion, and leave our riddle only half interpreted at last. This secret of his art Mr. Macaulay has failed to learn. He explains everything and every man, and explains them too easily. He is a Whig and a philosopher, and he sees and judges every man from his own position. He knows nothing and cares nothing for the differences of character and feeling; and whether it be Bishop Ken or the Master of Stair, whether it be Claverhouse or the Duke of Marlborough, he brings them alike before the bar of his own understanding; he reduces their motives and their conduct to principles which the understanding can estimate, and passes his verdict upon them as that faculty gives its answer. We use the word understanding because we can find no other to express our meaning, not that it is really appropriate. We intend by it that method of judging which makes no allowance for difference of sentiment, and tries men according to those general endowments which they are presumed all to share in common.

And thus, knowing as we do, how few of the locked closets of our hearts such a key will open, we incline to doubt, after all, whether Mr.

Macaulay's portraits are true to their originals,—whether, if Mr. Macaulay were offered a few minutes' conversation with the originals themselves, even he himself would not feel rather uneasy at the prospect of the rencontre.

In connexion with our great historian we have to mention the name of one to whom Mr. Macaulay was probably indebted for his introduction to historical science, and to whom perhaps we are all more indebted than we know. Mr. Bohn has given us a reprint of the "Lectures of Professor Smyth on the First French Revolution,"² and when we read these lectures we are at no loss to understand why Cambridge has produced of late years so many illustrious thinkers. For two entire generations the political intellect of that university was under the training of a man who was perhaps better fitted for an instructor in the great social questions of the modern world than any one who has filled the chair of Professor in this country. Professor Smyth seemed, in an eminent degree, to consider only what his particular duty was in the position which he occupied. It was not to deliver eloquent essays, to advocate particular opinions, to form a school who should grow up the champions of any particular party in the State. His office was to teach all who came to him to think soberly and wisely for themselves—to lay before them the elements out of which they were to form their own conclusions. He insisted only on those everlasting rules of morality by which all actions ought to be guided, and all sound judgment on the actions of others ought to be founded. And thus, whatever were the opinions of those who came to him—whether they were Republicans or Absolutists, Whigs or Tories, High Church or Low,—there was not one who might not go away better fitted to take his part as a defender of the cause which he had chosen, because he was cautioned against extravagance, because he was taught to feel the barriers beyond which his opinions might not be pressed.

It happened that after laying down Mr. Macaulay's history these lectures were the first book to which we turned. It is not easy to imagine a stronger contrast. Some contrast was inevitable from the different objects of the writers. Mr. Macaulay addresses the world at large. Professor Smyth was addressing hearers who were to play a part themselves in positions of responsibility and power. Mr. Macaulay writes to inform and to please the multitude. Professor Smyth was laying down conditions of judgment, and forming the minds of students. But the opposition lies deeper than in the form. The habits of thought in the two men are essentially contrary. Mr. Macaulay gives his opinion confidently. Professor Smyth can never be sufficiently diffident. Mr. Macaulay understands nothing of varieties of sentiment. Professor Smyth knows that there lie between man and man constitutional differences which can find no meeting ground. Mr. Macaulay exhausts his subject so far as he sees into it, leaving no place

² "Lectures on the History of the French Revolution." By William Smyth, Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. New Edition. London: Henry Bohn. 1855.

nor room for obscurity, and nothing to be supplied by the reader's meditation. Professor Smyth so marshals his subject as not only to leave it unexhausted, but to show that, in its full significance, it is inexhaustible. There is no occasion to pursue the comparison; to have instituted it at all may be thought gratuitous. But it is instructive to observe how very differently the phenomena of modern history can represent themselves to two men whose pursuits have been analogous, if not identical, and who in their general conclusions do not widely disagree.

That these lectures will be widely interesting we cannot undertake to say. They will interest always the same class of persons to whom they were originally addressed. But to understand them requires knowledge which the public does not generally possess, and a degree of thought for which the public has little time. But if endurance be a test of value, they are of the true metal; for they are as fresh to-day in Mr. Bohn's octavos, as they were forty years ago when many of them were first delivered. When Mr. Smyth was first a Professor at Cambridge, Napoleon was in the zenith of his power, and England could only see in the Revolution an outbreak of the spirits of Hell. Yet Mr. Smyth could then appreciate, at its full weight, the long course of crime and folly by which the aristocracy of France had provoked the storm. While he admired Mr. Burke's foresight, he could censure his fanaticism. And in the first years of the great struggle he could exult in the high-spirited enthusiasm which had risen against tyranny. He was able to censure the criminal interference of the allied sovereigns, to show how the blindness of reactionist conservatism provoked the madness of the French people. And there were no actors in the great drama except the Terrorists, for whom he was without some kind of sympathy. Time went on, and with it the world and the world's opinions. The Restoration came and the second Revolution. England had her Reform Bill and Toryism sunk under an eclipse. But Professor Smyth remained the same. A new spirit had passed over history. It became the fashion to palliate even the Reign of Terror, as a necessary phenomenon, a manifestation of inevitable laws. Again we have the same calm voice declaring that crime is crime, that men are not elements and forces, but reasonable beings, accountable for their actions to God and to one another, that humanity must not be defrauded of the instinctive horror with which it loathes alike an Alva and a Robespierre. Mr. Smyth could feel for the Girondists, for he believed that they were dazzled by a true enthusiasm. He would hear nothing of the enthusiasm of the Jacobin Club. It was the evil fountain of wholly evil things. Thus we conceive that Professor Smyth has represented from the first, the judgment to which the better sense of mankind has arrived, or will at last arrive on these subjects. And from the calm temper with which he expresses his various censures, there is not one of us who may not learn with profit from his writings the lesson which we can no longer receive from his living lips. The aristocrat may be taught to avoid the faults by which a stronger aristocracy than ours has fallen. The reformer will see how near enthusiasm lies to madness; he will learn to allay his impatience for

ideal constitutions; and as he loves his own cause of liberty, to work for it within the laws of morality. We do not bind ourselves to all Professor Smyth's opinions. He thinks that the Revolution failed; and if liberty, in its constitutional meaning, was the object of the movement, perhaps it has failed. But liberty is a vague word. Justice perhaps, rather than liberty, was the end of the Revolution. A careless and profligate aristocracy, who believed that they existed upon earth for nothing else but for their own pleasure, were taught then the dreadful lesson that they existed for something else than pleasure. The duties which they and their fathers had forgotten cried out against them for vengeance, and they were destroyed from off the face of the earth as a sign to all mankind. In this sense the French Revolution did not fail.

While we are on the subject of modern revolutions, we may mention a little book which ought to be of interest to Englishmen. It has run also through two editions in a few weeks, and may therefore be presumed to be of merit. The absorbing question all over the continent, M. de Montalembert tells us, is the future of England. Will England in these stormy times carry her constitution through, or will she share the fortunes of Europe, and be swept into the general stream of confusion. This question M. de Montalembert has undertaken to answer in a small volume of three hundred pages,³ and we must make our courteous acknowledgments to him for the tribute which he has paid to our national character. We have a fair chance of escaping, he thinks, altogether undamaged; and even if democracy overtakes us at last, we are a people, he says, of so much good sense, and we have been trained so carefully in self-government, that we need not anticipate any very terrible disaster. Herodotus tells a story of a number of persons who were persuaded each that his own misfortunes were the worst which could be laid upon him, and each was ready to exchange his own burden for his neighbour's. The experiment was tried, and it is needless to say that each in the end was too happy to take again that which he had brought, and hasten home with it a wiser man. Something of this kind might be the case with the continental politicians who see in England at present certain peculiar conditions of prosperity which they themselves try vainly to achieve. They forget their own advantages; they do not or will not see that we too have our share in the common weaknesses of humanity. M. de Montalembert's book is more generous than wise; and though we may agree with his conclusions, and hope well for our political prospects, it is assuredly not upon the grounds which are here offered for our encouragement. Our most vital danger, he thinks, is from the spirit which is represented chiefly by Mr. Carlyle; and his power of estimating rightly the deeper mind of England cannot be rated very highly, when we find him describing this writer as "having described the French Revolution in a series of Rabelais-like tableaux, where the frightfulness of the crimes and the innocence of the victims is travestied with a revolting buffoonery." He believes also in the power of institutions with a devotion in which

³ "De l'Avenir Politique de l'Angleterre." Par le Comte de Montalembert. Second Edition. Paris: Didier et Cie. Janvier, 1856.

we imperfectly participate. He writes as if men were made for institutions, and not institutions for men. And he overrates, we think, the extent of the spirit of self-sacrifice in our higher orders. The English aristocracy, according to Montalembert, were never nobler, never more patriotic, never more disinterested than at the present day. It may be so; but the signs of all this are less apparent than we could wish. And there is another important element wanting in his calculation. There are in these islands some twenty million human beings belonging to what are called the working classes, by whom the future of the country may be thought likely in some degree to be affected. Of what the condition of these persons may be, either materially or morally, M. Montalembert knows nothing. They have no existence for him, except as the subjects of aristocratic benevolence; and the beliefs, the convictions, the hopes, the prospects, the desires of this swarming mass of humanity, are not admitted among the factors in the problem as it is now presented to us. Perhaps it will be happier for us, if we work with all our energy at our duties as each day brings them to us, and cease idly to vex ourselves with the secrets of an inscrutable to-morrow.

A Mr. G. S. Poulton, a gentleman whose name is not known to us, has written "*A New History of England*,"⁴ which he thinks that he "may say without boasting is more complete than has ever before been compiled in one volume." In a certain sense his boast is just, for the story begins with Cæsar and is carried down to the Russian war. That his work is in any other sense more complete, his readers will not probably be ready to admit. The materials seem to be loosely collected from the most superficial of modern authorities. There is no appearance of original research, and as Mr. Poulton gives no references, we cannot credit him with an industry of which he has given no evidence. The thought is poor; the style is vulgar and inaccurate. The preface, however, deprecates criticism; and as there is no likelihood that the book will be read, we may spare ourselves the trouble of exposing its mistakes and misstatements.

We have already noticed the first two volumes of Lieutenant Burton's "*Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah*."⁵ The third is now completed, and we accompany the author from Medinah, where we left him, to the close of his perilous adventure. In what remained of the expedition, Lieutenant Burton sustained his character with the same skill. In his account of it, he exhibits the same ability as a writer of which we before had to speak in so high praise. The description of Meccah is curious, yet on the whole disappointing. To the eye of the unbeliever it is a common Arabian town, and we are tempted to regret the imagined beauty and solemnity which the reality has displaced for ever. Little is described as interesting, little as characteristic. We find nothing to explain or make intelligible the

⁴ "*A New History of England, Civil, Political, and Ecclesiastical.*" By G. S. Poulton. London: William Freeman. 1855.

⁵ "*Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah.*" By Richard F. Burton, Lieutenant, Bombay Army. Vol. III. London: Longmans. 1856.

prophet's history. As the splendour has faded from the religion, dignity seems to have passed away with it from the holy places. The places are as little holy as any other places; the relics as vulgar as relics usually; and the whole effect of the scene tawdry and poor. We make room for a single extract, not upon the antiquities, but upon Arabian poetry:—

"From the ancient periods of the Arab's history we find him practising 'knight errantry,' the wildest form of chivalry. 'The songs of Antar,' says the author of 'The Crescent and the Cross,' 'show little of the true chivalric spirit. What thinks the reader of sentiments like these? 'This valiant man,' remarks Antar, 'hath defended the honour of women.' We read in another place, 'Mercy, my lord, is the noblest quality of the noble.' Again, 'It is the most ignominious of deeds to take free-born women prisoners.' 'Bear not malice, O Shibub!' quoth the hero, 'for of malice good never came.' Is there no true greatness in this sentiment? 'Birth is the boast of the *sainéant*; noble is the youth who beareth every ill, who clotheth himself in mail during the noontide heat, and who wandereth through the outer darkness of the night.' And why does the 'knight of knights love Ibla! because she is blooming as the sun at dawn, with hair black as the midnight shades, with Paradise in her eye, her bosom an enchantment, and a form waving like the tamarisk when the soft wind blows from the hills of Nejd?' Yes; but his chest expands also with the thoughts of her 'faith, purity, and affection.' It is her moral as well as her material excellence that makes her the hero's 'hope, and hearing, and sight.' I lament to see so many intelligent travellers misjudging the Arab, after a superficial experience of a few debased Syrians or Sinaites. The true children of Antar have not ceased to be gentlemen."

Before leaving Lieutenant Burton, we must congratulate him on having found an efficient corrector of the press for his present volume. It is almost free from the errors which disfigured its predecessors.

An interesting account of New Zealand has been written by Mr. Taylor, which deserves to be extensively read.⁶ Mr. Taylor had the best opportunities of becoming acquainted with the country, for he was many years a missionary among the natives; and being a clever observing person, he has been able to furnish by far the most complete description of this curious country which as yet has been laid before the public. The New Zealanders themselves, their language, character, customs, mythology, religion; the soil, the climate; the prospects and history of the English colonies; the geology, the natural productions of the island,—all these subjects are elaborately and carefully treated; and although we may regret the absence in Mr. Taylor of accurate scientific knowledge, yet he lays the material before us without reserve on which he rests his conclusions; and we may be grateful to him for his facts, if we hesitate before admitting his reasoning. The effects of an exclusively clerical training are too visible. He is haunted by a suspicion that he has discovered the philosopher's stone of evangelical divinity, the long lost ten tribes of Israel. He finds his proofs of identity in the language; but he is imperfectly acquainted with the principles of comparative philology, and we fear that

⁶ "Te Ika A Mani; or, New Zealand and its Inhabitants. With a Map and numerous Illustrations." By the Rev. Richard Taylor, M.A., many years a Missionary in New Zealand. London: Wertheim and Macintosh. 1855.

his arguments will hardly bear examining. The connexion of languages may be traced where there is resemblance in organization as well as in single words. Mr. Taylor himself has given us an illustration of the hazard of building speculations upon words alone:—

“We have a word,” he says, “admitted into our translation of the Testament, which I very much doubt whether the translators, though our first Maori scholars, ever suspected was anything but a genuine Maori word; and that is *toronaihi*, a sickle. Wondering what this *toronaihi* could be originally, as they had nothing like a sickle, or anything sharper than a greenstone adze or hatchet, I put the question to an intelligent native, who laughed, and said, ‘Why, don’t you know what it is, since it is one of your own words?’ I expressed my ignorance. He said, that the *toronaihi* is the sharp knife which whalers use to cut up blubber with—the *draw-knife*. The word has been naturalized for half a century; and since that little destructive animal the mouse has so increased as to become a pest,—for it cuts down the ripened wheat with its sharp teeth, and so clean that it almost appears to have been done with a knife,—the natives have bestowed upon it the name of *toronaihi*.”

Even for philological purposes, however, Mr. Taylor has collected matter which will be extremely useful; and on all accounts we must thank him cordially for his book. There is no question which an intending emigrant to New Zealand can desire to ask, to which this volume does not contain an intelligent answer.

Two books upon Mexico may be read with advantage by persons who desire to learn the extent of anarchy and worthlessness to which nations calling themselves civilized may succeed in descending.⁷ Mr. Gabriel Ferry gives us the incidents to which a gentleman, in search of exciting amusements, may experience in the towns and cities and along the common thoroughfares. The changes are rung upon all the forms of gambling, swindling, robbery, and assassination. Yet crime in Mexico is divested of all the charms of romance; there are no graceful banditti who have been outlawed by the unjust formalities of society; no blighted heroes in whom the most morbid imagination can feel an interest. The Spaniards and the Aztecs, in their common degeneracy, have bred a race between them in whom ferocity is only held in check by cowardice; and who are, on the whole, the most detestable specimens of humanity of which authentic accounts have reached us. People who are curious in such matters may find entertainment in Mr. Ferry’s book. It is simply and pleasantly written, and they will learn at second hand, in the safe seclusion of their arm-chairs, the state of a country from which, if they visited it in their proper persons, they would be exceedingly unlikely to return alive. The same picture, though in a less agreeable form, is presented also by Mr. Wilson,⁸ whose disgust with the Mexicans is so intense as to extend even to their history. A people so vile in the reality must also, he assures himself, have been vile in their origin; and Mr. Wilson degrades Cortez into a vulgar buccanier, and the famous story of the

⁷ “Vagabond Life in Mexico.” By Gabriel Ferry. London: James Blackwood. 1856.

⁸ “Mexico and its Religion, with Incidents of Travel in that Country. By Robert A. Wilson. London: Sampson Low and Co. 1856.

conquest of Mexico into an impudent lie. How it came to pass that so many versions of the same story were written by eye-witnesses, who all substantially agreed—that it was published to all the world, and passed uncontradicted, when Cortez's companions were most of them alive, when he was surrounded by rivals who would have delighted to expose him, and thousands of fresh adventurers were flocking year by year to the scene of his achievements, and could test his truthfulness on the spot—these little difficulties Mr. Wilson inadequately explains. He says "the Inquisition controlled every printing-office in Spain and the colonies, and its censors took good care that nothing should be printed against the fair fame of so good a Christian as Cortez." But this is loose reasoning; and we should advise the writer to leave history alone, and confine himself to his personal experience. Where he tells us what he has himself seen and heard, he writes like a man of sense and discretion.

A lady, calling herself "*The Englishwoman in America*,"⁹ has written a pleasant little octavo, of 460 pages, containing an account of a few weeks spent in Canada and in the United States. A few weeks are scarcely sufficient to gain acquaintance with a new continent; but the authoress did not let the grass grow under her feet. She ventured down even into the Far West with the help of the railways, and we are bound to compliment her on the use which she made of her opportunities. She is a lady in the best sense of the word, very clever, and, what is a more rare merit, very rational. She travelled, in many instances, alone; she uniformly received the most marked attention wherever she went; and she has repaid the courtesy of the Americans with an acknowledgment of their merits which we cannot too highly praise. She is able to blame when occasion calls for it, and she has a good honest laugh in her, too, which breaks out under due provocation; but, what is better than either, she can admire heartily, generously, cordially, even though it be at the expense of her own countrymen. Here is a little anecdote, which the John Bulls among us may read with advantage. The authoress was returning from Chicago, by the Michigan Railway:—

"The cars were very full, and were not able to seat all the passengers. Consequently, according to the usages of American etiquette, the gentlemen vacated the seats in favour of the ladies, who took possession of them in a very ungracious manner, as I thought. The gentlemen stood in the passage down the centre. At last all but one had given up their seats; and while stopping at the station another lady entered.

"*'A seat for a lady,'* said the conductor, when he saw the crowded state of the car. The one gentleman did not stir. *'A seat for a lady,'* repeated the man, in a more imperious tone. Still no movement on the part of the gentleman appealed to. *'A seat for a lady; don't you see there's a lady wanting one?'* now vociferated several voices at once, but without producing any effect. *'Get up for this lady,'* said one, bolder than the rest, giving the stranger a sharp admonition on the shoulder. He pulled his travelling cap over his eyes, and doggedly refused to stir. There was now a regular hubbub in the car; American blood was up; and several gentlemen tried to induce the offender to move.

⁹ "*The Englishwoman in America.*" London: John Murray. 1856.

"'I'm an Englishman, and I tell you I won't be browbeaten by you beastly Yankees. I've paid for my seat, and I mean to keep it,' savagely shouted the offender, thus verifying my worst suspicions.

"'I thought so! I knew it! A regular John Bull trick! just like them,' were some of the observations made. And very mild they were, considering the aggravated circumstance.

"Two men took the culprit by the shoulders, and the others pressing behind impelled him to the door, amid a chorus of groans and hisses, disposing of him finally by placing him in the emigrant car.

"I was so thoroughly ashamed of my countryman, and so afraid of my nationality being discovered, that if any one spoke to me, I adopted every Americanism which I could think of in reply."

The Englishwoman went through her journey in steamships and on railways, with comfortable hotels at the necessary intervals, and polite gentlemen for her companions. Madame Ida Pfeiffer disdains adventures achieved so easily, and prefers the fresh draughts of life in its primeval simplicity. In her first journey round the world she accomplished enterprises which, one would have thought, might have satisfied the ambition of any decent middle-aged lady. But the appetite of travelling, like all other appetites, grows by what it feeds on. She could not rest till she had once more made the circuit of the globe, and, if it was her ambition to do what no lady had ever done before, or will ever, probably, attempt again, she has succeeded to her heart's desire.¹⁰ Among the curiosities assembled at the World's Fair, in London, in 1851, not the least remarkable was Ida Pfeiffer. Tired, at length, of seeing and being seen, she took a passage in a small uncomfortable merchantman to the Cape of Good Hope, intending to eclipse Mr. Gordon Cumming, and ascend into the heart of Africa. On arriving at the Cape, she found that the expense of her proposed journey was beyond her means, and she reluctantly abandoned the thought of it. She went on to Singapore with no definite plan, and then it occurred to her that the interior of Borneo was no better known than the interior of Africa, and that, if she was bent upon a desperate adventure, she would be as successful there as anywhere. From Singapore, therefore, she went to Sarawak, first to visit Sir James Brooke, and afterwards to be guided by circumstances. Sir James was absent from home. She found his nephew, Captain Brooke, however, and was very hospitably received. After a short stay she informed her host that she intended to cross the island to the Dutch settlements, and requested to be provided with a guide. Captain Brooke protested against what he considered madness. The route lay through the most savage of the Dyak tribes, and Madame Ida's head would in all likelihood be seized upon as an ornament for the wigwam of a chief. Remonstrance, however, only excited the lady's eagerness. She hired a Malay guide; she left Sarawak; she appeared in due time among the Dutch. Our scepticism may hesitate, but the main features of her story cannot be questioned. Captain Brooke can bear witness where he left her. The Dutch resident knows in what plight,

¹⁰ "A Lady's Second Voyage round the World." By Ida Pfeiffer. In Two Volumes. London: Longmans. 1855.

and from what direction, she emerged out of the forests. She passed unscathed through a country where no white man's or white woman's foot had ever trod, and where she was supposed to be exposing herself to certain death. A woman who is equal to such an exploit as this would not stoop to invent details. We need not doubt that her story is no less faithful in its parts than in its outline. Here is a description of a night among the Dyaks:—

"In the afternoon we," *i. e.*, Madame Pfeiffer and her guide, "again made a halt with one of the tribes. Here things did not just now look very comfortable, for the tribe had only returned two days before from the wars, and had brought with them a head, which was hung up along with two others, nearly dry, over the fireplace, and close to my bed. This was because the place nearest these valued trophies is the place of honour, and always to be offered to a distinguished guest; so my refusing it was out of the question. My situation, however, became a very painful one. The wind rushing through the hut, rattled the dry skulls continually one against the other; and the vapour and the stench from the fresh head was suffocating. Sleep was impossible, and I got by degrees into a perfect fever of terror, &c."

Madame Pfeiffer carried her head away in safety from this horrid place, and, emboldened by impunity, projected a second tour still deeper into the interior. Her friends succeeded in making this impossible. But the good lady was not to be balked. If she could get no further into Borneo, she might try Sumatra, the centre of which was equally unknown, and was reported to be equally dangerous; and with this view she went in a steamer to Pedang.

The governor was extremely obliging. The traveller's name had gone before her, and every facility was offered her for seeing what she desired to see. She soon exhausted the civilized neighbourhood. Beyond the frontiers lay the tribe of the wild Battakers, of whom nothing was known but that they were ferocious savages, and had lately eaten two missionaries, who had unwisely ventured among them. Here might be found an adventure more dreadful than the bed of honour in the Dyak's hut. The route lay through morass and forest. Rivers must be crossed swarming with alligators. Nights must be spent in the woods, among tigers and boa constrictors, with the prospect of being "served up" at a cannibal dinner at the end of the journey. Half-savage Malays must be her only companions in a country where a white man would be inevitably devoured, and her hope of escape lay only in her sex, and, as she naïvely owns, in her being an indigestible looking specimen of it. This was the very expedition for Madame Pfeiffer. Again she disappeared over the frontiers of civilization with her carpet bag and her guides. She swam rivers between the arms of her Malays, and escaped the alligators; the tigers spared her, though she heard them howling all night about her fire. At last she came among the Battakers, and she found that they had fully earned their worst reputation. She had entered one of their villages; she was taken into a hut, and a crowd soon surrounded her:—

"Tall robust men, full six feet high, with huge mouths and projecting teeth, more like the jaws of a wild beast than anything human."

They soon showed her what they were thinking of.

"They pointed with their knives at my throat, and gnashed their teeth at my arm, as if they already had them full of my flesh."

But the lady was prepared for a cannibal reception.

"Of course," she adds, "when I thought of coming among the wild Battakers, I had anticipated something of this sort, and I had therefore studied a little speech in their language for such an occasion. I knew if I could say anything that would amuse them, and perhaps make them laugh, I should have a great advantage over them; for savages are quite like children, and the merest trifle will often make them friends. I got up, therefore, and patting one of the most violent upon the shoulder in a friendly manner, said, with a smiling face, half Malay and half Battaker, 'Why, you don't mean to say you would kill and eat a woman—especially such an old one as I am. I must be very hard and tough.' I gave them, by signs and words, to understand, also, that I was not at all afraid of them," &c.

She had calculated wisely. The Battakers laughed, as she expected, and agreed that for that once she should not be eaten; but she must return with all speed as she had come.

These and similar adventures were the experiences of Ida Pfeiffer in her second journey round the world. She returned by San Francisco, through the United States, and again arrived in England after an absence of two years and a half. We may not question the word of a lady, and, as we said, the outline of her story is guaranteed by a reference to Dutch and English settlers on the islands which she visited. We must therefore believe what she tells us, and, in return, we have only to repeat the words which were once used to ourselves by an old boatman, on our proposing to him a sailing expedition in dangerous weather. "Sir," he said, "if you be out upon the water, and the danger comes to you, you must do your best like a man; but for to go out a-looking for it, like this here, is what no man didn't ought to do, nor no woman neither."

ART AND BELLES LETTRES.

OUR table this time does not, according to the favourite metaphor, "groan" under the light literature of the quarter, for the quarter has not been very productive; but, in compensation, we ourselves groan under it rather more than usual, for the harvest is principally of straw, and few grains of precious corn remain after the winnowing. We except one book, however, which is a rich sheaf in itself, and will serve as bread, and seed-corn too, for many days. We mean the new volume of Mr. Ruskin's "*Modern Painters*,"¹ to which he appropriately gives the subordinate title, "*Of Many Things*." It may be taken up with equal pleasure whether the reader be acquainted or not with the previous volumes, and no special artistic culture is necessary in order to enjoy its excellences or profit by its suggestions.

¹ "*Modern Painters*." By John Ruskin. Vol. 3. London: Smith and Elder.

Every one who cares about nature, or poetry, or the story of human development—every one who has a tinge of literature, or philosophy, will find something that is for him and that will “gravitate to him” in this volume. Since its predecessors appeared, Mr. Ruskin has devoted ten years to the loving study of his great subject—the principles of art; which, like all other great subjects, carries the student into many fields. The critic of art, as he tells us, “has to take *some* note of optics, geometry, geology, botany, and anatomy; he must acquaint himself with the works of all great artists, and with the temper and history of the times in which they lived; he must be a fair metaphysician, and a careful observer of the phenomena of natural scenery.” And when a writer like Mr. Ruskin brings these varied studies to bear on one great purpose, when he has to trace their common relation to a grand phase of human activity, it is obvious that he will have a great deal to say which is of interest and importance to others besides painters. The fundamental principles of all just thought and beautiful action or creation are the same, and in making clear to ourselves what is best and noblest in art, we are making clear to ourselves what is best and noblest in morals; in learning how to estimate the artistic products of a particular age according to the mental attitude and external life of that age, we are widening our sympathy and deepening the basis of our tolerance and charity.

Of course, this treatise “Of many things” presents certain old characteristics and new paradoxes which will furnish a fresh text to antagonistic critics; but, happily for us, and happily for our readers, who probably care more to know what Mr. Ruskin says than what other people think he *ought* to say, we are not among those who are more irritated by his faults than charmed and subdued by his merits. When he announces to the world in his Preface, that he is incapable of falling into an illogical deduction—that, whatever other mistakes he may commit, he cannot possibly draw an inconsequent conclusion, we are not indignant, but amused, and do not in the least feel ourselves under the necessity of picking holes in his arguments in order to prove that he is not a logical Pope. We value a writer not in proportion to his freedom from faults, but in proportion to his positive excellences—to the variety of thought he contributes and suggests, to the amount of gladdening and energizing emotions he excites. Of what comparative importance is it that Mr. Ruskin undervalues this painter, or overvalues the other, that he sometimes glides from a just argument into a fallacious one, that he is a little absurd here, and not a little arrogant there, if, with all these collateral mistakes, he teaches truth of infinite value, and *so* teaches it that men will listen? The truth of infinite value that he teaches is *realism*—the doctrine that all truth and beauty are to be attained by a humble and faithful study of nature, and not by substituting vague forms, bred by imagination on the mists of feeling, in place of definite, substantial reality. The thorough acceptance of this doctrine would remould our life; and he who teaches its application to any one department of human activity with such power as Mr. Ruskin’s, is a prophet for his generation. It is not enough simply to teach truth; that may be done, as we all

know, to empty walls, and within the covers of unsaleable books; we want it to be so taught as to compel men's attention and sympathy. Very correct singing of very fine music will avail little without a *voice* that can thrill the audience and take possession of their souls. Now, Mr. Ruskin has a voice, and one of such power, that whatever error he may mix with his truth, he will make more converts to that truth than less erring advocates who are hoarse and feeble. Considered merely as a writer, he is in the very highest rank of English stylists. The vigour and splendour of his eloquence are not more remarkable than its precision, and the delicate truthfulness of his epithets. The fine *largo* of his sentences reminds us more of De Quincy than of any other writer, and his tendency to digressiveness is another and less admirable point of resemblance to the English Opium-eater. Yet we are not surprised to find that he does not mention De Quincy among the favourite writers who have influenced him, for Mr. Ruskin's style is evidently due far more to innate faculty than to modifying influences; and though he himself thinks that his constant study of Carlyle must have impressed itself on his language as well as his thought, we rarely detect this. In the point of view from which he looks at a subject, in the correctness of his descriptions, and in a certain rough flavour of humour, he constantly reminds us of Carlyle, but in the mere tissue of his style, scarcely ever. But while we are dilating on Mr. Ruskin's general characteristics, we are robbing ourselves of the room we want for what is just now more important—namely, telling the reader something about the contents of the particular volume before us.

It opens with a discussion of the "Grand Style," which, after an analysis and dismissal of Sir Joshua Reynolds's opinion, that it consists in attending to what is invariable, "the great and general ideas only inherent in universal nature," Mr. Ruskin concludes to be "the suggestion by the imagination of noble grounds for noble emotions." The conditions on which this result depends are, first, *the choice of noble subjects*, i.e., subjects which involve wide interests and profound passions, as opposed to those which involve narrow interests and slight passions. And the choice which characterizes the school of high art, is seen as much in the treatment of the subject as the selection. "For the artist who sincerely chooses the noblest subject, will also choose chiefly to represent what makes that subject noble, namely, the various heroism or other noble emotions of the persons represented." But here two dangers present themselves: that of superseding expression by technical excellence, as when Paul Veronese makes the Supper at Emmaus a background to the portraits of two children playing with a dog; and that of superseding technical excellence by expression.

"This is usually done under the influence of another kind of vanity. The artist desires that men should think he has an elevated soul, affects to despise the ordinary excellence of art, contemplates with separated egotism the course of his own imaginations or sensations, and refuses to look at the real facts around about him, in order that he may adore at leisure the shadow of himself. He lives in an element of what he calls tender emotions and lofty aspirations; which are, in fact, nothing more than very ordinary weaknesses or instincts, contemplated through a mist of pride."

The second condition of greatness of style is *love of beauty*—the tendency to introduce into the conception of the subject as much beauty as is possible, consistently with truth.

"The corruption of the schools of high art, so far as this particular quality is concerned, consists in the sacrifice of truth to beauty. Great art dwells on all that is beautiful; but false art omits or changes all that is ugly. Great art accepts Nature as she is, but directs the eyes and thoughts to what is most perfect in her; false art saves itself the trouble of direction, by removing or altering whatever it thinks objectionable. The evil results of which proceeding are twofold.

"First. That beauty deprived of its proper foils and adjuncts ceases to be enjoyed as beauty, just as light deprived of all shadow ceases to be enjoyed as light. A white canvas cannot produce an effect of sunshine; the painter must darken it in some places before he can make it luminous in others; nor can an uninterrupted succession of beauty produce the true effect of beauty: it must be foiled by inferiority before its own power can be developed. Nature has for the most part mingled her inferior and nobler elements as she mingles sunshine with shade, giving due use and influence to both; and the painter who chooses to remove the shadow, perishes in the burning desert he has created. The truly high and beautiful art of Angelico is continually refreshed and strengthened by his frank portraiture of the most ordinary features of his brother monks, and of the recorded peculiarities of ungainly sanctity; but the modern German and Raphaelesque schools lose all honour and nobleness in barber-like admiration of handsome faces, and have, in fact, no real faith except in straight noses and curled hair. Paul Veronese opposes the dwarf to the soldier, and the negress to the queen; Shakspeare places Caliban beside Miranda, and Autolyceus beside Perdita; but the vulgar idealist withdraws his beauty to the safety of the saloon, and his innocence to the seclusion of the cloister; he pretends that he does this in delicacy of choice and purity of sentiment, while in truth he has neither courage to front the monster, nor wit enough to furnish the knave.

"It is only by the habit of representing faithfully all things, that we can truly learn what is beautiful, and what is not. The ugliest objects contain some element of beauty; and in all, it is an element peculiar to themselves, which cannot be separated from their ugliness, but must either be enjoyed together with it, or not at all. The more a painter accepts nature as he finds it, the more unexpected beauty he discovers in what he at first despised; but once let him arrogate the right of rejection, and he will gradually contract his circle of enjoyment, until what he supposed to be nobleness of selection ends in narrowness of perception. Dwelling perpetually upon one class of ideas, his art becomes at once monstrous and morbid; until at last he cannot faithfully represent even what he chooses to retain; his discrimination contracts into darkness, and his fastidiousness fades into fatuity."

The third characteristic of great art is *sincerity*. The artist should include the largest possible quantity of truth in the most perfect possible harmony. *All* the truths of nature cannot be given; hence a choice must be made of some facts which can be represented from amongst others which must be passed by in silence. "The inferior artist chooses unimportant and scattered truths; the great artist chooses the most necessary first, and afterwards the most consistent with these, so as to obtain the greatest possible and most harmonious scene." Thus, Rembrandt sacrifices all other effects to the representation of the exact force with which the light on the most illumined

part of an object is opposed to its obscurer portions. Paul Veronese, on the contrary, endeavours to embrace all the great relations of visible objects; and this difference between him and Rembrandt as to light and shade is typical of the difference between great and inferior artists throughout the entire field of art. He is the greatest who conveys the largest sum of truth. And as the sum of truth can always be increased by delicacy of handling, it follows

“That all great art must have this delicacy to the utmost possible degree. This rule is infallible and inflexible. All coarse work is the sign of low art. Only, it is to be remembered, that coarseness must be estimated by the distance from the eye; it being necessary to consult this distance, when great, by laying on touches which appear coarse when seen near; but which, so far from being coarse, are, in reality, more delicate in a master’s work than the finest close handling, for they involve a calculation of result, and are laid on with a subtlety of sense precisely correspondent to that with which a good archer draws his bow; the spectator seeing in the action nothing but the strain of the strong arm, while there is, in reality, in the finger and eye, an *ineffably delicate estimate of distance, and touch on the arrow plume.*”

The last characteristic of great art is *invention*. It must not only present grounds for noble emotion, but must furnish these grounds by imaginative power, *i.e.*, by an inventive combination of distinctly known objects. Thus imaginative art includes the historical faculties, which simply represent observed facts, but renders these faculties subservient to a poetic purpose.

“And now, finally, since this poetical power includes the historical, if we glance back to the other qualities required in great art, and put all together, we find that the sum of them is simply the sum of all the powers of man. For as (1) the choice of the high subject involves all conditions of right moral choice, and as (2) the love of beauty involves all conditions of right admiration, and as (3) the grasp of truth involves all strength of sense, evenness of judgment, and honesty of purpose, and as (4) the poetical power involves all swiftness of invention, and accuracy of historical memory, the sum of all these powers is the sum of the human soul. Hence we see why the word ‘Great’ is used of this art. It is literally great. It compasses and calls forth the entire human spirit, whereas any other kind of art, being more or less small or narrow, compasses and calls forth only *part* of the human spirit. Hence the idea of its magnitude is a literal and just one, the art being simply less or greater in proportion to the number of faculties it exercises and addresses. And this is the ultimate meaning of the definition I gave of it long ago, as containing the ‘greatest number of the greatest ideas.’”

We have next a discussion of the False Ideal, and first of all, in Religious Art. The want of realization in the early religious painters prevented their pictures from being more than suggestions to the feelings. They attempted to express, not the actual fact, but their own enthusiasm about the fact; they covered the Virgin’s dress with gold, not with any idea of representing her as she ever was or will be seen, but with a burning desire to show their love for her. As art advanced in technical power and became more realistic, there arose a more pernicious falsity in the treatment of religious subjects; more pernicious, because it was more likely to be accepted as a representation of fact.

“Take a very important instance.

"I suppose there is no event in the whole life of Christ to which, in hours of doubt or fear, men turn with more anxious thirst to know the close facts of it, or with more earnest and passionate dwelling upon every syllable of its recorded narrative, than Christ showing Himself to his disciples at the lake of Galilee. There is something pre-eminently open, natural, full fronting our disbelief in this manifestation. The others, recorded after the resurrection, were sudden, phantom-like, occurring to men in profound sorrow and wearied agitation of heart; not, it might seem, safe judges of what they saw. But the agitation was now over. They had gone back to their daily work, thinking still their business lay net-wards, unmeshed from the literal rope and drag. 'Simon Peter saith unto them, 'I go a fishing.' They say unto him, 'We also go with thee.' True words enough, and having far echo beyond those Galilean hills. That night they caught nothing; but when the morning came, in the clear light of it, behold, a figure stood on the shore. They were not thinking of anything but their fruitless hauls. They had no guess who it was. It asked them simply if they had caught anything. They said no. And it tells them to cast yet again. And John shades his eyes from the morning sun with his hand, to look who it is; and though the glinting of the sea, too, dazzles him, he makes out who it is, at last; and poor Simon, not to be outrun this time, tightens his fisher's coat about him, and dashes in, over the nets. One would have liked to see him swim those hundred yards, and stagger to his knees on the beach.

"Well, the others get to the beach, too, in time, in such slow way as men in general do get, in this world, to its true shore, much impeded by that wonderful 'dragging the net with fishes;' but they get there—seven of them in all;—first the Denier, and then the slowest believer, and then the quickest believer, and then the two throne-seekers, and two more, we know not who.

"They sit down on the shore face to face with Him, and eat their broiled fish as He bids. And then, to Peter, all dripping still, shivering, and amazed, staring at Christ in the sun, on the other side of the coal fire,—thinking a little, perhaps, of what happened by another coal fire, when it was colder, and having had no word once changed with him by his Master since that look of His,—to him, so amazed, comes the question, 'Simon, lovest thou me?' Try to feel that a little, and think of it till it is true to you; and then, take up that infinite monstrosity and hypocrisy—Raphael's cartoon of the Charge to Peter. Note, first, the bold fallacy—the putting *all* the Apostles there, a mere lie to serve the Papal heresy of the Petric supremacy, by putting them all in the background while Peter receives the charge, and making them all witnesses to it. Note the handsomely curled hair and neatly tied sandals of the men who had been out all night in the sea-mists and on the slimy decks. Note their convenient dresses for going a-fishing, with trains that lie a yard along the ground, and goodly fringes,—all made to match, an apostolic fishing costume. Note how Peter especially (whose chief glory was in his wet coat *girt* about him and naked limbs) is enveloped in folds and fringes, so as to kneel and hold his keys with grace. No fire of coals at all, nor lonely mountain shore, but a pleasant Italian landscape, full of villas and churches, and a flock of sheep to be pointed at; and the whole group of Apostles, not round Christ, as they would have been naturally, but straggling away in a line, that they may all be shown.

"The simple truth is, that the moment we look at the picture we feel our belief of the whole thing taken away. There is, visibly, no possibility of that group ever having existed, in any place, or on any occasion. It is all a mere mythic absurdity, and faded concoction of fringes, muscular arms, and curly heads of Greek philosophers."

Mr. Ruskin glances rapidly at the False Ideal in profane art—the

pursuit of mere physical beauty as a gratification to the idle senses; and then enters into an extended consideration of the True Ideal, distinguished by him into three branches. 1. Purist Idealism, which results from the unwillingness of pure and tender minds to contemplate evil, of which Angelico is the great example, among the early painters; and among the moderns, Stothard exhibits the same tendency in the treatment of worldly subjects. 2. Naturalist Idealism, which accepts the weaknesses, faults, and wrongnesses in all things that it sees, but so places them that they form a noble whole, in which the imperfection of each several part is not only harmless, but absolutely essential, and yet in which whatever is good in each several part shall be completely displayed. 3. The Grotesque Ideal, which is either playful, terrible, or symbolical. The essence of an admirable chapter on "Finish" is, that all real finish is not mere polish, but *added truth*. Great artists finish not to show their skill, nor to produce a smooth piece of work, but to *render clearer the expression of knowledge*.

We resist the temptation to quote any of the very fine things Mr. Ruskin says about the "Use of Pictures," and pass on to the succeeding chapter, in which he enters on his special subject, namely, landscape painting. With that intense interest in landscape which is a peculiar characteristic of modern times, is associated the "Pathetic Fallacy"—the transference to external objects of the spectator's own emotions, as when Kingsley says of the drowned maiden,—

"They rowed her in across the rolling foam—
The cruel, crawling foam."

The pleasure we derive from this fallacy is legitimate when the passion in which it originates is strong, and has an adequate cause. But the mental condition which admits of this fallacy is of a lower order than that in which, while the emotions are strong, the intellect is yet strong enough to assert its rule against them; and "the whole man stands in an iron glow, white hot, perhaps, but still strong, and in nowise evaporating; even if he melts, losing none of his weight." Thus the poets who delight in this fallacy are chiefly of the second order—the reflective and perceptive—such as Wordsworth, Keats, and Tennyson; while the creative poets, for example, Shakspeare, Homer, and Dante, use it sparingly.

Next follows one of the most delightful and suggestive chapters in the volume, on "Classical Landscape," or the way in which the Greeks looked at external nature. Take a specimen on the details of the Homeric landscape:—

"As far as I recollect, without a single exception, every Homeric landscape, intended to be beautiful, is composed of a fountain, a meadow, and a shady grove. This ideal is very interestingly marked, as intended for a perfect one, in the fifth book of the 'Odyssey;' when Mercury himself stops for a moment, though on a message, to look at a landscape, 'which even an immortal might be gladdened to behold.' This landscape consists of a cave covered with a running vine, all blooming into grapes, and surrounded by a grove of alder, poplar, and sweet-smelling cypress. Four fountains of white (foaming) water, springing *in succession* (mark the orderliness), and close to one another, flow

away in different directions, through a meadow full of violets and parsley (parsley, to mark its moisture, being elsewhere called 'marsh-nourished,' and associated with the lotus); the air is perfumed not only by these violets and by the sweet cypress, but by Calypso's fire of finely chopped cedar wood, which sends a smoke, as of incense, through the island; Calypso herself is singing; and finally, upon the trees are resting, or roosting, owls, hawks, and 'long-tongued sea-crows.' Whether these last are considered as a part of the ideal landscape, as marine singing-birds, I know not; but the approval of Mercury appears to be elicited chiefly by the fountains and violet meadow.

"Now the notable things in this description are, first, the evident subservience of the whole landscape to human comfort, to the foot, the taste, or the smell; and secondly, that throughout the passage there is not a single figurative word expressive of the things being in any wise other than plain grass, fruit, or flower. I have used the term 'spring' of the fountains, because, without doubt, Homer means that they sprang forth brightly, having their source at the foot of the rocks (as copious fountains nearly always have); but Homer does not say 'spring,' he says simply flow, and uses only one word for 'growing softly,' or 'richly,' of the tall trees, the vine, and the violets. There is, however, some expression of sympathy with the sea-birds; he speaks of them in precisely the same terms, as in other places of naval nations, saying they 'have care of the works of the sea.'

"If we glance through the references to pleasant landscape which occur in other parts of the 'Odyssey,' we shall always be struck by this quiet subjection of their every feature to human service, and by the excessive similarity in the scenes. Perhaps the spot intended, after this, to be most perfect, may be the garden of Alcinous, where the principal ideas are, still more definitely, order, symmetry, and fruitfulness; the beds being duly ranged between rows of vines, which, as well as the pear, apple, and fig-trees, bear fruit continually, some grapes being yet sour, while others are getting black; there are plenty of 'orderly square beds of herbs,' chiefly leeks, and two fountains, one running through the garden, and one under the pavement of the palace to a reservoir for the citizens. Ulysses, pausing to contemplate this scene, is described nearly in the same terms as Mercury, pausing to contemplate the wilder meadow; and it is interesting to observe, that, in spite of all Homer's love of symmetry, the god's admiration is excited by the free fountains, wild violets, and wandering vine; but the mortal's, by the vines in rows, the leeks in beds, and the fountains in pipes."

The mediæval feeling for landscape is less utilitarian than the Greek. Everything is pleasurable and horticultural—the knights and ladies sing and make love in pleasaunces and rose-gardens. There is a more sentimental enjoyment in external nature; but, added to this, there is a new respect for mountains, as places where a solemn presence is to be felt, and spiritual good obtained. As Homer is the grand authority for Greek landscape, so is Dante for the mediæval; and Mr. Ruskin gives an elaborate study of the landscape in the "Divina Commedia." To the love of brilliancy shown in mediæval landscape, is contrasted the love of clouds in the modern, "so that if a general and characteristic name were needed for modern landscape art, none better could be found than "the service of clouds." But here again Mr. Ruskin seeks for the spirit of landscape first of all in literature; and he expects to surprise his readers by selecting Scott as the typical poet, and greatest literary man of his age. He, very justly, we think, places Creative literature such as Scott's, above Sen-

timental literature, even when this is of as high a character as in some passages of Byron or Tennyson.

"To invent a story, or admirably and thoroughly tell any part of a story, it is necessary to grasp the entire mind of every personage concerned in it, and know precisely how they would be affected by what happens; which to do requires a colossal intellect; but to describe a separate emotion delicately, it is only needed that one should feel it oneself; and thousands of people are capable of feeling this or that noble emotion for one who is able to enter into all the feelings of somebody sitting on the other side of the table I unhesitatingly receive as a greater manifestation of power the right invention of a few sentences spoken by Pleydell and Mannering across their supper-table, than the most tender and passionate melodies of the self-examining verse."

This appreciation of Scott's power puts us in such excellent humour, that we are not inclined to quarrel with Mr. Ruskin about another judgment of his, to which we cannot see our way, in spite of the arguments he adduces. According to him Scott was eminently *sad*, sadder than Byron. On the other hand, he shows that this sadness did not lead Scott into the pathetic fallacy: the bird, the brook, the flower, and the cornfield, kept their gladness for him, notwithstanding his own melancholy. But the more we look into Mr. Ruskin's volume, the more we want to quote or to question; so, remembering that we have other books to tell the reader about, we must shut this very seductive one, and content ourselves with merely mentioning the chapters on the "Moral of Landscape," and on the "Teachers of Turner," which occupy the remaining pages; the latter preparing the way for the special consideration of Turner, which is to follow in the fourth volume. If the matter of this book had arrested us less, we should, perhaps, have laid more stress on the illustrations, some of which are very beautiful: for example, a view of the Apennines by sunset, and a group of leaves and grasses, from the author's own pencil.

Another writer on art, who knows how to make his subject interesting to the uninitiated, is Adolf Stahr, the author of that very agreeable work on ancient art, "*Torso*,"² the first volume of which we noticed a year ago. The second volume is now before us, and completes, in moderate compass, a survey of Greek sculptural art from its earliest dawn to what may be called its faint afterglow under the Emperor Hadrian—a survey which we commend to all readers who are not already too well-informed on the subject to be glad of a guide learned enough, if he chose, to make an immense display of pedantry, but tasteful enough to choose the very opposite course, and not be pedantic at all. Perhaps, indeed, the majority of his readers would have liked him more frequently to interrupt the easy flow of his narrative and description by definite citation, and by a precise statement of the grounds on which he has adopted a very decided opinion; but a thirst for full and accurate knowledge can be satisfied elsewhere, when once the thirst has been created, and for

² "*Torso*." Kunst, Künstler und Kunstwerke der Alten. Von Adolf Stahr. In Zwei Theilen. Zweiter Theil. London: David Nutt.

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this last purpose few books can be better adapted than Professor Stahr's "Torso." German critics will tell you that he is too enthusiastic and general in his admiration; but for our own part, since an author must be fallible, we prefer that his fallibility should lie in this direction, and that he should betray us into feeling too much rather than too little pleasure in the works of our fellow men. The second volume is not equal in interest to the first, but this diminution of interest lies in the nature of the subject; for, as the first volume carries us to the period of Alexander, and includes an account of the sculptures which owe their fundamental conception to the two great schools of Phidias and Praxiteles, a continuation necessarily implies a declension. Still, if we consider that, with the exception of the Parthenon sculptures, almost all the great works which enable us to form a conception of Greek art as it was in the days of Greek glory, must be referred to the kindred genius or the reproductive skill of artists who lived in the period when Greek art was revived under Roman patronage, we shall hardly be indifferent to the fragmentary records which remain to us of artistic life and production in this period, and shall only regret that our knowledge of the atelier, where statues were wrought; is so much more scanty than our knowledge of the palace, for which statues were ordered.

The second volume of "Torso" opens with a survey of the Macedonian period in its relation to art. Under Alexander had already began the era of *connoisseurship*. "Most men," says Arcesilas, a philosopher of that day, quoted by Plutarch, "think it an indispensable requisite to inquire closely into the composition and value of works of art, which are quite foreign to them, such as pictures and statues, and to contemplate them carefully both with their eyes and mind, while they neglect their own life, which offers to them a fruitful subject of meditation." With Alexander too began that splendid royal patronage through which art was made chiefly subservient to the glory of the individual, and thus determined to the production of portrait and of historical monuments. The Phidias of this new era in art was Lysippus, but his skill in portrait formed only one direction of his genius. He is supposed to have completed the Hercules ideal, both as resting momentarily from his labours, as in the Farnese Hercules, or as reposing for ever from his toils at the table of the gods, according to the conception indicated by the Torso of the Vatican, which, if legend may be trusted, was found by Michael Angelo in the workshop of a shoemaker who used it as a block on which to cut out his last! Lysippus was also famous as a sculptor of animals: Petronius says of him, that he "lent speech to the souls of animals through the forms he gave to their bodies." He was especially great in horses, so that we may with some probability take the Horses of the Sun at Venice as an indication of his power in this way. The wanderings of these famous horses are curiously indicative of European political vicissitudes. Originally produced by a Greek artist as an offering to some temple of Apollo, they were first carried from Greece to Rome; then from Rome to Constantinople; from thence, on the conquest of

the city by the Latins, they were carried as a trophy to Venice; five hundred years later they were transported by Napoleon to Paris, where they adorned the triumphal arch of the Tuileries until, after Napoleon's fall, they were restored to Venice. A favourite occupation of art under the successors of Alexander was the symbolical representation of countries, cities, nations, and rivers as human individuals. The ideals of the gods were exhausted: hence the artists were urged to seek new subjects for ideal forms, and they found them in this kind of personification. Such productions formed suitable ornaments for the triumphal processions of the royal personages whose courts now became the centres of Greek art, while the ancient schools of Greece sank into insignificance.

"Athens, Sicyon, and Argos," says Professor Stahr, "almost vanished out of the history of art; and although the traditional forms of art were still practised, and in Athens especially, the important commissions given by the kings of Egypt, Syria, and Pergamos, gave very various employment to artists, there had nevertheless begun a time in which neither the illustrious artists nor the great works produced by them exercised a substantial influence on the further development of plastic art. This is the period which Pliny marks out as lying between the years 290 and 152 before Christ. At its close, commences the revival of genuine Greek art in Athens, coinciding with the epoch at which it attained predominance in Rome. Shortly before the beginning of this period, in the time of Alexander the Great, we see the historical study of earlier art beginning to exhibit itself in a literary form. Books of travel appeared containing descriptions of cities and countries which were peculiarly rich in works of art. Lists were made of the most celebrated works of art, the merits of great artists were compared, and particular species of art were criticised in systematic and historical works. And, for the most part, it was not laymen, but artists, and among them masters of reputation, who in this way sought to exercise an influence on the taste and judgment of their contemporaries, as well as on the practice of art. In consequence of this, the earlier creative spontaneity of the artist gave way more and more to conscious reflection and calculated purpose. By the great political revolution which had taken place, Art was removed further and further from its position as a necessary member of a political and religious organism; its connexion with the common national life, as developed in the organic communities of the various races and republics of Greece being dissolved, it became with poetry and literature, principally the affair of the rich and cultivated."

After Alexander's death, Rhodes and the Greek cities of Asia Minor rose into celebrity as centres of art. To the school of Rhodes we are indebted for the Laocoon, the date of which has been so hotly disputed by the critics. Stahr adopts the opinion that refers it to the period of the early emperors. The school of Pergamos contributed the Dying Gladiator, Byron's description of which makes those who are more imaginative than critical unwilling to adopt the interpretation now sanctioned by the best critics—namely, that it does not represent a gladiator, but is a figure once forming part of a group of barbarians intended to celebrate the triumph of Attalus, king of Pergamos, over the Gauls who infested the Macedonian states after the death of Alexander, and that it was transported to Rome at the time of the Roman conquest of Pergamos. These statues of barbarians mark an interesting change in Greek art. We see by the Eginetan

sculptures that early art, as might be expected, attempted no distinction of race otherwise than by costume. The Trojans resemble the Greeks to a hair in all but their armour. Of course it was the same in early painting. When Polygnotus had to paint at Delphos the Ethiopian king, Memnon, he did not give him the form and complexion of an Ethiopian, but symbolized his nationality by the embroidery of his dress, and by placing a Moorish boy at his feet.

"First with Alexander the Great, who by his world-conquering expeditions opened to the Greeks a close acquaintance with numerous foreign nations, began also to arise in art the sense for historical representation in the characteristic style. Hence followed a radical revolution in plastic-art. A totally new study of nature was necessary to the artist, and the hitherto exclusive regard to beauty of form necessarily gave way to the striving after characterization. The artists who received the commission to commemorate the victory of Attalus over the Gauls, had to perform their task in the presence of actual reality. These savage Gauls were well-known figures: hundreds of thousands had beheld them with terror. The artist who should represent them was thus not in the position of the Eginetan sculptor, from whom the barbaric Trojans, represented by him after the Homeric legend, were removed by many hundred years. Artists like Pyromachus and his colleagues must undertake an individual representation of a national type, if they would be understood by their contemporaries. They must study the Gallic type in real models—which could not be wanting—in order to represent it so as to meet the requirements of their age. And this they did, as we see by their works; but they have also ennobled this barbaric type, and made it beautiful in its kind."

We have next a sketch of Etruscan art, and the Roman art that grew out of it in the early times of the Republic, of which we have perhaps a characteristic relic in the She-Wolf of the Capitol. This prepares the way for an account of that restoration of Greek art alluded to in a previous quotation as having commenced, after a century and a half of enfeeblement, in the second century before Christ, that is, after the close of the second Punic War, when the Romans began to cultivate art as an exotic. The school of Athens began to revive, and found a market for its productions in Rome; Greek artists began to take up their residence in the world-metropolis; in fact, Rome began to bear something of the same relation to Greek art that London bears to Italian music. The conquest of Greece, and the transportation of its art-treasures to Rome, heightened the appetite for such things as objects of luxury and dilettantism, and it is a significant trait, that the Romans in this period originated that application of the word "taste" to art, which rouses Mr. Ruskin's indignation. Professor Stahr illustrates the Roman point of view on this subject in an interesting chapter on "Cicero and his Relation to Art," and in a short discussion of the Roman art-robberies, which he traces from their germ in the religious belief that to deprive a state of its divine images was to deprive it of the aid of its gods, he indicates the advantages we have derived from this felony on a large scale, which, like so many other misdemeanours, we at once denounce and practise. In fact, but for Roman plunder and Roman patronage we should have known little of Greek art; for in spite of the terrible conflagrations which have again and again laid the greater part of

Rome in ruins, those ruins have proved our best storehouse; they have preserved to us precious copies, while the ruins of Greece have yielded few originals.

The remainder of the volume is occupied with the history of art under the emperors, from Augustus to Hadrian. The conception of Bacchus as the Care-Dispeller was a favourite one with the artists of this period, and among the statues which were inspired by this ideal is the wonderful Barberini Faun, who is sleeping off the influence of the god. It was found in the moat of the Castle of St. Angelo, from the battlements of which it was thrown down by the garrison, in the time of Belisarius, on the heads of the besieging Goths! To the early part of this period belongs, in all probability, the Apollo Belvedere, which was found in Raphael's time among the ruins of the summer-palace of Antium, a favourite residence of the early emperors, especially of Nero. The relation which later works of supreme excellence, like this Apollo, have to the ideals of the earlier Greek artists may suggest an interesting comparison with certain recent accusations of plagiarism directed against Longfellow.

"The artists who flourished on Italian ground in the period of the restoration of Greek art, could hope to place themselves on a level with their great predecessors only by endeavouring to complete and ennoble the characteristic types and ideal forms of the Gods created by the old masters. In this position, at once of freedom and subordination, which renounced the dangerous glory of novel invention, lay, as the great Visconti remarks, one of the secrets which secured the success of later art. Thus Praxiteles' Venus of Cnidos grew into the Venus de Medici of Cleomenes, and the Hercules-ideal of Lysippus into the Farnese Hercules of Glycon. Thus artists of whom history has not preserved to us so much as their names, because they lived later than those Greek writers on art from whom Pliny drew his information, left behind works like the Torso and the Barberini Faun, like the Colossi of Monte Cavallo, and the Antinous Braschi, like the Nile and the Tiber—Masterpieces which induce us to believe that the artists whose chisel created them have surpassed the old masters. *For they did not shrink from being imitators, if only their imitations cast the old originals into the shade.*"—Visconti, *Œuvres d'arts*.

Under the magnificent patronage of Hadrian, art rallied before its final death-struggle, and bequeathed to us the melancholy beauty of the Antinous. The group of San Ildefonso, which Lessing interpreted as Sleep and Death, is now explained, by the troublesome acumen of many critics, to represent Antinous being led by the Genius of Hadrian to the realm of shades. The second brief division of the volume is occupied with an account of the portraits of the Roman emperors and their families, which are preserved to us among the relics of ancient sculpture, and with considerations on the colossal in plastic art.

Professor Stahr, as we have intimated, aims rather at making his subject agreeable, and at giving general conceptions, than at furnishing detailed and systematic information; and besides he treats almost exclusively of sculpture, his title, which implies that he treats of ancient art generally, being too comprehensive. On closing his book, the reader who was not well instructed beforehand will probably want to know precisely what may be learned from the remains of ancient literature concerning Greek artists and their works. He will

be glad of dates and precise bibliographical references, and will welcome a writer whose object is matter and not manner. Such a reader will find what he wants in Brunn's valuable and elaborate *History of the Greek Artists*.³ The work is not yet complete, the first part only of the second volume having recently appeared; but in this part there is a complete account of the painters and architects.

Something equally comprehensive in relation to modern art, at least in one department, is promised by the title, "*History of the Painters of all Nations*,"⁴ given to a handsomely printed and profusely illustrated quarto volume, which presents the incongruous features of having the names of a French author, a French artist, and an American publisher, on its title-page, and a preface by Mr. Digby Wyatt, congratulating the publisher on preparing so important a work for the *English* public. But this promise of comprehensiveness is not fulfilled, for the volume contains the lives of a few painters only, belonging to the German, Dutch, Spanish, and French schools. Some of the lives are well written, the illustrations varying in value, from the respectable to the worthless—from the tolerably fresh to the quite worn-out stock engraving; indeed, the book seems to have been constructed on the same principle of using up fragments, as the housewife's economical pie.

We turn from the art which most of us must leave our homes to get even a glimpse of, to that which has at least the advantage of visiting us at our own firesides—the art of the romancer and the novelist; and the first work of fiction that presents itself as worth notice is the "*Shaving of Shagpat*,"⁵ an admirable imitation of Oriental tale-telling, which has given us far more pleasure than we remember to have had even in younger days from reading "*Vathek*"—the object of Byron's enthusiastic praise. Of course, the great mass of fictions are imitations more or less slavish and mechanical—imitations of Scott, of Balzac, of Dickens, of Curren Bell, and the rest of the real "makers;" every great master has his school of followers, from the kindred genius down to the feeble copyist. The "*Shaving of Shagpat*" is distinguished from the common run of fictions, not in being an imitation, but in the fact that its model has been chosen from no incidental prompting, from no wish to suit the popular mood, but from genuine love and mental affinity. Perhaps we ought to say that it is less an imitation of the "*Arabian Nights*" than a similar creation inspired by a thorough and admiring study. No doubt, if a critical lens were to be applied, there would be found plenty of indications that the writer was born in Western Europe, and in the nineteenth century, and that his Oriental imagery is got by hearsay; but to people more bent on enjoying what they read than on proving their acumen, the "*Shaving of Shagpat*" will be the thousand and *second* night which they perhaps longed for in their

³ "*Geschichte der Griechischer Künstler*." Von Dr. Heinrich Brunn.

⁴ "*The History of the Painters of all Nations*." By M. Charles Blanc. New York: Montgemery.

⁵ "*The Shaving of Shagpat. An Arabian Entertainment*." By George Meredith. London: Chapman and Hall.

childhood. The author is alive to every element in his models: he reproduces their humour and practical sense as well as their wild imaginativeness. Shibli Bagarag, the barber, carries a great destiny within him: he is to shave Shagpat the clothier, and thus to become Master of the Event. The city of Shagpat, unlike the city of London, regards shaving, and not the beard, as the innovation; and Shagpat is a "miracle of hairiness, black with hair as he had been muzzled with it, and his head, as it were, a berry in a huge bush by reason of it," and when the countenance of Shagpat waxed fiery it was as "a flame kindled by travellers at night in a bramble bush, and he ruffled and heaved, and was as when dense jungle-growths are stirred violently by the near approach of a wild animal." Moreover, among the myriad hairs of Shagpat is the mysterious "Identical," which somehow holds the superstition of men in bondage, so that they bow to it without knowing why—the most obstinate of all bowing, as we are aware. Hence, he who will shave Shagpat, and deliver men from worshipping his hairy mightiness, will deserve to be called Master of the Event; and the story of all the adventures through which Shibli Bagarag went before he achieved this great work—the thwackings he endured, the wondrous scenes he beheld, and the dangers he braved to possess himself of the magic horse Garaveen, the Lily of the Enchanted Lea, and other indispensable things, with his hair-breadth escapes from spiteful genii—all this forms the main action of the book. Other tales are introduced, serving as pleasant landing-places on the way. The best of these is the story of Khipil the Builder, a humorous apologue, which will please readers who are unable to enjoy the wilder imaginativeness of Oriental fiction; but lovers of the poetical will prefer the story of Bhanavar the Beautiful. We confess to having felt rather a languishing interest towards the end of the work; the details of the action became too complicated, and our imagination was rather wearied in following them. But where is the writer whose wing is as strong at the end of his flight as at the beginning? Even Shakespeare flags under the artificial necessities of a dénouement.

But perhaps, reader, you are too severely rational to revel in the fantastic impossibilities of an Arabian Entertainment; you have no sympathy with the "grotesque ideal?" In that case you will find something more to your taste in the ingeniously conceived possibilities of Mr. Wilkie Collins's "After Dark,"⁶ two volumes of tales, all, except one, previously published in "Household Words," but now for the first time cleverly put into a common setting, which heightens their effect. This setting is an episode in the life of a travelling portrait-painter, which we are made to learn through the charmingly simple narrative of his wife's diary. Disabled for a time by weakness of the eyes from working at his profession, his wife suggests that he should fill up the consequent deficit in their purse by dictating to her "after dark," when her household work is done, some of the good

⁶ "After Dark." By Wilkie Collins. In Two Vols. London: Smith and Elder.

stories he has gathered in the course of his wanderings. The well-known necessity for getting a "sitter" to talk of something that will interest him and make him forget that he has to look dignified, renders the portrait-painter ingenious in extracting personal anecdotes and bits of striking experience, so that he has two sources of unusual knowledge about men and their fortunes—observation of his sitters themselves, and a peculiar opportunity of learning what they have to tell about others. In the prologue to each of his stories our painter, in "After Dark," gives us something of what he has gathered from the former source; he describes one of his sitters or the persons with whom a certain commission brought him into contact, and tells us the conversation that led to his eliciting the succeeding story. These prologues are carefully and agreeably written, and have the negative charm, in these days of spasmodic writing fast rising into the importance of a positive merit—of being free from all affectation. Of the tales themselves, the main element is the excitement either of curiosity or of terror; their great merit consists either in the effective presentation of a mystery or the effective working up of striking situations; their chief defect in the neglect of character and detail. The writer does not care to interest us in his personages, but only in what happens to them. Since Mrs. Crowe has ceased to write, Mr. Wilkie Collins seems to be without a rival in the skilful movement of a ghost or murder story, and he knows how to give the thrill of terror, without mingling that sort of offence to refined sensibilities which causes terror to pass into horror and disgust. Three admirable stories of this class are, "The terribly strange Bed," "Gabriel's Wedding," and "The Yellow Mask," and we commend them as short, strong draughts to any one who has been nauseated by the copious drawing-room slip-slop of three-volumed novels like "Laura Gay," or "Olive Hastings." The author of "After Dark" seeks his moving incidents in modern life, and he usually, in the end, interprets the supernatural into the natural. In these excessively knowing days a mystery has become simply a problem, a murder simply an occasion for exercising the ingenuity of the detective police; instead of turning pale at a ghost, we knit our brows and construct hypotheses to account for it; instead of shuddering at a murder, we throw an amateur zeal into the investigation of the evidence. Edgar Poe's tales were an effort of genius to reconcile the two tendencies—to appal the imagination and yet satisfy the intellect; and Mr. Wilkie Collins, in this respect, often follows in Poe's track, though, to our thinking, he succeeds best when he pays no tribute to rationalism, but gives the rein to his faculty for what the Germans call the *schauderhaft*, which means, in general, whatever makes one's flesh creep. There are still plenty of readers left who abhor the explanatory, and doat on what can never be accounted for. To such readers we recommend "La Main Enchantée," an eerie story (scene, Paris, time, the reign of Henry the Fourth), by poor Gérard de Nerval. It forms only a small part of a small posthumous volume recently published under the title "La Bohème Galante,"⁷ a medley of literary sketches,

⁷ "La Bohème Galante." Par Gérard de Nerval. Paris: Michel Lévy.

poems, tales, and dramatic criticisms. There is one other story in the volume, "*Le Monstre Vert*," of what may be called the tipsy-fantastic order.

We are still in the moon-lit regions of Wonder, when we take up a "*Wreath of Tyrolese Legends*;"⁸ only not in company with the artist, but with the naïve genius of an uncultivated people. It seems to speak well for the virtue of the Tyrolese, that Satan cuts an extremely poor figure in their Saga—that he seems indeed to have the reputation of being somewhat of a blockhead, the popular mind of Tyrol thus jumping with the conclusion of sage philosophers, that sin is in fact supreme stupidity. For example: on that famous rock, the Martinswand, the devil, not discouraged by his failure in tempting the Emperor Maximilian, continued the same malevolent game with less important personages, such as poor peasants who had no money to pay their taxes, herdsmen who had lost their cattle, or unsuccessful hunters longing for a charmed bullet, till at last a bold and cunning goatherd spoiled his business for ever. As this brave youngster was one day watching his goats, he was hardy enough to vary his amusement of waking the echoes by challenging Beelzebub, who lost no time in showing his unamiable form from behind a block of granite. "Here am I," he howled, in a voice like the roaring of the wind; "three things you may demand of me, for each of which you must pay me with your soul; only in case I cannot perform any one of the three are you at liberty again." The goatherd collected his spirits, which had been a little scattered by the unexpected answer to his challenge, and, after a moment's thought, proposed that Beelzebub should gather and bring to him, in a quarter of an hour, all the primroses on the mountain; not one must be missing. At the end of the time the devil came back, perspiring and panting, with a huge basket of primroses on his back, and shook the flowers down at the goatherd's feet. "Is there not one missing?" said the youngster. "Not one," said the devil. Then the goatherd turned up his hat and laughingly showed a bunch of primroses which he had gathered that morning! The devil had lost, and must try again. The next task was to milk all his challenger's goats in a quarter of an hour. Away he went, and succeeded to admiration till he came to the last goat, which proved more than his match, and upset him again and again, so that his cloven hoof flew up in the air like a pony's when he rolls himself on a summer's day. At last, spent and out of breath, the devil gave up, and confessed that he had lost again. "I can well believe it," said the goatherd, shaking his sides with laughter, "when you set about milking the he-goat, you were not likely to have done your work in a hurry." The third task was to count all the crucifixes in Tyrol in a quarter of an hour; but the crucifixes in Tyrol are known to be innumerable, and after loading his back with memoranda of numbers, the devil had to confess himself once more outdone. Since this notable snubbing, he has been so mortified that he has not shown himself in that region again.

⁸ "*Sagenkränzlein aus Tirol*." Von Martin Meyer.

We are always ready to listen to the Germans when they have a legend to tell us; no people better acquainted than they with the manners and conversation of web-footed dwarfs, nixies, and Kobolds. The regions of the air, as Jean Paul says, are their peculiar inheritance—the regions of the hypothetic and unreal. But the nearer the German romancer approaches *terra-firma* and every-day life, the less likely he is to be endurable. What shall we say then to a German who offers us "Pictures from the War in the East; a series of historical romances out of our own times,"⁹ who overlays the stirring truth of last year's journals with dull fiction—who thinks he can improve on the natural granite by daubing it with his stucco. We open the first volume and are not surprised to find that the hero is, "Sir Rodney, Esquire, an English lord," of marble brow and "feine manieren," who travels to St. Petersburg with a drunken Irishman as his valet. *Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa.*

A little bit of graceful fiction, worth looking for to those whose literary appetite is rather dainty, will be found in the appendix to the new and cheap edition of De Stendhal's book "*De l'Amour.*"¹⁰ The tale we mean is called "*Ernestine, ou la Naissance de l'Amour;*" it is no more than thirty pages long, but in that short space, and at the expense of only half an hour's reading, we have the story of a naïve girlish passion, given with far more finish, that is, with more significant detail, than most of our writers can achieve by the elaboration of three volumes. As a whole, however, this book on Love would incline a reader not otherwise acquainted with the author, to think that the high estimate of De Stendhal (or Beyle) now current, is somewhat due to the reactionary tendency of fashion. The form of the book is repulsive; it is, in fact, a collection of notes, written down in various moods, from the cynical to the sentimental; and the opening, which is a professedly exhaustive analysis of love, happens to be one of the weakest parts of the collection. But renouncing a continuous reading of what has no proper continuity, and dipping in here and there, one alights on fragments of excellent sense and caustic observation. A good deal of the causticity is applied to the foibles of women, but some of them, probably, will think Beyle makes amends for a few Rochefoucauldisms on this subject, by his pithy arguments in favour of giving women a thorough education. If in one place he says: "Present the most remarkable man to a woman the reverse of stupid; it will always be a grain of prejudice that decides her opinion of him at the first glance"—in another place he says:—

"The acquisition of ideas produces the same good and evil effects in both sexes. Vanity will never be wanting even in the most complete absence of every reason for feeling it, as one may see in the inhabitants of a petty town; let us at least force it to sustain itself on a real merit which will be useful and agreeable to society."

⁹ "Bilder aus dem orientalischen Kriege: Eine Folge historischer Romane aus unsern Zeit." Von Max Von Riedwald. Leipzig: Otto Wigand.

¹⁰ "*De l'Amour.*" Par De Stendhal (Henri Beyle). Seule Edition, complète, augmentée de Prefaces, et de fragmens inédits. London: D. Nutt.

And again :—

"One of the finest privileges of intellect is that it gives a dignity and a charm to old age. Look, for instance, at the arrival of Voltaire in Paris eclipsing the pretensions of royalty. But for poor women, as soon as they have lost the brilliancy of youth, their sole and melancholy pleasure consists in deceiving themselves as to the part they play in the world."

But though Beyle would have, "as far as possible, exactly the same education given to girls as to boys," he has no encouragement for the *femme auteur*, at least he regards that phenomenon as not very desirable, until feminine culture shall have become too general for a woman to suppose that *some* culture is a sufficient outfit for authorship. In the meantime, he advises a woman to write on two conditions only: that she contributes to maintain her family by it, or that she keeps the fact a secret even from her friends—conditions, which we fancy, would considerably thin the ranks of the authoresses; perhaps not without compensating advantages to the world. Since, however, in spite of all discouragements, from the days of Faust until now, the number of silly *men* who rush into print has been constantly on the increase, we see no reason to think that silly women will follow a different law.

The most strenuous opponent of feminine authorship will scarcely deny that women have certain opportunities and qualifications which, if their culture were more comprehensive, might fit them for writing excellent children's books, and so multiply such treasures as the "Little Merchants," or the "Croften Boys." Fortunately, in the absence of more Miss Edgeworths and Harriet Martineaus, there is every now and then a man of genius, who is also a happy father, and thinks it worth while to write delightful stories for boys and girls, as well as for men and women. Mr. Kingsley, for example, who has lately followed up his "Westward Ho!" by "The Heroes; or, Greek Fairy Tales for my Children."¹¹ The "Heroes" he has chosen are Perseus, the Argonauts, and Theseus; and he tells about them so charmingly, that we have read his tales from beginning to end almost as eagerly as they can have been read by the "Rose, Maurice and Mary," for whom they were expressly written.

What Mr. Kingsley wishes to do for his children, namely, to help them to love and understand those old Greeks who have so strangely "left their mark behind them on this modern world in which we live," Professor Newman has endeavoured to do for the general English public by devoting his indefatigable industry to the translation of Homer.¹² Every one will admit that, in spite of Chapman, Pope, Southey, and Cowper, Homer yet waits for a translator who shall be to the English mind what Voss is to the German. Voss, we think, solved the translator's problem: he produced a version of Homer which was simple, faithful, and yet satisfactory to the ear; but he had the

¹¹ "The Heroes: or Greek Fairy Tales for my Children." By the Rev. Charles Kingsley. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

¹² "The Iliad of Homer," faithfully Translated into unrhymed English Metre By Francis Newman. London: Walton and Maberly.

advantage of writing in a language which lends itself with facility to hexameters. By what method, in the absence of this advantage, Professor Newman has endeavoured to solve this problem, he explains to us in his preface :—

“The first matter of all, is, to select the metre; with which the style is intimately connected. The moral qualities of Homer’s style being like to those of the English ballad, we need a metre of the same genius. It must be fundamentally musical and popular. Only those metres which, by the very possession of these qualities, are liable to degenerate into doggerel, are suitable to reproduce the ancient Epic. To say this, is to say, that our metre must be composed of systems of either *four* or *three* beats; for it is of such lines that English ballads or *ditties* are composed. Indeed, musicians tell us that all simple melodies are formed in eight bars,—even what is called ‘the subject’ in the most complicated pieces of Mozart or Beethoven. I imagine that the ‘Long Metre’ of our Hymn Books,—(the metre of Walter Scott, by far the most Homeric of our poets,)—is in fact founded on this musical principle; while our ‘Common Metre’ is the same, with merely a ‘rest’ at the end. How naturally one generates the other, is seen in Scott’s own practice, who intermingles lines of three beats as a sort of *close* to those of four. The same thing appears in Greek anapaests, which close with a ‘paremniac’ verse. Indeed the Homeric line itself is composed of two shorter lines, with three beats in each, and is undoubtedly founded on ‘ditty’ or sing-song, like our own ballad.”

“These considerations convinced me *à priori* that the English metre fitted to translate Homer’s hexameter must be a long line composed of two short ones, having each either *three* beats or *four* beats. The nature of our syntax, which habitually begins sentences with unaccented words, (such as And, Or, If, But, For, When, &c.,) farther proved to me that the line must not be constrained to begin with an accent, as in the metres which we call Trochaic. It remained to inquire what should be its *compass*; and a series of trials showed, that it was best to compose the line of *four* beats added to *three*. Many passages of Homer can be got into an ‘Alexandrine,’ that is, into three and three; but I found that, first, this could not be kept up systematically, without becoming too terse; whereas the genius of Homer is to be loose and expansive: secondly, my metre could not be right unless it would render also the polished hexameter of epigrams and epitaphs; but while ‘four and three’ had compass enough for this, the ‘three and three’ often failed entirely; next, I found that many even of the Homeric lines by no compression could be brought into the Alexandrine, and that beauty and effect was sometimes largely lost if it was impossible to render line by line; lastly, no long trial made it certain to me that the monotony of the Alexandrine is unendurable in a long poem, since the first part of the line has no facility of various sub-division. Such were the general arguments which forced me to believe *four beats* and *three beats* to give the elementary solution of my problem.

“But, beside this, I held it as an axiom that rhyme must be abandoned. Even to Chapman, with his Homeric genius, and a metre fundamentally good, it was impossible to let the Englishman know what Homer had said, and not obtrude on him what was Chapman’s own; for the exigencies of rhyme positively forbid faithfulness. Yet on abandoning rhyme, to which our ears are accustomed in the popular ballad, I found an unpleasant void, until I gave a double ending to the verse, *i.e.*, one (unaccented) syllable more than our Common Metre allows. Having attained this result by an exhaustive process of argument and experiment, I found with pleasure that I had exactly alighted on the metre which the modern Greeks adopt for the Homeric hexameter,

ever since they have abandoned the musical principle of *quantity* (or Time) as determining metre, and have betaken themselves to *accent*."

To illustrate this explanation we give the opening of the third book:—

"When severally thus were they
The Trojan ranks, like flocks of fowl,
As verily the scream of cranes
Who, sear'd by storm ineffable,
Soar on the pinion clamouring
Unto the men of Pygmy breed
And at the early morning, set
But yon Achæians, breathing night,
Each for his comrade resolute

"And, as along a mountain's tops,
To shepherds hateful, but to thief
And so far as one casts a stone,
So then the dust wave wreath'd in storm
As on they went : and speedily

beneath their leaders marshall'd,
mov'd on with noise and clatter;
across the sky is carried.
and by the scowl of winter,
towards the streams of Ocean,
murder and ruin bearing,
dire controversy forward.
march'd all of them in silence,
some feat of arms to venture.
mist from the South wind gathers,
than shades of night more friendly,
may each man see before him;
was raised beneath their tramping,
the breadth of plain travers'd they."

What admirable energy and perseverance it must require to produce a translation of the "*Iliad*," in the midst of other important avocations, may be inferred from Porson's declaration that it would take him ten years to give a literal prose translation of Homer. This is one among the many traits of simplicity and candour recorded of the scholarly Trinculo, in the "*Porsonian*," appended to that pleasant book, Rogers's "*Table Talk*,"¹³ on which, however, we do not mean to dwell, because conversation and the newspapers have already given wings to its good stories, and made them familiar even to those who have not seen the book. We choose rather to direct the attention of our readers—at least of such as are fond of gardening—to a work which they are less likely to hear of from other sources. It is a volume which comes to us from Calcutta, and is full of agreeable gossip and tasteful citation on "*Flowers and Flower-gardens*,"¹⁴ by Mr. D. L. Richardson, a writer favourably known to the English public, or rather to a certain public in England, by his "*Literary Leaves*." He wishes to stimulate the love of gardening not only among the English in India, but among the wealthy natives, in the hope that so civilizing a taste may spread downwards to the poorer classes, and of course his book is accommodated to the meridian under which he writes. But people in England who care for what we may call garden-literature, will find a great deal to interest them in these results of Mr. Richardson's studies and experience. They will find the matter very various—poetical quotations, legends, facts of natural history, anecdotes, horticultural rules, and horticultural gossip. One bit of the gossip, namely, that Mr. Bohn is not only the most prolific of publishers, but the most comprehensive of rose-fanciers in England, reminds us that we have to mention a pile of additions to his useful,

¹³ "*Recollections of the Table Talk of Samuel Rogers*," to which is added "*Porsonian*." London: Moxon.

¹⁴ "*Flowers and Flower-gardens*." By David Lester Richardson. Calcutta: D'Rozario and Co.

if not always unexceptionable, "Libraries." The translation of Quintilian¹⁵ by the Rev. J. S. Watson, seems to be very well done, and is one of the most valuable volumes in the "Classical Library," because Quintilian must arrest an intelligent reader quite apart from any curiosity about him as a classic. We can hardly say as much for Callimachus and Theognis, who, with Hesiod, are presented both in prose and rhythmic versions in another volume of the same series.¹⁶ The list of the "British Classics" is swelled by two more volumes of Burke,¹⁷ and two more of Addison,¹⁸ the works of each being now complete, in six volumes. In company with serial publications we may mention the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," which have reached their third volume.¹⁹ This contains some rather better comparative criticism of Milton and Wordsworth, than that in the first volume, where Christopher North characteristically settles their respective merits by saying that "Milton was precisely the opposite of Wordsworth; he was a bad man and a good poet." This judgment, which is almost worthy to descend to posterity in company with the famous "This will never do!" of Jeffrey, was afterwards atoned for by a high admiration and a judicious estimate of Wordsworth; and this is the stage of opinion represented in the third volume of the "Noctes." But we must not linger over criticisms of Milton and Wordsworth, since we have unhappily to criticise poets of a "quite other" order.

"With poetry second-rate in *quality* no one ought to be allowed to trouble mankind. . . . All inferior poetry is an injury to the good, inasmuch as it takes away the freshness of rhymes, blunders upon and gives a wretched commonalty to good thoughts; and, in general, adds to the weight of human weariness in a most awful and culpable manner." So says Mr. Ruskin, and we thank him for lending his voice to a protest of which there is every day more urgent need. Formerly we used to hear that the unsaleability of bad poems imposed a wholesome check on their publication; but it is clear now, from the constantly increasing supply that there is a demand somewhere—that beneath the active imbecility of those who write feeble poetry there is a lower deep—namely, the passive imbecility of those who read it. Some one has suggested that the bad poets buy and read each other, and thus form a sort of corporation which threatens to outvote the good sense and good taste of society, and set up balderdash as the ideal of literature. It is easy to see how such a corporation may become a terrible majority. Almost all men who have any literary talent or ambition write verse before they are twenty; they disdain any but the highest prizes, and will try for nothing short of epic or

¹⁵ "Quintilian's Institutes of Oratory," literally translated, with Notes. By the Rev. J. S. Watson. Bohn's "Classical Library."

¹⁶ "The Works of Hesiod, Callimachus, and Theognis. Bohn's "Classical Library."

¹⁷ Burke's Works. Vols. 5 and 6. Bohn's "British Classics."

¹⁸ Addison's Works. Vols. 5 and 6. Bohn's "British Classics."

¹⁹ "Noctes Ambrosianæ." By Professor Wilson. Vol. 3. Edinburgh Blackwood.

dramatic fame. Those who do not begin their career in this way are rare exceptions, and for the most part men of rare, because thoroughly determinate, faculty. But after twenty, the literary aspirants branch off into three distinct classes: first, the true poets, who witch the world with noble song; secondly, the men of real ability, who have early discovered that they are not poets, and in whom some other power than that of versifying has begun to assert itself; thirdly, the men who have too little intellect and too much vanity to know that their poems are bad, and who have no faculty strong enough to constitute a true vocation, which may divert them from their false vocation of poetizing. Some of this class, however, if we may believe their prefaces, are aware that the quality of their poems is not high, but they entertain the opinion that feeble verses are acceptable and edifying to mankind; they presume that people will choose to nourish themselves with the crude and insipid fruit of a currant bush, when the rich clusters of the vine are at their elbow. For example, Mr. Thomas Leigh presents the public with "Garlands of Verse,"²⁰ chiefly suggested by themes not *quite* untouched by the great poets—"the Alps," "Lake Leman," "Moonlight," "the Nightingale," &c.—and on the first page he very correctly characterizes his garlands thus:—

"Yet ah! my touch is rude;
I mar the buds I gather; they lose youth:
A sickliness doth on their grace intrude,
And dim the freshness of their living truth.
Still such an impulse bids
That I must try, nor may my labour leave;
Though, trust me, with flushed cheek and down-drawn lids,
I offer even friends the flowers I weave."

Here plain people must ask *what* is the impulse which irresistibly drove Mr. Leigh—with this very low opinion of his verses, and in the very painful state of embarrassment concerning them which he describes—to carry his manuscripts to a publisher, to go through the very cooling process of correcting the sheets, to choose a binding for them, and invite the attention of the public to them by advertisement? A man who knows that he sings badly may indeed have a musical impulse to sing in private, but such an "impulse" would hardly drive him to undertake a solo part in Exeter Hall. Verse is not like bread—so indispensable that it must be made of sawdust and chopped thistles if no better material is to be had. And besides, to borrow Mr. Ruskin's words once more, "there is quite enough of the best—much more than we can ever read or enjoy in the length of a life; and it is a literal wrong or sin in any person to encumber us with inferior work. I have no patience with apologies made by young pseudo-poets, 'that they believe there is *some* good in what they have written: that they hope to do better in time,' &c. *Some* good! If there is not *all* good there is no good. If they ever hope to do better, why do they trouble us now? Let them rather courageously burn what they have done, and wait for better days."

²⁰ "Garlands of Verse." By Thomas Leigh. London: Smith and Elder.

We are inclined to think that Mr. W. R. Cassels is one of those to whom the "better days" are likely to come. His small volume of "Poems"²¹ is remarkably free from affectation, and there is occasionally a bit of quiet grace or, as in "The Raven," a pregnant idea not sufficiently worked up, which indicate that a little more patience would have enabled him to produce something that would remain as a distinct possession in the reader's memory. We may be wrong in supposing that Mr. Cassels is a young author, but of Mr. Hamerton, who sends us "The Isles of Loch Awe, and other Poems of my Youth,"²² we have the authority of his dedicatory sonnet to his guardian for saying, that he has only just attained his majority. This fact of the writer's youthfulness makes the manly, healthy simplicity of his descriptive poetry all the more remarkable. He does not cast about for scenes remote from his experience, but describes the scenes he has lived among, and the unstrained thoughts and feelings they have suggested to him, now and then varying his descriptions with a local legend. Wordsworth seems to be his model, and unlike young imitators generally, he seems to have the most affinity for his model's best characteristics. Mr. Hamerton adds to the "accomplishment of verse" that of considerable skill with his pencil, and he illustrates his descriptions by vignettes. There is so much vigour of thought as well as culture indicated in this early production, that we expect one day to hear of Mr. Hamerton as something far higher than a writer of verse.

Mr. Ballantyne's "Poems"²³ are principally written in Lowland Scotch; and where this dialect does not become unintelligible to those who "have not the privilege to be born north of the Tweed," it has somewhat of the elevating effect common to all unfamiliar languages. At least, it is in this way we account to ourselves for the fact that Mr. Ballantyne's Scotch poems are more readable to us than his English ones; when he sings in broad Doric of "The wee raggit Laddie," there seems to us to be some salt in his verses, but when, like "auld Elspeth," he takes a higher strain and "gets him to his English," he is as commonplace and insipid as more southern versifiers.

Another Scotch poet, far more ambitious in his style, and, we believe, already renowned in Scotland, is Mr. Thomas Aird, whose "Poetical Works,"²⁴ forming a thick volume, are now presented in a new edition. Coleridge's sublime "Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni," was an audacious plagiarism from a German poetess; but Coleridge did his plundering grandly; he was like the white-headed American eagle which swoops down with force enough to seize the whole prey from his fellow, and soar with it unmutated in its beak. Now, Mr. Aird and other poets of his quality, merely nibble and pilfer, and then mash up the fragments they have appropriated into an arti-

²¹ "Poems." By W. R. Cassels. London: Smith and Elder.

²² "The Isles of Loch Awe, and other Poems of my Youth," with Sixteen Illustrations. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. London: Painter.

²³ "Poems." By James Ballantyne. Edinburgh: Constable and Co.

²⁴ "The Poetical Works of Thomas Aird." A New Edition. Edinburgh Blackwood.

ficial whole. One would have thought that after Coleridge, Shelley, and Byron, writers of verse would not be eager to take Mont Blanc for a subject; but Mr. Aird is nothing daunted by such predecessors, and he gives us ten or twelve quatrains on the "monarch of mountains." Who does not remember those wonderfully descriptive lines,—

"O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars."

Mr. Aird nibbles at this, and then produces one of those irritating travesties of a thought or image already presented in perfection by a great poet, which are constantly meeting us in the pages of the "minor minstrels."—

"Blanc! shall we say yon sun to thee comes down;
Or goest thou up to him!"

But the most ambitious and dauntless of all in our collection of poets is Mr. Reade,²⁵ who enters into the lists with Milton and Tennyson—sings over again in blank verse the story of "Man in Paradise," calls his lyrics "Ulysses," and "Mariana," and elaborately imitates the obscurer parts of "Locksley Hall." It is impossible to deny to Mr. Reade the merit of having a capacious memory for poetical phrases and images, which he appears to shake together until they are in what the printers call a state of "pie," and then to take them as they come uppermost, and arrange them into various metres. The result is that, read sonorously and with significant emphasis, his verses may startle the unwarned ear with the promise of poetry, as the shooting of stones from a cart may sometimes give an absent person the idea that it thunders. We can only afford room for one short specimen of the magniloquent no-meaning which Mr. Reade achieves,²⁶ but if the reader chooses, he may find plenty more on every page of the volume called "Man in Paradise."

"Then palpably growing on the crisped air,
Thrilled the vibration of a coming power,"
"Unheard, save on the hollow ear of space,
And the fine sense of feeling consciousness."

We had meant to dwell a little on Mr. Lynch's "Rivulet,"²⁶ a small volume of religious lyrics, not indeed showing great poetic power, but admirably distinguished from many similar productions by its purity from egoistic feeling, by the lovingness and sincerity of its spirit. But our space is short, and the poets are many. We have still said nothing of Mr. Ernest Jones's war strains;²⁷ of a new poem by the American poet, Mr. Buchanan Reade²⁸—a gracefully rhymed, imagi-

²⁵ "Man in Paradise: a Poem, in Six Books, with Lyrical Poems." By John Edmund Reade. London: Longmans.

²⁶ "The Rivulet, a Contribution to Sacred Song." By Thomas T. Lynch. London: Theobald.

²⁷ "The Emperor's Vigil and the Waves and the War." By Ernest Jones. London: Routledge.

²⁸ "The House by the Sea: a Poem." By Thomas Buchanan Reade. London: Trübner and Co.

native story ; or of another American production which, according to some Transatlantic critics, is to initiate a new school of poetry. This is a poem called "Leaves of Grass,"²⁹ and, instead of criticising it, we will give a short extract, typical in every respect, except that it contains none of the very bold expressions by which the author indicates his contempt for the "prejudices" of decency.

"A child said, What is the grass? fetching it to me with full hands;
How could I answer the child? . . . I do not know what it is any more than he.

I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful green stuff woven.

Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,
A scented gift and remembrancer designedly dropped,
Bearing the owner's name someway in the corners, that we may see and
remark, and say Whose?

Or I guess the grass is itself a child . . . the produced babe of the vegetation.

Or I guess it is a uniform hieroglyphic,
And it means, Sprouting alike in broad zones and narrow zones,
Growing among black folks as among white,
Kanuck, Tuckahoe, Congressman, Cuff, I give them the same, I receive them
the same.

And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of graves.

"I think I could turn and live awhile with the animals . . . they are so placid
and self-contained,

I stand and look at them sometimes half the day long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
Not one is dissatisfied . . . not one is demented with the mania of owning
things,

Not one kneels to another of his kind that lived thousands of years ago,
Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth."

²⁹ "Leaves of Grass." London: Horsell.

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